

Four New PLAYS:

Viz.

The History of *HENRY* the Fifth,
MUSTAPHA,
The *BLACK PRINCE*, and
TRYPHON.

R—E

As they were Acted
By His MAJESTIES Servants,
AND
His HIGHNESS the Duke of York's.

Written by the
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Earl of Orrery.

LONDON,

Printed for H. Herringman, at the Sign of the *Blew-Anchor*, in the lower Walk of the New-Exchange. 1670.

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The undersigned
attorney at law
for the
defendant

JOHN J. MALLON
attorney at law
for the plaintiff

RIGHT TO TRIAL

Early

1964

THE
HISTORY
OF
Henry the Fifth.

AND THE
TRAGEDY
OF
MUSTAPHA,

Son of *SOLTMAN* the Magnificent.

As they were Acted at his Highness the Duke of York's
THEATER.

Written by
The Right Honourable the Earl of ORRERY.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor*
in the Lower-Walk of the New-Exchange. 1669.

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Henry the Fifth

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THE
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in the New York World

The Persons.

King *Henry* the Fifth.
 Duke of *Bedford*, his Brother.
 Duke of *Exeter*, his Uncle.
 Earl of *Warwick*.
 Bishop of *Canterbury*.
Owen Tudor the King's Favourite.

Mr. *Harris*.
 Mr. *Underhill*.
 Mr. *Cogan*.
 Mr. *Aingel*.
 Mr. *Lylinston*.
 Mr. *Betterton*.

The *Dauphin*.
 Duke of *Burgundy*.
 Earl of *Chareloys*, his Son.
 Constable of *France*.
De Chastel, the *Dauphin's* Creature.
 Bishop of *Arras*.
 Count of *Blamount*.
 Monsieur *Colemore*.
 Queen of *France*.
 Princess *Katherine*, her Daughter.
 Princess *Anne* of *Burgundy*.
 The Countess of *La Marr*.
 French Ladies.
 Heralds.
 Guards.

Mr. *Young*.
 Mr. *Smith*.
 Mr. *Cadiman*.
 Mr. *James Noke*.
 Mr. *Norris*.
 Mr. *Samford*.
 Mr. *Medborn*.
 Mr. *Floyd*.
 Mrs. *Long*.
 Mrs. *Betterton*.
 Mrs. *Davis*.
 Mrs. *Norris*.

Henry the Fifth.

THE FIRST ACT.

Enter King Henry the 5th, the Duke of Exeter, the Duke of Bedford, and Owen Tudor, with Attendants.

King. **T**His is the day in which our Valour must
Prove to the *French*, our claim to *France* is just;
Since 'twill no other way be understood,
It must be writ in Characters of blood.
By injuries they us to Battell call;

Denying us our part, they forfeit all:

'Tis fit in number they should us exceed,
That odds the *French* against the *English* need;
That odds which both obliges them and me,
Brings them to Fight, and unto Victory.

Exeter. Heav'n left us purposely but few for fight,
To shew the world, by your success, your right.

Bedford. They seem t^e acknowledge Heav'n is not their Friend,
Since on their boasted numbers they depend;
Which when their cause is reckon'd, we should prize;
As Heav'n accounts them, for a Sacrifice.

Enter Earl of Warwick.

Exeter. The Earl of *Warwick* in his looks does bring
Some News of high importance to the King.

Warw. Arm! Arm! Great Sir, the Foe is in our view,
And has a Herald sent to challenge you.

King. Tell him, I in this Field possess all *France*,
From which I'll ne're retire, but may advance.

In vain they threaten War, or promise Peace,
They boast their numbers, which we wish not less;

They are enow both to destroy and save;
But were they more, they here might find a Grave:

Take care the Herald so rewarded be,
That he may know his Message pleases me.

Under their Standards, as I order'd you,
Are all my Troops fixt in the form I drew?

Warw. They are, and like one face, all looks agree,
Resolving and fore-telling Victorie.

King. Who e're a room to other thoughts affords,
Injures our Quarrel, and mistakes our Swords.

Warw. How short a time, and narrow space of ground
Is't 'twixt your Conquest, and your being Crown'd!

King. To make both shorter, I will straight advance,
And by two Titles wear the Crown of *France*.

Uncle, to your command with speed repair;
The right wing, Brother, does expect your care;

Both to the field of Battel lead the way,
Whilst but a moment I with Tudor stay.

Exeunt Exeter, Bedford, Warwick.
[Tudor appears.]

Oh my best Friend! thy sadness I must blame,
Canst thou now think on any thing but Fame?

Tudor. When I reflect how many dangers still

You must attempt, how many more you will

King. Reflect on dangers which must glory win.

Tudor. Excuse me, if my duty makes me sin:

Since I no other way can grateful prove,

I'll rather shew my fear, than hide my love.

King. That I to thee may prove of mine dispence,

I now stay here, though glory calls me hence:

When Fame, when Life, and Empire are at stake,

All thoughts of those for thee I can forsake;

Banish thy grief by thinking on that praise,

Which shall thy name so high in Battel raise,

That all my future favours men may say,

Are not what I bestow, but what I pay.

Tudor. What you have said and done brings me relief;

This day I will deserve your love or grief.

King. Speak not of grief, but think on that applause

Which Heav'n doth still allow the juster cause.

Tudor. Why should he be by too much courage lost,

Of whom alone this world has cause to boast?

[Exeunt.]

Enter Dauphin, and De Chastel.

Dauph. Let me despise what I can ne'er obtain:

I'll live retir'd since I'm deny'd to reign.

My Mother, having got the Regency,

Does either hate, or is afraid of me;

But I perceive by my retirement here,

I shun her malice, and suppress her fear;

I shall (if I to Paris now return)

Her hatred feel, or which is worse, her scorn.

De Chast. But shall our Dauphin, the undoubted Heir,

Sit idly peaceful in an active War,

And let his Enemy the Throne ascend?

Dauph. He who my wrongs revenges, is my Friend.

De Chastel, you have often heard me plead,

That in this War I might the Army lead;

On me so high a trust she'll not bestow,

And any other trust I think too low:

A Prince whose Soul as well as Birth is great,

If he in glory cannot shine, should set:

From Courts I am condemn'd to Villages,

From noble toys of War to ignoble ease;

Where undisturb'd I'll for her hatred grieve,

And honour makes me rather chuse to live

Equal with men not worth the Governing,

Than be at Court and there not be a King.

De Chast. Though I confess her usage, Sir, has been

Such as not fits a Mother or a Queen;

Yet, Sir, consider whilst from her you fly,

You more exalt the Duke of Burgundy.

Dauph.

Dauph. That fatal name my fury doth advance:
 'Twas he who murder'd Royal Orleans;
 And though the Queen recover my esteem,
 No Palace can have space for me and him.

De Chast. Return the sooner to revenge that blood;
 No man has well his interest understood,
 Who to enjoy it scrupl'd at the way:
 He who builds high must low foundations lay.
 I by the Queen for your return am sent;
 Her harsh behaviour she does now repent:
 By kind submissions you may rule her heart,
 And what's deny'd by kindness, gain by Art.
 With small compliance you'll suppress her hate,
 When Nature's Judge, and Duty Advocate.
 Your absence, Sir, has cast your party down:
 Few follow those on whom the Prince does frown.

Dauph. Thou in all storms hast been my constant Friend,
 I'll on thy wisdom and thy care depend;
 'Tis just I should to thy advice submit,
 For he who makes my Fate, should govern it.

De Chast. With this glad news I will out-ride the Post,
 And e're you come to Court, I'll clear the Coast. [Exeunt.]

Enter the Queen of France, Princess Katherine, Princess Anne of Burgundy, Duke of Burgundy, and their Train.

Queen. This is the day *Alanson* sent us word;
 He would our Fate determine by the Sword;
 Which he has hastned, hearing by his Spies
 The Plague had so impair'd our Enemies,
 That more delay would make our Princes dream
 They should not come to kill, but bury them;
 And France would be oblig'd for her defence,
 Not to their Swords, but to that Pestilence.

Burgun. Since from th' eternal Pow'r that Rod is sent,
 Why from his hand take we the punishment?
 And this insulting, Madam, makes me fear
 Our Ruine rather than our Triumph near:
 Those English Swords on which he sets no price,
 Lately cut down our *Flower de Lucs* twice;
 And to King *Edward's* Piety we owe
 The miracle that now again they grow.

Queen. France justly might the English valour dread;
 Were it again by that great Monarch led;
 We fear him less who now that Crown does wear,
 His wildness, not his courage, brings him here.

Burgun. Whilst his prodigious Father was alive,
 Some youthful signs of wildness he did give;
 But when he early on his Throne was plac'd,
 A Kingly Soul his Royal Title grac'd;
 And then whatever mis-becoming thing
 Liv'd in the Prince, was buried in the King;
 Nought should in us low thoughts of him perswade,
 Who does himself subdue, and France invade.

Enter a French Lady.

Lady. The Count of *Blamont* from the Camp with news
 Does wait without, and for admittance sue. [Queen.]

Queen. Blamoun't so soon return'd? let him appear.
 All news is swifter than the wings of fear.
 His looks to me a sad account have given.

Enter Blamoun't.

Where is *Alanson*?

Blam. Madam, he's in Heav'n:
 That glory cannot be to him deny'd,
 Who for his Country liv'd, and for it dy'd.

Queen. The brave *Alanson* Dead! by what mischance?

Blam. By the most signal that e're fell on *France*.

Queen. Without disguise the naked truth declare,
 Before my grief be turn'd into despair.

Blam. Last night both Camps so near each other lay,
 As we not more for Triumph long'd than day;
 The mighty *Martel* led not braver men,
 When he at *Tours* subdu'd the *Syracen*,
 And with the blood wash'd *France*, than did resort
 To the unhappy Fields of *Agen-Court*;
 Where many then with joyful shouts did greet
 The rising Sun, who ne're should see him set:
 A while both Armies on each other gaz'd,
 Both at th' intended slaughter seem amaz'd.

Queen. Could those who oft have bloody Battels won,
 Stand long amaz'd at ills which must be done?

Blam. Wars chearful Musick now fills every ear,
 Wh' lft death more gaudy did than life appear.
 For various Ensigns did unfold such Pride,
 That all seem'd Bridegrooms there, and Death the Bride;
 The noble order in each Squadron seen;
 The many Warriours of a haughty meen;
 The prouder horses chafing to be rid,
 Who breath'd the Combat as their Riders did;
 Made all confess that War gave Death a grace,
 And has its charms as well as Beauty has.
 After a little pause they both advance,
 One to preserve, th' other to conquer *France*;
 Those who did proudly think the Foe would yield,
 Saw him draw up with order in the Field;
 And by a King advanc'd, whose hand and head,
 All the defects supply'd of those he lead.

Queen. How! did young *Henry* dare to meet you then?
 We heard diseases had consum'd his men.

Blam. The courages of all the *English* dead,
 Were to those few then living newly fled:
 So thin, so harra't all his Squadrons were,
 As we did pity them we us'd to fear;
 For it is equally as strange to say,
 That they durst fight, as that they won the day:
 But Fame can want no Theme when she does sing
 Of *English* Swords led by an *English* King;
 Nor was he only in the Battel known
 By his bright Armour, which like Lightning shone;
 But did with nobler marks his Valour grace,
 Still being seen where foremost danger was.
Alanson, who observ'd this wondrous King,
 Courage to his, and fear to ours did bring;
 Made fighting single with him his high aim,
 And in a Battel to a Duel came,

Queen.

Queen. By an attempt so noble and sublime,
He shew'd as much as I believ'd of him.

Blam. Both Nations at a fight so great and rare,
Their bloody Swords suspended in the Air,
And by a general silence made it known,
They in their Leaders fate would see their own:
But though *Alançon* did stupendous things,
A Subjects Sword could not resist a Kings;
Angels are Guardians of that Sacred Name.

Burgun. Yet by his death he got a deathless fame.

Blam. That loss invaded all to that degree,
As we more fought for Death than Victory;
For many Worthies waited on his fall,
The Constable of *France*, the Admiral,
The Duke of *Brabant*, and the Duke of *Bar*;
Promiscuous killing now disgrac'd the War:
So glutted was the thirsty Victors Sword,
As now the spacious world cannot afford,
After so many *Heroes* drown'd in gore,
Unless of *English*, one brave Worthy more.

Queen. That Nation still too highly you esteem.

Burg. Our selves we best excuse in praising them.

Blam. Now only horror, death, confusion reigns;
And covers *Agon-Courts* unhappy plains;
Here Corpses lye, where Squadrons lately stood;
Standards and Ensigns there lye roll'd in blood;
Here woods of Lances o're the Fields are spread,
And dying men lye groaning o're the dead.

Queen. If truth consents to what you now relate,
From this black day *France* may her ruine date.

Blam. This is not all the destiny of *France*;
The Dukes of *Bourbon* and of *Orléance*,
The Lords of *Doncourt*, *Humiére*, *Harcourt*, *Sully*,
Roy, *Fauconbridge*, *Noel*, and *Beaufiquart*,
And many more of signal worth and race,
The Conquerours Triumphal Chariot grace:
But *Bondile*, who this day first turn'd his back,
In hopes to wash away a stain so black,
Assaulted with a loud and furious cry
Th' unguarded baggage of the Enemy.

The King suppos'd new Troops had took the field,
And order'd straight all Pris'ners to be kill'd:
What *Bondile* thus at first and last did do,
Made *Henry* happy, and yet cruel too;
But 'twas a cruelty our selves did cause,
And which his judgment took from safeties laws;
For shameful was our Fate, the Pris'ners there
Surpass'd in number those who Victors were.

Queen. Could nothing, less than this, Heav'n's wrath abate
It made us Agents to our own dire Fate.

Burg. The Destinies were never so severe;
The fault, as well as loss, they make us bear;
And by so strange a ruine make us know,
This Empire to one Field her fall may owe.
Were those Renown'd Commanders now alive,
They might the fortune of lost *France* revive;

And by their Swords restore her dying Fame.

Blam. All those are living which I last did name:

The King did rather hazard a gain'd field,

Than suffer Chiefs so noble to be kill'd;

And but with half his Army did advance,

Twice in one day, to act the Fate of France,

Leaving the rest to guard them where they stood.

Burgun. His Valour sheds, his Mercy spares our blood.

Blam. Young Tudor, Madam, much renown'd you know,

To whom all France her gratitude does owe;

For he, when all did dangers face decline,

Met it to serve the Princess Katherine;

He 'gainst my will this hated life did save,

And when he heard those orders Henry gave,

Fearing their rigour might extend to me,

Above my hope, or wish, did set me free.

He told me as we parted that he knew,

I had the honour to belong to you.

Exeunt to Princess Katherine.

Queen. 'Tis Heav'n has stricken us; and when we know

That hand, who dares want patience for the blow?

My Lord, 'tis needful I resolve with speed

Who shall the fatal Constable succeed.

Burg. And counsel needful is how far 'tis fit,

After defeat to struggle or submit.

Queen. Assemble strait. Heav'n does occasion give

Of mourning, yet allows no time to grieve.

Exeunt Queen, Burgundy, Blamont, Lady.

Prin. An. Madam, methought when Tudor's name you heard,

A new Vermilion in your face appear'd;

That word did raise a trouble there as great,

As you discover'd hearing our defeat:

Though these are signs that love does for him sue,

Yet to our friendship there is so much due,

That from my height of faith I'll not descend,

I'll rather blame my eyes than doubt my Friend,

And think I saw not that which I did see,

Rather than fear you hide your self from me.

Prin. Kat. Ah, how this soft concernment shews you just!

For what can be too precious for your trust?

I must confess I blush'd when he was nam'd,

But it was scorn, not love, my face inflam'd,

That any but a King, and Crown'd with Bays,

Presum'd so high as me his thoughts to raise;

That secret now shall be to you reveal'd,

Which only through your absence was conceal'd:

With so much grief I did your absence mourn,

When to your Father's Court you did return,

That the same day I to St. Germain went:

To give in that retreat my sorrows vent;

A storm o'retook us as we thither pass'd,

Rain made the rising Flood to swell so fast,

That of the Bridge it did the mastery get,

An Arch was born away, and we with it.

Prin. An. Madam, I heard that you that sad mischance

Did frighten you, less than it frighted France.

Prin. Kath.

Prin. Kath. Tudor, whom fortune led that way, deserv'd
 What many more with vain compassion spy'd;
 They at the horror of my danger wept,
 He from the bridge into the River leapt,
 And stemm'd the raging Current, till he bore
 My breathless body to the neighbouring shore;
 Him to the Court this timely service brought,
 In whom so many Charms concurring wrought,
 As I can scarce without some blushes own,
 That I did grieve he fate not on a Throne;
 For to a Princess, who like me would do,
 He who a Throne does want, wants all things too.

Prin. An. Ah Madam! Love, if it be strong and true,
 Levels the pow'rful down to those that sue;
 And, when by inclination we are steer'd,
 Only what that does speak is fully heard.

Prin. Kath. Tudor soon chang'd his chearful brow at Court;
 To unfrequented Groves he did resort;
 Whilst others did rejoyce, he sighing mourn'd,
 And all his freedom into bondage turn'd:
 This new distemper to a habit grew,
 His mirth was ever feign'd, his sorrows true:
 The cause of this when I desir'd to know
 He made no answer, but did sigh and bow;
 By no reply he would his silence break.

Prin. An. In such a silence he did more then speak.

Prin. Kath. Ah! so he did; but yet I must confess
 I knew not Love could speak, yet hold its peace:
 I urg'd to be inform'd; he sigh'd and then
 Look'd often on me, and look'd down agen;
 Then said, you force me, Madam, to a strait
 To disobey you, or deserve your hate:
 One of these evils does engage me now;
 Silence the first, speaking the last will do;
 But I implore you will not think it fit
 To force me unto speech, then punish it.

Prin. An. Against your justice, Madam, 'twas a crime
 To punish what you did constrain from him.

Prin. Kath. Then he his passion for me did declare
 With words and gestures, which so mournful were,
 As strait I did, by my experience, prove,
 That pity was no way to bring in Love:
 A hundred things he said, but I was so
 Offended with my self, and with him too;
 First, that his words I had constrain'd from him,
 Then that he could be guilty of that crime;
 As I forgot ev'n all he did relate
 But these few words, which I shall ne're forget;
 Love, of a wondrous birth cannot expire,
 Which strangely in the water first took fire.

Prin. An. None, Madam, but a Lover will believe
 That flames in water can their birth receive.

Prin. Kath. 'Tis true, but those bold words which then he spoke,
 Did soon my indignation so provoke,
 That never any crime can raise it higher;
 I bid him instantly from Court retire:

(I would)

'T would grieve your patience if I should declare
All that he said, his trespass to repair;
Let it suffice that after that black night
I never did admit him to my sight;
Nor will I tell you how he sought relief,
And vainly since hath almost dy'd with grief.

Prin. An. Did you not give him then some sighs by stealth,
And wish his sickly mind a little health?

Prin. Kath. All that 't had been injustice to deny.

Prin. An. Sure that was Love?

Prin. Kath. Oh! no, 'twas Charity.

Love is a flame which nothing can controul;
As souls to bodies are, Love's to the soul:
A pow'r which does all other powers o'return,
And cannot be conceal'd when it does burn.
Had that been Love, which is mistook by you,
Tudor had seen, and I had felt it too;
But term it what you please, it cannot be,
Whilst I have pow'r to rule it, Love in me.

Prin. An. Love to his height oft by degrees does rise,
Sometimes it storms a bosom by surprize;
Love moves not ever in one constant road,
Oft, like a Child, he a&s, then like a God;
And, by your easie ruling him, you may
Mistake his power for what is but his play.

Prin. Kath. I doubt you'd have me think I am in Love.

Prin. An. I rather would my fear of it remove.

Prin. Kath. No, though I were, so much I owe my fame,
That to my birth I would resign my flame.

Prin. An. May I, with safety, build on what you say?

Prin. Kath. If my own heart deceive me not, you may.

Prin. An. Then I will tell you something which, perhaps,
If you are cur'd, will hinder your relapse.

When dreadful *Henry* to this War was bent,
The royal *Bedford* to my Father sent
Offers of power and treasure, with design
To make him in this last Invasion join:

My Father to his *Burgundy* retir'd,
Having rejected what the Duke desir'd;
But said, since here unjustly we retain
Anjou, Rich *Normandy*, and *Aquitane*,
He would, if rendring these might Peace advance,
Perswade in *England*, and prevail in *France*.

Prin. Kath. We then have done th' injurious *Henry* wrong:
Do all these Provinces to him belong?

Prin. An. *France* can no other Title there pretend,
But what, force having got, Arms must defend.

Prin. Kath. My grief for our defeat shall then grow less;
Since we want justice, we should want success.

Prin. An. But since to me your secrets you declare,
'Tis equal you in mine should have a share.
Ah Madam! do not wonder if my heart,
Which was entirely yours when we did part,
Is from that high and blest condition flown,
I, blushing, say, 'tis now no more my own.
The Duke of *Bedford*, by the noblest force
That e'er subdu'd a heart into remorse,

Did with such joint success act his design;
That I took his, and then resign'd him mine.

Prin. Kath. Dear Princess, I shall now admire no more
What you have mention'd of Loves art and power;
Nor that so high in that discourse you were;
Since you but spoke your own experiment.

Prin. An. If, Madam, you had present been to see,
The softness of those Charms which Conquer'd me;
You'd wonder more that long I held the field;
Than that at last I willingly did yield.

Prin. Kath. The English Archers may victorious grow,
Where Love begins the conquest with his bow.

Prin. An. After we had this sacred friendship made,
He told me, though his brother would invade
This Kingdom, to regain what was his due,
Yet the chief conquest he design'd, was you:
He told me too, though England still affords
Beauties resistless as the English Swords,
Yet none of them prevail'd, though ne're so bright,
Like your victorious picture at first sight.

Then he implor'd that when to you I came,
I would prepare you to receive his flame;
A flame which all things else must needs out-do,
Since by him cherish'd and inspir'd by you:
This, Madam, was the cause why I have prest
To find if e're your heart were prepossess'd.

Let France, by you, be freed from her distress;
This happy union will procure her peace.

Prin. Kath. If me he lov'd, her blood he then would spare;
Loves gentle voice is never heard in War.

Prin. An. Yet, like a King to you he does pretend,
Glory he makes his way, and Love his end.

Prin. Kath. Where blood does cry, can I a Lover hear?

Prin. An. When glory pleads, what then can stop your ear?
Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the Council is assembled now,
And e're it sits, the Queen would speak with you.

Prin. Kath. I come: too long by Love we have been stay'd;
I will consider all that you have said.

Prin. An. Madam, be pleas'd to think upon it so,
That France to you may her redemption owe.

THE SECOND ACT.

Enter the King, Duke of Exeter, Duke of Bedford, Earl of Warwick, and Tudor.

King. MY Lord of Warwick, you may give to all
The French of note the rites of Funeral;

It is a debt which to the dead we pay,
Rewarding Courage ev'n in those we slay;

Warwick. It shall be done.

King. Brother, it will be fit

The Prisoners you to stronger Guards commit;

They shall a Court within our Army see;

And in it nothing want but Liberty.

Bed. They shall be safe, yet have some freedom too.

King. Uncle, the great request I make to you,

Is to preserve our wounded men with care;

'Tis by their courage we victorious are.

Exeter. They shall be serv'd with all they can desire.

We must that valour serve which you admire.

Exeunt Exeter, Bedford, Warwick.

Tudor. Though this great day, the expecting world may see

Your Title both to France and Victory;

And though no Conquerour alive, or dead,

With nobler wreaths did ever crown his head;

Yet pardon me if I presume to say,

I see a sadness mis-becomes this day;

This day, in which your friends and foes confess,

Nothing can make you greater, nothing less;

So fixt are Fortunes Wheels they cannot turn;

Then, Sir, permit only the French to mourn.

The loss of *Tork* and *Suffolk*, though too great,

Should not out-weigh your Enemies defeat.

If, Sir, your Wars cost not some lives, like these,

You would not Conquests make, but misdeeds;

Who in his Princes service finds a Grave,

Rather our envy than our grief should have;

And fighting in your fight, who for you dies,

Is blest enough without such Obsequies.

If to their death such envy'd grief you give,

You'll make us then repent that we do live.

Sir, for the living's sake your grief decline,

And let your looks clear as your glories shine.

King. So great a loss as is above relief,

Even on this day might justify my grief;

He who of friendship knows the sacred ties,

Will value more his Friends than Victories;

But that just sorrow, which thou wouldst remove,

Is not a tribute paid to Death but Love;

If Fame, or Power, only in me did sway,

I could not have been seen in Clouds to day;

'Tis Love's fierce Fire which does my heart devour,

Less to be quench'd than heats of Fame or Power.

Tudor. She must do more than Woman e'er could do,

Resisting such a King and Conquerour too;

You, though her eyes should brightest beams emit,

May safe in shades under your Laurels sit.

King. My Laurels might a safe refreshment prove

To any other heart but that of Love;

Their sacred force 'gainst Thunder only lies,

Not against lightning shot from conqu'ring eyes;

Whole pow'r, like that of lightning, I have felt;

My breast they wound not, yet my heart they melt.

Tudor. May I not know who does my King subdue?

King. Saying I love, I need not tell thee who;

Who of the Planets speaks of brightest beams,

Need not say after, 'tis the Sun he means.

Tudor.

Tudor. The Sun by all is mention'd as one rate,
But Fancy alters beauties estimate;
Were it not Fancy which that value gave,
All Lovers then would but one Mistress have.

King. Such adoration Fancy cannot raise,
As to this beauty sight and reason pays;
For he whose heart Love can to others turn,
Must feel her Eyes alone have right to burn;
But that this ignorance thou may'st decline,
Know I adore the Princess *Katherine*;
Loves Rebels by her Eyes are kept in awe,
She reigns in *France* spite of the *Salique Law*.

Tudor. Will not Loves heat make *Glories flame* expire?

King. No, *Tudor*, it will rather raise it higher;
For none should aim at this exalted state,
Who makes not glory first his Advocate;
This was the cause when *Charles*, her Father, sent
Embassadors, my Conquest to prevent;
And this bright beauty offer'd for my Bride,
But with her, as her Dowry, *France* deny'd;
I shun'd the match, knowing her beauties were
No price for Peace, but the reward of War;
My vows and passion she might justly scorn,
Did I not Crown her Queen where she was born;
And raise her boundless beauties to supply
What a rude Law does to her Sex deny.

Tudor. Perhaps your flame had with more lustre shined,
Had you for it declin'd the *Gallick Throne*;
For love of her to quit in *France* your right,
Is more than 'tis to conquer it in fight;
Nor can you hope her passions flame to raise,
When with her Countrys blood you stain your Bay.

King. Dear *Tudor*, I perceive because thou art
A Subject, thou mistak'st a Monarchs heart;
Those, who from Royal veins derive their blood,
Find only in a Throne what's great and good;
Sure Nature in her would much rather see
Her Son than Brother rule this Monarchy.

Tudor. A Love like this was never known before,
The Father you'd depose, the Child adore;
Your Love will be in proofs of hatred shown;
You on her Countrys ruins build her Throne;
This strange design, Sir, does my wonder raise.

King. A Love like mine moves not in common waies;
Such unexamp'd things I'll strive to do,
That when I reach to what I now pursue,
When men name one who lov'd to a degree
Ne're known before, they'll say he lov'd like me,
Prepare thy self to go within an hour
To the *French Court* as my *Embassador*;
And let them know if they resign up *France*,
(Mine both by Conquest and Inheritance)
They shun such force as cannot be withstood,
They shew their justice, and they spare their blood.
Success now asks but what I ask'd before.

Tudor. He that at first ask'd all can ask no more.

Much is not in the proffer I shall make.

King. Yes, it is much to ask what I can take;

And to accept from them that *Crown* which I

Have giv'n me from the hand of *Victory*.

Tudor. in this they cannot but confess;

I make my mercy hinder my success.

Tudor. It might be then convenient that I try'd

To obtain with *France* the Princess for your *Bride*;

Since you as well for her as *France* contend,

Without her you'll not reach your noblest end.

King. She justly, *Tudor*, might my passion hate;

If Love's high int'rest I should mix with state:

If I this great concern by Treaty move

'Twill be below her Beauty and my Love.

That blessing must in nobler ways be sought:

Though Heav'n may be bestow'd, 'tis never bought.

But that which chiefly makes me send thee now

Is that my Friend should let my Princess know

My flames are such as Martyr'd Saints sustain;

The glory of them takes away the pain.

Tudor. Was ever such a Curse impos'd by Fate?

His favour wounds much deeper than his hate.

I must unworthy or else wretched prove,

Be false to Honour or else false to Love:

To which of both shall I precedence give?

I'm kill'd by this, by that unfit to live;

But stay! why should not I, even I alone,

Raise Love and Honour to a height unknown?

If, for his sake, my passion I forego,

In that great Act I pay him all I owe:

Who for his King against his Love does act

Pays Debts much greater than he can contract.

Nor are these all th' advantages will flow

From that great action I intend to do.

If I her right above my love prefer

In that, by losing, I shall merit her.

And to obtain, not merit her, will prove

Less than to lose her and deserve her love.

'Tis worthy of my flame, and of her Eyes,

To make love be to love a sacrifice.

*Enter Queen, Duke of Burgundy, the Constable, Earl of
Charaloy, and Count de Chastel.*

Queen. The fatal cause why we assemble now

We by the worst of sad experience know.

Heav'n does, at once, on this our Empire shower

All the fierce marks of anger and of power.

The King, my Lord, whose head, and heart, and hand,

Should be employ'd our ruine to withstand,

Under his old disease still worse grows;

Yields to his pain as *France* does to his Foes:

Yet is he not unhappy in that state

Which makes him not to feel the wounds of Fate.

The *Dauphin*, whose green years make him unfit

In such a storm at Empires helm to sit,

Yet

Yet for that great and dangerous place does press;
 And, missing it, forsakes us in distress,
 As these two miseries assault us here;
 So th' English late success fills all with fear.
 Yet, *France*, surviving such destructive blows,
 Ev'n in her ruine still her greatness shows.
 By your wife help she hopes yet to be freed;
 And on your breasts she leans her weary head.
 Shall we again by Battel try our Fate,
 Or with the English King Capitulate?

Const. Our shoulders but attend for heavier weight,
 If in the Field we shun to try our Fate.
 For doubtless, Madam, he less Vertue shows
 Who yields to, than who falls by Fortunes blows.
Rome, though she lost four Fields to *Hannibal*,
 Her valour rais'd ev'n in her Fortunes fall,
 Her steady vertue did all storms suppress,
 And made her Empress of the Universe:
 I would not doubt but we at length should find
 A Roman Fate, had we a Roman mind.

De Chast. Those who too hastily with Victors treat,
 Make them too proud who were before too great.
 Such condescension would to fear dispose
 Your Subjects hearts, and elevate your Foes.
 Let not Posterity have cause to say,
 That you lost *France*, and lost her in one day.

Const. The chance of Arms are still alternative;
 Fortune one day does take; next day does give:
 And all the English fame will be o'rethrown
 If we of twenty Fields can win but one.
 All thoughts of Treaties, Madam, then despise,
 Which but excuses fear whilst we seem wise.

Burg. Madam, what the great *Constable* does say
 Becomes that place you rais'd him to this day:
 He, who the head of all your Armies is,
 Safe Counsels should obey but not advise.
 If to my judgment you will please to trust,
 Chuse not what great appears, but what is just.
 Madam, it is alone by Arms you reign
 O're *Anjou*, *Normandy*, and *Aquitaine*.
 Those three, the noblest Provinces of *France*,
 Are th' English King's confest Inheritance.
 Whatever of prescription Gown-men write,
 Yet length of time changes not wrong to right:
 Why should you not, e're things are desp'rate grown,
 By giving what is his, preserve your own?
 Keeping those Countries will at last be found
 A Gangreen; the corrupt will eat the sound.

Ear. of Chas. Justice is more than but an empty word;
 Therefore, whilst that assists the English Sword,
 Success will always to their side resort;
 And every Field will be an *Agin-Court*.

Burg. Can Councils prosperous be, or Armies strong
 Both aiming to perpetuate a wrong?
 If after this fair offer he pursue
 The War, our Swords will act what his does now;

If he accepts it (as no doubt he must)
 You will be safe, as soon as you are just.
 Pursue the Acts of Justice; those alone
 Have pow'r to save and to exalt a Throne.

Enter Blamont.

Blam. Young *Tudor* is arriv'd, and craves to be
 With speed admitted to your Majesty.
 By those few words which have between us past
 I find his message does require some haste.

Queen. Know you what 'tis which does him hither bring?

Blam. Some overtures of peace from th' English King,
Blamont whispers in the Queens Ear.

Queen. Yes, I consent; and give her notice I
 Expect she should receive him civilly. [*Exit Blamont.*]
 My Lords, I find your judgments various are;
 Two are for Treaty, th'other two for War.
 Such reasons you for both opinions give,
 That I, with reason, either may receive.
 But *Tudor* being come does surely bring
 Something important from the English King.
 'Tis fit our resolutions we defer
 Till I his bus'ness in his message hear. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Princess Katherine, and Blamont.

Blam. Madam, what I have said the Queen will own.

Prin. Kath. What? That with *Tudor* I should speak alone?

Blam. He for that honour, Madam, now does stay.

Prin. Kath. Since by the Queen commanded; I obey.

[*Exit Blamont.*]

Enter Tudor.

Tudor. Though, Madam, this high honour does excel
 What deeds can merit, or what words can tell,
 It shall no cause of new presumption be;
 I'll not repeat what you condemn'd in me.
 I then presum'd to tell you of a Fire
 Your Eyes did in a Subjects heart inspire;
 But, Madam, now th' assurance which I bring,
 Is that your beauties have subdu'd a King;
 A King renown'd by all the voice of Fame;
 The least he has of Monarch is the Name.
 He only Love and Glory does pursue;
 Which makes him Conquer *France* and yield to you.
 And by th' unhappiest of his Subjects says,
 He at your feet his Heart and Laurel lays.
 Judge what his Vertues are, and what my Fate,
 Which makes his Rival turn his Advocate.

Prin. Kath. *Tudor* what first you spoke made me not fear
 That Rival was a word I e're should hear.

For you in that repeat the past offence,
 Which made me lately banish you from hence.

If, by his worth, your King claims my esteem,
 Why grieve you that you plead to gain it him?

Tudor. Ah, Madam, may I not your pardon crave
 For grieving when I part from all I have?

A Father, when he sees his only Son
 Condemn'd to death for what he cou'd not shun
 (Though to the right of justice he submit)
 May well be pardon'd if he mourns for it.
 By double Dictates, Madam, I am led;
 My loss makes me lament, my justice plead,
 But all my sorrows soon will lose their name
 If you raise him for whom I ruin'd am.
 A Prince who only does, as his just due,
 Deserve to love you, and be lov'd by you.

Prin. Kath. Has yet the Queen ought of this business known?

Tudor. I had but leave to wait on you alone.

Those common paths of Kings mine will not tread,
 To see by Picture and by Proxy wed.
 He'll make his Court at an unusual rate;
 His is a love of liking, not of state.
 And says, he does not for a Mistress sue
 To France, but humbly begs your self of you.

Prin. Kath. I but by Picture did to him appear.

Tudor. Yes, he hath seen you in my Character.

'Tis far above the labour'd art of man
 To draw a Mistress as a Lover can.
 Your Picture took his sight; but you will find
 My words alone did Captivate his mind.
 Though you may think the pencil's pow'r is great;
 It aims to paint a fire, but not a heat;
 Much less a heat which does from Love arise,
 And which is kindled by his Mistress eyes.
 The Pencil to my words resign'd the place;
 Those drew your Soul, that painted but your face.
 Madam, 'twas I who told him how your mind
 With greater lustre than your Beauty shin'd,
 That from the Charms of your discourse and shape
 Men could no more than from your eyes escape.
 And I may justly, Madam, be afraid
 He saw in me, you acted all I said;
 And to revenge that which you call'd a crime
 I on this Embassie am sent by him.

Prin. Kath. Tudor, into a new relapse you fall;
 You seem'd to mourn at your Loves Funeral:
 And I on that assurance pardon'd you.

Tudor. I told you what was then, not what is now.
 If other words have wander'd in my talk,
 The Ghost then of my murder'd Love did walk;
 And like a Ghost to none it shall appear,
 But before you who are the Murtherer.

Prin. Kath. If you'll to my esteem your self restore,
 Let me, by it, be visit'd no more.

Tudor. Madam, I'll strive to obey you from this hour.
 But, since the dead have o're their Ghosts no power,
 If mine again the trespass should commit,
 My last request is that you'll pardon it;
 And to so sad a love some sorrow give,
 Which troubles you when dead, as when alive.
 But for my King I must my suit renew;
 And beg to know what I must say from you.

If to accept his passion you incline,
You'll make his happiness your own and mine;
Since you deny what for my self I move,
Let me, against my self, successful prove.

Prin. Kath. You may acquaint the King all you have said;
Have in my thoughts a fit Impression made;
That I (as all who have but heard his name)
Believe his merit has acquir'd his Fame;
Though I with passion wish that he had chose
To raise his glory on remoter Foes,
I never more can his address receive
Till from the Queen he has procur'd me leave.

Tudor. Why do you, Madam, words so cruel speak?
Make him not for you to another seek;
Since, in that way, should he successful prove,
'I will rather shew you can obey than love.
Only to you let him his blessings own.

Prin. Kath. I have declar'd my resolution.

Tudor. To what then must the wretched Tudor trust?

Prin. Kath. To find his cure in what he grants is just.

Tudor. How can that heal him which does make his wound?

Yet to obey you, Madam, he is bound;
But if hereafter you should chance to hear
Some dying sighs which may offend your Ear;
Forc'd from him by the fiercest griefs assault,
Be pleas'd to pity, not condemn the fault.

[Exit Tudor.]

Prin. Kath. Oh! why is Love call'd Natures highest Law,
When Tickle, Mans invention, does it awe?
But 'tis the strength which reason does impart,
That makes my blood give rules thus to my heart.
If Nature reason on us did bestow,
Love, Natures dictate, 'twould not overthrow.
But reason is a bright resistless fire
Which Heav'n, not Nature, does in us inspire.
It is not Natures Child, but Natures King;
And o're loves height does us to glory bring.
As bodies are below, and Souls above
So much should reason be prefer'd to Love:
Since Glory is the Souls most proper Sphere,
It does but wander when it moves not there.
This makes that King, who Courts me, France subdue;
And makes me fly what else I would pursue.

THE THIRD ACT.

Enter King Henry, Tudor.

Tudor. **W**HAT I have said shews all that I have done;
The Daughter by the Mother must be won.
Those, Sir, who serving Heav'n, to Heav'n pretend,
By others mediation reach that end.

King.

King. That obligation, *Tudor*, I'll decline.
She shall be all her own that must be mine.

'Tis for her glory she her self should give
The greatest gift that I can e're receive.

If from her will I differ, can she hate

My being for her int'rest obstinate?

Go! what I told thee, *Tudor*, must be done:

He ne're meets Honour who does danger shun.

Tudor. A Subject must not with his King contend.

King. My Subject? thou art more; thou art my Friend!

Make haste! for I will only stay behind

Till I have orders for the Treaty sign'd.

[*Tudor offers to speak.*

[*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter Duke of Burgundy, and Charaloys.

Burg. No, Son, the Treaty must not so proceed,
Lest of my help the Queen should have no need:

That env'y'd pow'r which makes me useful here

Is the effect not of her Love, but Fear;

Whilst things continue in their present state,

I can dispose of *France* and *England's* Fate.

The greatest skill that I would wish from Heaven,

Is in a War to keep the Scale so even

As neither Party ever may prevail

But by his help whose hand does hold the Scale.

Whilst these two mighty Kingdoms disagree

I keep in safety my own *Burgundie*.

Char. Have you forgot that vow, Sir, which you made

To th' *English* King when *France* he did invade?

That vow is to your Honour still a debt.

Burg. A States-man all but int'rest may forget,

And only ought in his own strength to trust:

'Tis not a States-mans Vertue to be just.

Char. Those words which lately you in Council said,

Have on my Breast a deep impression made:

You urg'd that Acts of justice are alone

What can preserve or must exalt a Throne.

Is your own counsel by your self despis'd?

Burg. I then for others, not my self, advis'd.

Reason should still appoint us what to do.

Char. You'll find that Reason has Religion too,

Which is by inter-change of justice shown,

Doing to all what to your self is done.

Burg. You measure Reason with a crooked line.

Char. High Reason to Religion does incline.

Burg. I, Son, reason of Cloysters, not of State:

Pow'r seldom is Religious to that height.

Religion too not Reason is, but Faith.

Char. I fear, Sir, if such dang'rous ways you chuse,

Instead of ruling both, you both will lose.

Burg. A harder game than this I twice have plaid;

And though, by Fortune, I was still betray'd;

Yet still to greater pow'r I reach'd at length:

Amew. like, by falling, I got strength.

Besides, *De Chastel*, by much art and pain,

Has brought the *Dauphin* back to Court again;

Who offers, if I'll urge the Queen for War,
We equally betwixt us two shall share
All Armies and all Governments in France,
And he'll forget the death of Orleans.

Char. O Sir, from such an offer'd Friendship fly;
What only int'rest ties it will untie.
And I presume though you restor'd him France,
He'll ne'er forget the death of Orleans.
I wish Heav'n sooner may forgive it you.

Burg. Alas young man, if you but truly knew
What pow'rful Charms on sweet revenge do wait
You would have acted what you think you hate.

Char. Beware, Sir, I beseech you then in time
Lest his revenge may seem as sweet to him.

Burg. These tender thoughts are graceful in a Son!
I have your Int'rest, you, your duty shown.
I'll hear their offers, though I them refuse:
When all is offer'd I the best will chuse.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Dauphin, De Chastel.

De Chast. Sir, I believe you now no longer fear
That on vain hopes I begg'd your presence here.
The Queen, while you retir'd, had by her Arts
So robb'd you of your future Subjects hearts,
That 'twas your presence only could restore
Them to that duty which they owe to Power.
Sir, Fortune too begins to pay her debts;
For the *Burgundian* with your Servant treats;
And such an Ear to my discourse he lent
As makes me more than hope a good event.
And, as a proof, he lik'd what I did speak:
He vow'd he would the English Treaty break.
Nor is this all; the Countess of *La Marr*
(To whom your Sister grows particular)
I have entirely wrought to favour you:
She told me, and th' Intelligence is new,
That *Blamont* from the Queen has gain'd free leave
Your Sister shall a single audience give
To one whom *Henry* sent with privacy.

Dauph. His Love for her will fatal be to me,
Unless th' effects of it I soon prevent.

De Chast. I therefore have obtain'd *La Marrs* consent
That you, conceal'd, shall in that room remain
Where she this messenger will entertain.
By that concealment you may clearly know
The roots of their designs, and how they grow.

Dauph. Heav'n for my Mother's faults makes me amends
In sending me a Friend who gets me Friends:
I fear'd my Sisters pride, my Mothers hate,
The English Kings great Love, and greater Fate,
Help'd by the subtle head of *Burgundy*,
Might by a fatal Marriage ruine me.
But this permission thou for me hast got
May teach me both to know and break the Plot.

When

When does this Love-Embassadour appear?

De Chast. They every moment, Sir, expect him here.

Dauph. Then it is fit I instantly repair
To that concealment promis'd by *La Marr.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Queen, and Great Constable.

Queen. Yes, I have seen the *Dauphin*, but methought
Though he has humbler gestures with him brought,
Shaping his looks to what he gently said,
Yet old resentments clearly he betray'd.
But yet, perhaps, those Charms which Courts attend
May to some mildness his fierce nature bend.
I will apply all that is taught by Art
Or wiser Nature to reclaim his heart.
'Tis fit you know, e're you begin to Treat,
The King of *England's* passion is so great
For my unmarried Daughter, that I hear
He'll quit all he does claim, to marry her.
That this is true the Duke does undertake;
And you great use may of that passion make.

[*Const.* Madam! 'tis strange, for she was then as fair
When offer'd to him to prevent a War.

Queen. He that by rules can judge a Lover's heart,
Has brought into the world an unknown Art.
But, having heard me, you must now be gone:
Should the Duke know we two had been alone
(You having both taken solemn leave of me)
It might in him create a jealousy.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Princess Katherine, and King Henry Incognito.

King. Madam, when first my King from *Tudor* heard
That you your person to the *Queen* refer'd,
He sent me hither humbly to desire
You'd to your eyes be just and to his fire;
And would believe this right to both is due,
That he his Fate should only learn from you.
He'll but from you receive his destiny,
Whether you'll make him live, or have him dye.

Prin. Kath. That answer, which by *Tudor* you have known,
Is, Sir, my final resolution.
Nothing can e're persuade me to forsake
Results which duty and my reason make.

King. Let him not be a double Sacrifice;
You kill'd him with your Words, and with your Eyes.
Heav'n meant that Beauty, Nature's greatest force,
Having exceeding pow'r, should have remorse.
Valour, and it, the world should so enjoy
As both might overcome, but not destroy.

Prin. Kath. He who in Fight has all the *French* o're-thrown
Cannot be kill'd by words spoke but by one.

King. Yet he who has in *France* a Conqu'ring pow'r
With joy does own you as his Conquerour.
And that you may not doubt that this is true
He is in person come to tell it you!

The

The King takes off his Disguise.

I was Loves Heretick till you I saw,
 In that which *Tudor* said, and Art did draw;
 Now, like an Heretick, I treated am
 By Love, who has condemn'd me to the flame.
 Your Picture to resist I wanted skill;
 T' oppose th' Original I want the will:
 Believe what of my self is told by me.

Prin. Kath. The King of *England*! sure it cannot be!

King. Madam! by doubting adde not to this pain;
 You cannot but know him in whom you reign.

Prin. Kath. Since he 'twixt *France* and all her safety stands,
 How dares he trust his person in her hands?

King. He who adores you, and dares tell you so,
 What is there after which he dare not do?

Prin. Kath. To what a strait, Sir, have you brought me to?
 I must be false to *France*, or false to you.

The Dauphin discovers himself.

Dauph. I will enlarge you though you wicked grow
 In calling that a strait which was not so:
 For she who doubts if evil she should act,
 Does, in that very doubt, a guilt contract.
 No wonder now that *France* is falln so low
 The Daughter of it treating thus our Foe.

Prin. Kath. Brother! I nothing of his coming knew;
 His being here surpriz'd me more than you.

Dauph. Sister, when he reveal'd himself, your eyes
 Shew'd greater signs of liking than surprize:
 And, to convince me clearly of your crime,
 You doubted if you should discover him.

King. I shall want patience to attend this storm!

Prin. Kath. The only fault you should in me reform
 Is that I doubted whether I should do
 As it became the Sister, Sir, of you.
 But to the King Heav'n will this truth aver,
 I ne'er would have reveal'd his being here.
 My Father's vertue to the world is known;
 Who to my fallhood would not owe his Throne.
 If acts of Treachery he does not hate,
 What he now suffers he deserves from Fate.
 Since, by fair War, *France* now assaulted is,
 Let her sink lower, or by Vertue rise.
 To abject deeds I'll never condescend,
 Nor make the means unworthy of the end.

King. Vertue a higher pitch did never rise;
 It has a lustre which out-shines her Eyes.
 Madam, in saying what you pleas'd to say,
 You broke that silence my respects did pay.
 And now, Sir, something I shall let you see
 To make you grant you injur'd her, and me.

Dauph. Have you a Pass-port then for coming here?

King. This is my Pass-port to go ev'ry where:
 Who e're a Pass-port such as this can show
 Will find all places safe, or make 'em so.
 And, Sir, it is by this that you must swear
 Not to reveal what you discover'd here:

*{ Pointing to
 his Sword.*

This

This must be sworn, and sworn without a pause.

Dauph. You should subdue me ere you give me Laws.

Yet, I will swear, but 'tis that to this chance

I owe the pow'r to pay my debts to France,

Debts, which so weighy were as I did bow

More under them, than France does under you.

Those debts which by a cruel Mother's way,

Till now I to my Birth could never pay.

Fortune! and Sister! here I pardon you,

For all you did, and all that you would do!

Since through her Blindness, and your Treachery,

My self I single in condition see

To make our France such a revenge receive

As all her Swords in Battel could not give.

I only grieve one false to France and me

Should of that justice th' only witness be:

But yet that cause of grief should disappear,

Since seeing of your death will punish her.

King. Oh could I justly think my self so blest

That what relates to me could touch her breast,

Though I should perish in this present strife,

My death would be more happy than my life.

But since no service I have paid her yet

Can make me hope a happiness so great,

I'll strive to merit that which you but fear,

By now revenging what you said to her!---

But yet, we should not fight she being by.

Dauph. That is the reason why you here must dye.

[*Draws his Sword.*]

King. Then, Madam, you'll forgive me, if I now

[*King Draws.*]

Defend that life which does belong to you.---

Prin. Kath. Oh Heav'n's! whom shall I call? perhaps I may

Saving my Brothers life the King betray.

[*Exit, and enters again with La Marr.*]

You broke your trust. Think on the Kings high worth.

La Marr. Blamouni's without and stays to lead him forth!

[*King closes with him and disarms him.*]

Prin. Kath. Go open strait the Garden Gallery,

Keep for the Kings escape the passage free.---

First for my Brother in the Lobby stay.---

La Marr. When he is gone I'll shut it with this key.

[*Exit La Marr.*]

Prin. Kath. My Brother is dis-arm'd! what shall I do?

King. Your life, young Prince, is at my mercy now.

Prin. Kath. Sir, for my Brothers life let me implore;

Nature speaks now as Honour did before!

King. I to your pleasure ever will submit.---

'Tis to your blood you owe my sparing it.---

Your life I give you at the Princess word;

And for her sake, I here restore your Sword,

But, Sir, remember y're oblig'd by me

No more to invade your Sisters privacy;

Nor practise to obstruct that passions way

Which is a debt so due as I must pay.

These not observing my revenge shall prove

As strong to you as she shall find my love.

But if in both your courtesie be shown,

What here has past shall vanish as unknown.

Dauph. Your Fortune, Sir, is great o're France and me;
Great is your promise too of secrecie.
But if I can my self with silence please,
You may thank that, and not your Menaces. [Exit Dauphin.]

Prin. Kath. I'll follow him to observe which way he takes,
Whilst, for the King, she th' other passage makes.
Sir, you should stay a while; I'll straight return! [Exit.]

King. Oh Heavens! why have I given her cause to mourn?
Blamount, whose conduct did me hither bring,
Will surely with a Friend, and with a King,
His promise keep; which was to see me out.
I cannot his unblemish'd honour doubt.
But I will stay to speak with her though all
The World were to be bury'd in my fall. [Enter Princesses.]
Madam, Can you the cause in me forgive
Which gave you terrors here and make you grieve?
When you he injures not, much more than me,
Your presence will his Sanctuary be.

Prin. Kath. I will forgive you, Sir, all terrors here,
If by your quick return you'll end my fear.
To all your longer stay Alarms will give;
My Brother's Nature is Vindictive:
I fear from his revenge all that is ill,
Here, where he wants no pow'r to act his will.

King. A greater ruine, Madam, I fore-see
Then he, though in this place, can cast on me;
If I from hence should to my Camp remove
Before I know how you receive my love.

Prin. Kath. The first day, Sir, you'll think it were unfit
I should do more than only know of it.
Nor have you any reason to despair
When for your safety I express my care.

King. Vertue may make you be my safety's friend;
But to what's dearer to me I pretend.
My safety lies not in my going hence
But in that blessing you may here dispence.
I would not safety without that enjoy;
And with it, nought my safety can destroy.

Prin. Kath. I will say any thing you'll have me say
Rather than keep you here in ruins way.
But yet, that what I speak may not appear
To be the dictates only of my fear,
If you were gone I'll to my self confess
Such vertue and respect you did express,
That what I thought an Age had not the power
To act in me, you acted in one hour.
Now, Sir, you should retire, and give a Maid
The ease to blush alone for what she said.

King. Madam, I go: but go so charm'd from hence,
Both by your eyes, and vertues influence,
That 'tis impossible for me to know
To which I most of Adoration owe.
But if the humblest duty, highest fire,
Which man e're shew'd, or love did e're inspire,
Can be oblations fitting to be paid,
You'll ne're need blush for what you now have said.

Enter

But what of good is mine for me to pay
 Enter La Marr.

La Marr. Sir, *Blamont* stays for you. This is your way!

Prin. Kath. She is your Guide, take heed, Sir, of delay!

[*Exeunt La Marr, King.*]

Who can or Love or Reasons Pow'r express?
 One oft does more than th' other, often less.
 Reason makes me a Subjects passion fly;
 Love o're a King gains such a Victory
 As makes him venture life, and, what is far
 More great, his growing Glories of the War;
 That he his passion only might relate
 And from my lips might hear his doubtful Fate.
 Sure, to return some love for love so great,
 Is not to give a gift, but pay a debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Dauphin, and de Chastel.

Dauph. Oh Friend, if I had kill'd him in that fight,
 My Glory I had rais'd to such a height
 That, maugre all my Mothers arts and hate,
 I had restor'd, and I had rul'd the State.
 All their successes had with him been dead;
 For he's his Armies Soul as well as head.
 Why did my Stars so fair a hope afford
 (Leaving, O France! thy Fortune to my Sword)
 Yet not to kill or perish by my Foe;
 But both my Life and Sword I to him owe?

De Chast. Your mind, Sir, is too great to feel despair
 For one ill chance in Duel, or in War.

Dauph. To be o'recome would be the greatest curse
 If to out-live that Fate were not a worse.
 The first, perhaps, was Fortunes fault alone;
 But, Friend, the last too clearly is my own.

De Chast. If of that stain your heart has such a sense
 Let's wash it off in's blood, e're he go hence.

Dauph. Should the first act of life which he did give
 Meanly the Giver of his life deprive?
 Because blind Fortune guilty is to me
 Shall I, to my own self, more guilty be?
 No, my *De Chastel*; though he be my Foe;
 Yet he hath still most gen'rously been so;
 And by no Acts of mine he ne're shall die
 Unless by such as rais'd him up so high.

De Chast. Let me then, single, your revenge pursue.

Dauph. Who to a Crime consents does act it too.
 If it were fit, the act it self I'de do:
 And what's unfit, shall not be done by you.

De Chast. I hope, Sir, then the Treaty I begun
 Will put you in so high a posture soon
 That the disgrace, which but a few now sees,
 Shall in the eyes of crowds of Witnesses
 Be so wash'd off as shall your sorrow cure.

Dauph. Thy hope's uncertain, my disgrace is sure.

But

But what of good is meant for me by Fate
Thou ought'st to hasten or 'twill come too late.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Warwick, and Tudor Disguis'd.

Warw. Blamount desir'd us to expect him here.

Tudor. The King did never shew us how to fear,
Else we should tremble now at Blamount's stay.

Warw. Would Love had led the King a safer way.

Kings, in whose chances Nations fall or rise,
Hazard too much in private Gallantries;
The odds against them checks their luck and skill.

Tudor. 'Tis true, but Loves great Gamesters reckon still
(Whilst boldly they the stake that's fairest chuse)
What they may win, and not what they may lose.

Enter Blamount.

Blam. The King hath sent for you. I'll bring you straight
Where he is safe out of the reach of Fate.

You must to horse. I'll tell you what has pass'd.

Tudor. You free us from a pain too great to last.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Princess Katherine, and Princess Anne.

Prin. Kath. My fear did then my reason overthrow;
I could scarce think, much less know what to do.

Prin. An. Why did you not by positive commands
Restrain at least the King of England's hands?

Prin. Kath. Should I so much my Brothers safety prize
As to procure it by mean remedies?

Ah! since 'twas only Love brought Henry here,
Should I have made his Love his Murderer?

The Dauphin to the King injurious was:

Heaven would not let those wrongs unpunish'd pass.

Prin. An. His wrongs more than your own your anger move.

Prin. Kath. That's what I owe my Vertue, not his Love.

Prin. An. I doubt the Dauphin some rash thing will do.

Prin. Kath. La Murr was to attend our interview;

Who did, corrupted by De Chastel, bring

The Dauphin to observe me with the King.

I from the terrour of their Fight did fly

And met her, who, to save her Treachery,

(Having a full command of all the keys)

Dispos'd their passage forth by sev'ral ways.

Blamount with all the Friends that he could get

I have engag'd to second his Retreat.

I hope my care in that will happy prove.

Prin. An. Where there is so much care there is some love.

Prin. Kath. I know not whether it be love or no,

But such great things he did both say and do

That I, dear friend, insensibly am led

To think that may be true which now you sed.

Who can, when such a Victor will advance,

Resist that vertue which does conquer France?

Prin. An. The proof he lately gave you of his flame,
Madam, is such as is above a name.

All

All trodden ways in Love he does despise
As things below his passion and your eyes.

Prin. Kath. Condemn not then my being in some way
Till I assurance of his safety gain.

Which blessing that I may the sooner know
This proof of Friendship mine does beg of you.

That we dividedly our selves concern
Which of us first the welcome news shall learn.

Prin. An. I'll still obey what ever you command,
And, what I hear, you straight shall understand.

Prin. Kath. May Heaven to guide the King that I may hear
He is beyond the prospect of my fear.

THE FOURTH ACT.

The Curtain being drawn up.

The Duke of Burgundy, the Constable, Earl of Charaloy, and the Bishop of Arras are seen sitting at one side of a Table, attended by the French Officers of State; on the other side, are seated the Duke of Exeter, Duke of Bedford, the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, and the Earl of Warwick, attended by the English.

Burg. Since all, my Lords, is done by us and you
Which is, as previous to a Treaty, due,

Delays in the affair should be abhor'd,
Those impious are when peace may be restor'd.

Therefore, my Lords, 'twere fit you would express
On what conditions you will grant a peace.

Exet. Those who our right and strength well understand
Need not be told, that we all France demand.

Const. You would by inter demand a question make,
No Treaty gives all that success can take.

This high resolve does more become the Field:
'Tis nobler all to lose than all to yield.

Bedf. And you'll confess it is more nobly done,
By Arms than Treaty to regain a Throne.

But yet my Brother thought a Treaty good
That his French Subjects might preserve their blood.

Arch-Bish. That King proves well the justice of his claim
Who, for his Subjects sakes, is deaf to Fame.

E. of Char. Had we no Plea but what prescription gives
That were enough whilst any French-man lives.

Warm. In pleading so, my Lord, your selves you wrong;
That can no Title be but to the strong.

For what can a protective aid afford
Against the clearest Right, and sharpest Sword?

Bish. of Ar. From what pretence for're a claim you draw
France knows no right above her Salique Law:

A Law which is both rational, and old;
It never was by time or force controul'd.

Exet. You but imperfectly your story know;
Or speaking thus, you hope that we do so.

That Law (if made) was pass'd on Sal's banks;
And was not made for France but for the Franks;

A *German* people who in *Camps* were bred,
And therefore still renounc'd a *Female* head.

Bedf. A *Law*, which only from arm'd *Tumults* rose,
And which *Heaven's Law* and *Nature's* does oppose.
My Lord of *Canterbury* 'tis in you
To speak how *France* we challenge as our due.

Arch-Bish. *Philip* the Fourth, as your own stories tell,
Had *Lewis*, *Philip*, *Charles* and *Isabel*;
Edward the Second did his Daughter wed;
His Sons did all to the *French* Crown succeed;
Who, no Sons leaving, *Philip*, the Uncle's Son,
Did from the Fathers Daughter take the Crown;
And kept it during injur'd *Edward's* life;

To whom 'twas due, in justice, by his *VVife*.
That *Edward*, dead, *Edward* the Third, his Son,
Did in his Mothers right, demand his Crown.

Cressy and *Poitiers* to the *VV*orld declare
How *Heav'n* esteem'd his Sword in that just *VV*ar.
Death, *Natures* Conquerour, did him subdue;
And his great Son, the Greater of the two.

Soon after, *Civil Wars* our Isle destroy'd:
Our Swords against our selves were long employ'd.
Whilst sick with *Civil War*, *Prides* worst disease,
We bled in *France*, and lost three Provinces.

But, now when those *Intestine Wars* are done,
We come here to receive, or take our own.

Bedf. You boast your *Salique Law*, so just, and old,
That it by time or force was ne're controul'd.
But tell, I pray, what part of it decreed
That *Martel* should King *Childerick* succeed?
Or how it could, if not by wrested shift,
Make *Capet* Successor to *Lew's* the Fifth,
When *Charles* of *Lorraine* should have fill'd the place;
The first Heir-male left of your Royal Race?

Exet. 'Tis true, the States of *France*, by their decree,
Did call King *Capet* to the Monarchie.
Who wisely then did Royal Int'rest save,
Making them think that what they paid, they gave:
For so to his just right he joyn'd their power,
By which he vanquish'd his Competitor.
Thus when by Arms the *Salique Law* was try'd
Heaven judg'd the Title to the *Female* side:
For the chief right which *Capet* had to plead
Was that he did King *Lewis* Sister wed.

Arch-Bish. From this great *Capet*, who that Law repeal'd,
All your succeeding Kings their Crowns have held.
By which, my Lords, we think we clearly show,
If then his claim was good, ours now is so.

Warw. Or, if you grant the States by their decree
Can give to whom they will this Monarchie,
If you their pow'r so highly will advance,
We need but conquer to have right to *France*.

Eurg. Since you, my Lords, so pry into our right,
How comes your Red-rose now to rule your White?
Blame not what *France* to that Duke *Charles* hath done
When a *Lancastrian* head does wear your Crown.

What

What by both sides may equally be fed
That neither, as his proper right, can plead.
But if your Roses Heav'n should ere unite
Then you may challenge *France* with better right,
None of the present Line we will admit;
The house of *Tork* can only plead for it.

Exet. All of that House allow my Nephew's right;
And, under him, they for this Empire fight.
If Fate should them to *Englands* Throne advance
They shall possess, with it, the Throne of *France*:
By them as Subjects he is serv'd and fear'd.

Burg. When they are Kings again they shall be heard.
My Lords; that all this vain discourse may cease,
What say you, if, I advance you to a peace,
We give your King the Princess *Katherine*,
And with her such vast Treasure we assign,
As may for ever all your Title buy
To *Anjou*, *Aquitain*, and *Normandy*?

Beds. How came such abject offers in your thought?
One ought not to be sold, nor th' other bought.

Burg. Then know, my Lords, the War you must pursue;
The Sword must end what Treaty could not do.

He rises, and the rest after him

Exet. 'Tis to the Sword we must have our recourse!
Where right's deny'd 'tis justice to use force.

Beds. *Pippin* and *Capet* such sharp Swords did draw
As twice repeal'd this Pagan-Salique-Law.

My Brother then may charge it as your crime
If he presume to do it the third time.

His Sword you'll quickly feel as sharp as theirs;
Since force must plead the right of Female-heirs.

My Lords, farewell! we cannot here agree!

But they'll begin th' ensuing War at Sea.

Their Fleet's prepar'd; and, by this morning Post,
Our Navy too does call me to the Coast.

Salutes the English Lords.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Queen and Countess of La Marr.

La Marr. So far this Treaty has already gone

That the *Burgundian* did assure your Son

The English Treaty never should succeed;

Which with the *Dauphin's* passion so agreed

As he has offer'd him to share all *France*

And to forget the Death of *Orleans*.

This, Madam, but too clearly lets you see

They mean to force you from the Regency:

Which the false Duke soon after will enjoy:

First he'll divide, and then your house destroy.

Queen. This service, my *La Marr*, is far above

All presents I can make you, but my love.

I thought *De Chastel* had so fierce a mind

As he to love could never have inclin'd;

But in that thought I find I injure you:

This conquest only to your Eyes is due.

La Marr. Madam, 'twas only Love which could have prest

This fatal secret from *De Chastel's* breast.

Noe

Nor would I e're to him have faithless been,
But to save *France*, and to preserve my Queen.

Queen. Thy Queen half lost, thy friendship does restore;
And yet thy friendship must oblige her more.

Enter Burgundy, and Constable. The Queen casts her Eyes on Burgundy.

That haughty *Burgundy* shall shortly mourn.
Kind Cousin! you have made a quick return.

Burg. The Dukes of *Bedford* and of *Exeter*,
Joyn'd with their talking Bishop, did appear
So much averse to all that we could speak
As we in duty did the Treaty break;
Duty to you. We offer'd all you sent,
But only *France* can give their pride content.

Queen. Since these bold Foes take pleasure to make War
(Proud that they dare do worse than others dare,
And prouder with success) let us provide
T'advance our merit and debase their pride.

Burg. Madam, in this just cause I shall afford
Th' assistance of my Counsel and my Sword.

Queen. It is on those my chief dependance lies:
For you, my Lord, both pow'rful are and wise.
Prepare for Action, and let Treaties cease:
The wife may lose by War, fools lose by Peace.

Burg. The better to obey what you desire
Excuse me, Madam, if I now retire.

[Exit,

Queen. He being gone, my Lord, I'll let you know
What *France*, and I, do to this Lady owe.
The Duke has broke the *English* Treaty now
That to the *Dauphin* he may keep his Vow.
And false *De Chastel* made 'em both agree
Out of my hands to force the regency.

And then between themselves they are to share
The high employments both of Peace and War.

Const. This Duke does all my faculties amaze:
Yet still he lov'd to walk in crooked ways.

Queen. They all shall sink and their own ruine find
Within that depth which they for me design'd.

My Secretary *Perrot* understands
The Art of counterfeiting Seals and Hands:
I'll make him straight write to the *English* King,
As from the Duke, proposing every thing
Which false *De Chastel* offer'd from my Son;
Yet when all promis'd by the King is done,
Though less than what my Son did e're propose
Him he'll forsake, and with the *English* close.

La Marr shall entertain *De Chastel* so
As of the Duke he may suspicious grow.

La Marr. Some doubts which seem perplex'd I will unfold;
I'll say, he with the King does Treaty hold.

Queen. Which can no other way be brought to light
But by those Letters ta'en which he may write:
These Letters shall, though forg'd, authentick seem;
And must be intercepted too by him.

La Marr. This will between them raise a jealousy.

Const. And when that seed is sown 'twill never dye.

The Dauphins Soul I never understood
If he revenge not this affront with blood.
Queen. My Lord, withdraw, and write with instant care

[Exit Confable.]

The Letter for Du Perrot : you, *La Marr*,
Shall sooth De Chastel with your former Art,
And subtly play your self in all your part.

[Exit La Marr.]

Great troubles to a Throne the way prepare ;
And greater troubles must preserve us there.
Yet the Ambitious envy those who reign :
They know the Pomp of Crowns, but not the pain.

[Exit.]

The Princess Katherine, meeting Princess Anne,

Prin. Kath. Madam, what News ?

Prin. An. The worst that I could bring :

They have dissolv'd the Treaty with the King ;
Peace is quite fled, which did before but hide
Her chearful face. The Sword must all decide.

Thou forward hope, Wars voice has call'd thee back !

Prin. Kath. I ne'er could think suspense was such a rack.

Prin. An. Suspence, in any thing, a pain does prove ;
But turns a torment when 'tis mix'd with love.

Enter La Marr in haste.

La Marr. Madam, I doubt the Queen and Duke have heard
Of that disguise in which the King appear'd.
The busie Whisp'rers run from place to place ;
And fear, or news, is seen in every Face.
Small Parties meet ; then to a throng they grow,
As Clouds unite before a storm does blow.

Enter Blamont.

Blam. Madam, I left the Dauphin with the Queen ;
They have this morning in a Tempest been ;
Their meeting was both violent and short :
Your Brother instantly will leave the Court.
He said he would no longer vainly strive,
But boldly take what some deny to give.
Safely the Duke th' event of this attends,
And his apartment fills with Guards and Friends.

Enter Earl Chareloys.

E. of Char. Madam, just now I from the Dauphin came :
His Friends are kindled with his anger's flame.
He is to sudden Execution bent ;
To Deeds so swift as he'll too late repent.
He puts on wings for what he will pursue ;
And says my Father does usurp his due :
And fierce De Chastel too (which all admire)
Against his Nature strives to quench this fire.

Enter French Lady.

Lady. Madam, you are expected by the Queen.

Prin. Kath. This storm will fall as soon as it is seen.

My Lord, I'll strive to make the Queen apply
To this distemper a quick remedy.

[Exit.]

Charl. I'll still near my suspicious Father stay;
Too much suspicion does it self betray.

Prin. An. Brother, I'll follow! Madam, we in vain

In storms of Love of other storms complain.

Love's Queen did rise from the tempestuous Sea;

Which shews that love in storms must ever be.

Enter Tudor.

Tudor. By what the King related I may see

The Princess is for ever lost to me.

'Tis evident she has her love resign'd

To his great Title and his greater mind.

Why should I thus, what she has done deplore?

She did but that which I had done before.

But, Fate, thou art unjust in making me

To quit the love yet keep the jealousy:

Which is of Love's fair tree the foulest fruit;

A Branch whose nourishment offends the root.

Shall jealousy a power o'er judgment gain

Though it does only in the fancy reign?

With knowledge thou art inconsistent still;

The minds foul Monster whom fair truth does kill.

Thy tyranny subverts even Nature's Laws;

For oft thou hast effects without a cause.

And, which thy strength or weakness does detect,

Thou often hast a cause without effect.

In all thou doest, thou ever doest amiss,

Seest what is not, or seest not that which is.

Whilst thou doest live sickness does thee pursue;

And he who cures thee needs must kill thee too.

Enter King.

King. Tudor! you must not think my friendship rude

Though it pursue you to your solitude.

Some fatal sorrow has your heart oppress:

Divide it, and send half into my breast.

Tudor. What is it can invade me in excess,

But joy, whilst I your favour, Sir, possess?

King. If my warm favour has your blessing made,

Why leave you then that Sun to seek this shade?

Tudor. Sir, from your bounties I retire to show

I would prevent th' increase of what I owe.

I study here to pay my former score;

And I avoid your making of it more.

King. Tudor! I no such answer will admit;

I must be paid with truth and not with wit.

The truth of Friendship has forsook the Earth:

Thou dost dissemble thy accustom'd mirth.

A sudden sigh does thy feign'd smiles detect:

Nature betrays more Art than I suspect.

Tudor. Let me not, Sir, be for that shape despis'd

In which I am, ev'n to my self, disguis'd.

King. Friendship above all eyes does bind the heart;

And faith in Friendship is the noblest part.

'Tis

'Tis ill, unaskt, not to have told your pain
But worse, when askt, if you excuse feign
Farewel, frail man; our Friendship here must end
You wrong your Honour, when you wrong a Friend.

Tudor. Stay, Sir, and to your virtue I'll unfold
The saddest story that was ever told.

King. VVhy with thy King should there such trifling be?
VVith Friendship too, which sacred is as he?

Tudor. My grief is yet close pris'ner in my Breast;
VVhilst there confin'd, 'twill only me molest;
But may disquiet you when got from home;
Complaints, when past relief grow troublesome.

King. That grief does far all other griefs transcend
VVhich greater grows when trusted to a Friend.
Friendship in noble hearts would never reign;
If Friendships duty should be Friendships pain.
For ease of sorrow Friends from Heaven were sent.

Tudor. dispatch, and try th' experiment.

Tudor. VVhy should you press me, Sir? it will not out.

King. Those fear their Cure who their Physicians doubt.

Tudor. Force me not, Sir, to tell you what can be
No ease to you, and yet a rack to me.

King. Tell it I say!

Tudor. I'll tell it though I dye---
I am in Love.

King. In Love? and so am I.
Is this the strangest story e're was known?

Tudor. Pray Heav'n you think not so e're it be done.

King. Proceed:

Tudor. She Sir, who does my heart subdue,
Is by my Friend ador'd with passion too:

And, which is worse, his passion he did tell

To me, e're mine I durst to him reveal.

And, worser yet, that Friend does me employ

T' assist his Love whilst I my own destroy.

I lose my Mistress if I condescend

To this, not doing it, I lose my Friend.

But, which is worst of all, I'll not deny

He does deserve her so much more than I.

That should she, for my sake, make him despair.

She must be more unjust than she is fair.

And whilst she does admit of my address,

The wrong I do destroys my happiness.

King. 'Tis difficult. VVhat hast thou fixt upon?

Tudor. VVhat I thought just I have already done.

King. VVhy then is so much time in sorrow spent?

For what is justly done canst thou repent?

Tudor. In what I did such justice I have shown

That I would do't again, were it undone.

But, Sir, I cannot yet that grief remove

VVhich springs from Friendship that contends with Love.

As after storms the Sea does troubled show

Though the fierce VVinds, which mov'd it, cease to blow.

King. No wonder griefs wild Sea so high is wrought
Since in your Breast Friendship and Love have fought.

But

But tell me now thy Friends and Mistress Name
For whom your self you nobly overcame.
He who you think deserves much more than you
I must conclude deserves my Friendship too.

Tudor. Oh Sir! in that your pardon I implore:
Too much is said; force me to say no more.

King. *Tudor*, that man must high in merit be
For whom you'll do, more than you'll trust with me.

Tudor kneels.

Tudor. Forgive me, Sir, if more I dare not say:
Let me in silence mourn my Life away.

King. Rise, but no more I thee my Friend will call:
For he's no Friend, if not a Friend in all.
In part thou shew'st me what I whole would see;
A half Friend's worse than a whole enemy.
Thy silence by a stricter way I'll break.

By thy Allegiance I command thee speak!

Tudor. Oh do not think my Soul is sunk so low
That ought can act what Friendship could not do.

King. Thy want of it, this passion from me draws:
Excuse th' effects of which thou art the cause.

No longer, *Tudor*, at this rate contend

[Embraces him.]

With him who is thy King, and more, thy Friend.

Tudor. The charming name of Friend will make me speak
When, even my King, could not my silence break.

You are that Friend whose name I would conceal;
Who is the Mistress then I need not tell.

She too did this revelation, Sir, constrain:
What but my pain could have disclos'd my pain?

King. Oh why so late dost thou this truth avow?

Tudor. I fear too early I have told it now.

King. Thus to have us'd thy Friendship breeds a pain
Which nothing can transcend but her disdain.

Tudor. But had I told it sooner, Sir, to you,
Could you have then done more than you can now?

Since all I ask, for what you make me say,
Is but your pardon that I durst obey.

King. My ignorance alone has made me do
What Love it self could not have forc'd me to:

Tudor. Though, Sir, the Charms of Lovers hopes are sweet,
Yet mine I freely prostrate at your feet.

King. My Rival thus in Love thou shunn'st to be,
Yet thus in honour dost out-rival me.

I to no Monarch e're that glory gave;
Much less my Subject shall that glory have.

If, *Tudor*, you would now suppress your flame,
To shew your Friendship, or exalt your fame,

That act on neither score I will allow;
For I'm in both, as much concern'd as you.

So greatly, *Tudor*, thou hast done for me
As nought can pay it but the same for thee.

Tudor. I cannot, Sir, imagine your design.

King. To be your Advocate as you were mine,

And give you leave your passion to pursue.

And, which is more, I do command you too:

Tudor. Forgive me if this offer I refuse.

King. Resolve to take it; or thy King to lose.

Tudor. Then I'll embrace it, and dispute no more.

And give me leave a pardon to implore

From all the better World who Lovers are,

From all who shall be so, and all that were,

That I against them did so guilty prove

As to consider ought in Love, but Love.

King. *Tudor,* this gallantry obliges more

Then all thy pleading for me did before.

But, if I ever can attend again

That Sov'reign Beauty which does o're us reign,

I'll give her then such Characters of thee

As shall out-speak what thou hast said of me.

We then will be each others Advocates

And from her Sentence each receive his Fate.

Tudor. Though this is more than I could hope, yet still

That which revives my hopes, my hopes does kill.

For when describing me, you please to add

All that you think is likely to persuade,

Ev'n that a surer way will rather prove

To shew your Vertue than advance my Love.

King. Fear not, you may succeed; though drawing you

I shall but Copy what for me you drew.

Tudor. Yet those will find, who justly balance things,

I only Subjects taught, but you teach Kings!

[*Exeunt.*]

THE FIFTH ACT.

Enter the King, the Duke of Exeter, the Duke of Bedford,
and Tudor.

King. OUR good successes come together still;
And, as the good concur, so do the ill.

I have observ'd it, Uncle, have not you?

Exet. 'Tis, Sir, as worthy notice as is true.

King. This seems, methinks, to accuse their ignorance

Who attribute our great events to chance.

For though it may, when slowly one event

Follows another, look like accident,

Yet when together many swiftly join,

It shews a power which rules us by design.

Whilst we succeed at Land, no Heaven we owe

The Triumph of a Naval Overthrow.

Brother, your tongue may claim the right alone

To tell what Heav'n by your brave hand has done.

Bedf. But little fame, where many Conquests were,

Could justly fall to any single share.

When we had sail'd your Fleet in sight of France,

From the *Seine* mouth the French did strain advance

Their number pleas'd us whom it meant to fright;
 We joy'd at any thing that made them fight,
 But whilst to gain the Wind both Navies ply'd,
 Both, to the Southward, a third Fleet descry'd.
 Whose course, by bearing, to our Fleet was bent:
 We thought to them, they fear'd to us, 'twas sent.
 When drawing near us, 'twas perceiv'd by all,
 Their Flags display'd the Arms of *Portugal*.
 That prosp'rous King, your Kinsman, and your Friend
 His Royal Navy to your aid did send,
 Hearing the *French* had rigg'd a numerous Fleet.

King. This shews his Friendship, like his Virtue, great:
 I am oblig'd, and more I could not be
 Than by a Debt, great as your Victory.

Bedf. The Valiant *Bourbon*, Admiral of *France*,
 Shrunk not at this, but swiftilier did advance.
 That shout with which we did their Navy greet,
 Th'affrighted shore did Echo to their Fleet.
 At the first shock, some ships we sunk and burn'd;
 Our order soon was to a Chaos turn'd.
 The *Portugals* still like the *English* fought;
 Envyng our Valour, or else by it taught.
 A thousand Deeds were worthy in that fight,
 Though not, Sir, of your hands, yet of your fight.
 But what the *French* perform'd, worthy your praise,
 Serv'd but the more your Glory, Sir, to raise.
 For your resiftless Genius there did reign,
 And made us gather Laurels on the Main:
 As prosp'rous Stars, though absent to the sence,
 Bless those they shine for by their influence.
 Five hundred Ships were sunk or taken there
 Whose Flags seem Wreaths for you, the Conquerour.

King. This high success at Sea, which Heav'n has sent,
 Has made me Master of that Element.
 When Monarchs have at Land a Battel lost
 It may, to raise new Troops, some Treasure cost.
 But to repair lost Fleets is not so cheap;
 Woods are a Crop which men but once can reap.
 That Prince, whose Flags are bow'd to on the Seas,
 Of all Kings shores keeps in his hand the Keys:
 No King can him, he may all Kings invade;
 And on his Will depends their Peace and Trade.
 Trade, which does Kings and Subjects wealth increase;
 Trade, which more necessary is than Peace.

Exet. If the Worlds trade may to our hand be brought,
 Though purchas'd by a War 'tis cheaply bought.

Tudor. He who an Island rules and not the Sea,
 Is not a King, and may a Pris'ner be.

Bedf. In this Victorious Fleet your Parliament
 Have such supplies of Men and Treasure sent,
 That *France* will now in humble posture seek
 The Treaty which her former Pride did break.

King. Those Royal Limbs will not their head forsake;
 My Glory they their own kind Int'rest make.
 Their Love does with their Duty nobly strive;
 And giving thus, unaskt, they doubly give.

Oh *Tudor* ! though my Sword at Land and Sea
Does conquer others, Love does conquer me.
Whilst under his resistless pow'r I groan
Fate cannot make me joyful with a Crown.

Tudor. May still the greatness of your fame increase ;
And, for your quiet, may your love grow less.

Enter *Warwick*.

Warw. From the French Court Count *Blamont*, Sir, is sent
And newly is alighted at your Tent.

King. Admit him, but he soon may hasten home
If from the false *Burgundian* he is come.

[Exit *Warwick*.

A Prince worthy of nothing but of hate ;
Early in promise, in performance late.
He cheaply rates my Honour with his own ;
And meanly thinks that I would sell a Crown.
In wronging his high Birth he injures me
And gives my Sword a right to *Burgundy*.

Enter *Warwick*, *Blamont*, *Chareloys* Disguis'd.

Blam. If a surprizing wonder may be news,
Such as does joy and horreur too infuse,
I bring it, Sir : for he, whose head and Sword
Made War and Peace the Creatures of his word ;
The Great *Burgundian* who in France did reign,
Is by appointment of the *Dauphin* slain.

King. Heaven's hand is sure, though it the stroke defer.

Blam. The face of France does full of change appear.

King. This Murder sudden was : but what late crime
Could urge the *Dauphin* thus to Murder him ?

Blam. The Duke (who said, Treaties would ne'er advance
That Peace with you which was desir'd by France)

Did therefore for the *Dauphin's* Friendship sue.

Jon appointed was for interview ;

To which the Duke did instantly repair ;

There to resolve how to contrive the War.

The *Dauphin* met at the appointed time ;

But, whilst the Duke humbly saluted him,

De Chastel, unprovok'd by deed or word,

In the Duke's heart did sheath his gully Sword :

And then the *Dauphin* publickly did own

That this strange act by his command was done ;

And said it was a justice due to France

Because the Duke had Murder'd *Orleans*.

King. Through what false Opticks do mens passions look ?

In this wild justice he out-fin'd the Duke.

Blam. *De Chastel* talk'd (though few did credit it)

Of Letters taken which the Duke had writ,

Th' express confest that they to you were meant,

In which he offer'd (if you would consent

To what he there, Sir, did propose to you,)

He would unthroned the King and *Dauphin* too.

King. I by the Duke have been so courtly us'd

That what he had propos'd I had refus'd.

Will not the Son revenge the Father's fall ?

[*Chareloys* pulls off his Disguise.

Charl. Yes, Sir, and does for your assistance call.

The

The blood of Sov'raign Princes basely spilt
 Calls loud to Monarchs to revenge the Guilt.
 My reason, not my passion makes me flye
 From a false Friend to a brave Enemy.
 If you'l revenge high blood, ignobly shed,
 The Crown of *France* I'll settle on your head.
 And, when you wed the Princess *Katherine*,
 The States shall then entail it on your Line.
 Of those most are my Friends and my Allies;
 And they are all so Noble and so Wise,
 That with one voice they will aloud disdain
 The proud injustice of a Murd'ers reign.

King. Your Father's faults I'll cast into his Grave;
 And will revenge that blood I could not save.
 And since you are so generous and just,
 That, without Treaty, you my honour trust,
 You shall, Sir, on a Kings unblemish'd word,
 Enjoy my Friendship, and engage my Sword.

Char. Where faith is wanting this would satisfie;
 On which, as on Truths Pillars, I rely.

King. Th' example of your worth will make a Friend.
 But what, Sir, does the *Dauphin* now intend?

Char. This fatal Murther, Sir, he did design
 Just when the Queen, the Princess *Katherine*,
 My Sister *Anne*, and I, (to avoid the heat
 And noyse of *Paris*) did to *Meaux* retreat:
 Some Troops to seize on us he thither sent:
 One of their Leaders (as to *Meaux* they went,
 Being my private Friend) did by a Post
 Tell me, unless we fled, we all were lost:
 And that we should not then tow'rd *Paris* flye,
 For on that Road some other Troops did lye
 To intercept us if we thither fled.

King. This root of mischief soon will shoot and spread.

Charl. At this I found the Queens amazement great:
 For being now cut off from her retreat,
 Her wisdom could not teach her what to do:
 I then propos'd we all should flye to you,
 As the securest way to scape his rage;
 And so your Virtue by our trust engage;
 Vertue so known as would her fears controul.

King. Trust is the strongest Bond upon the Soul:
 That sacred Tye has Vertue oft begot;
 It binds where 'tis, and makes it where 'twas not.

Charl. I said she might, to break her Son's design,
 Give you for Bride the Princess *Katherine*:
 And urge th' Estates t' entail the Crown on you:
 This to your right, that to your love is due.
 This done, what could resist your Arms and mine?
 As she consider'd how she should incline
Clermout came in, disguis'd; in whose known care
 Her Wealth and Jewels lay; who did declare
 Her Treasure was surpriz'd, by some who said
 That they the *Dauphin* in that act obey'd;
 Who would employ that wealth, vilely procur'd,
 So as that *France* should have her peace assur'd.

King. The *Dauphin*, in his rage or want, has done
What was below him as a Prince or Son.

Charl. Though she this wrong and loss did calmly bear,
Yet the high Distates of Revenge and Fear
Made her resolve immediately to do

What I with reason first advis'd her to,
And now at *Troy*, the Queen and Princess are;
To which the *Dauphin* will Transport the War.

A Garrison of mine secures that Town,
And since 'tis mine you know it is your own.

King. 'Tis chiefly to your favour I must owe
My being blest in Love and Conquest too.

Charl. 'Twere fit, Sir, that you sent some Troops of Horse
The Garrison of *Troy* to re-inforce.

King. I'll lead them, Sir, my self: all that are mine
In *France*, are but the Guards of *Katherine*:
My Duty else she might in question bring.

Charl. 'Tis spoken like a Lover and a King.
Blamount I'll send before that she may know
What Honour to her you intend to do.

When you to *Troy* are come it shall appear
I will perform more then I promis'd here.

King. You may augment my debt, as you think fit;
Put nothing can encrease my sense of it,
Unless your favour, Sir, I could incline
To make my Brother's joys keep time with mine:
His Love to Princess *Anne* wants your consent.

Charl. She made me in their Loves her confident;
And in your Brother I shall think her blest.

King. This, Sir, unites our bloods and Interest.

Bedf. This grant (great Prince) my happiness secures.

King. It makes my happiness as much as yours.

Now, *Tudor*, if our prosperous Stars design
That we shall both see beauteous *Katherine*,

I will perform all that I promis'd thee:
And when thy story she has heard from me
(In which by all her truth I'll do thee right)

We then our Supplications will unite,
That she (our Judge) will only him prefer
Whom she believes is least unworthy her:

Without regarding in the cause we bring
That thou my Subject art, or I thy King.

Tudor. In Vertue, Sir, so much you me out-shine
That you all other Motives may decline.

King. Brother, 'tis fit the Duke, with you and I,
Should on the Princess wait immediately.

Tudor's Brigade the Princess Guard shall be;
And with the Army you must follow me.

Enter Queen, Princess *Katherine*, Princess *Anne*,
Countess *La Marz*.

Queen. Our sins make us defenceless, and we fly
For our protection to our Enemy.

Thy Laws, Oh Heav'n! have I offended so
That thou hast made my Son my greatest Foe?

Into the World I have the Monster brought;
And now no sufferings can transcend that fault.

Prin. Kath. Madam, you make, whilst thus you bear his crime,
Our grief more just for you, then yours for him.

La Marr. If he should hear you grieve in this excess,
The triumph of his malice would increase.

Prin. An. My Duty has th' assault of grief withstood;
For since his fury shed my Fathers blood,
That wasted time which you employ to grieve
I, to design'd revenge, more justly give.
Let all your sorrow in such thoughts expire.

Queen. Grief is the Fuel, and Revenge the fire.

Prin. An. Think then on all the Crimes which he has done,
And let those thoughts cancel the name of Son.

Queen. Since fain so low from what is great or good
I hate his Crimes more then I love his blood.

Enter Blamont.

Blam. Madam, my Duty has provok'd my speed.

The King and Duke most strictly are agreed;
And both this night will wait upon you here.

Queen. This happy news suppresses all my fear,
And makes me hope, assisted by their Fate,
That I shall live to punish what I hate.

Blam. Those Troops, now on their March, he does design
As Guards to attend the Princess Katherine;
And therefore would not send, but leads them here,
That his respect and love may both appear.

Queen. We were, when to this Monarch we did trust,
Kind to our selves and to his Vertue just.

Blamont, for this reception straight prepare
All that can joy and our respect declare.

Daughter, you must a while retire with me;
I have some Words which need your privacy.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Constable, and Bishop of Arras.

Arras. Our Ecclesiastick States are all agreed
This day the Dauphin for his bloody deed
Will summon'd be to answer what was done.

Const. I have the Peers to that conclusion won;
And those who represent the Commons too
Will now not slowly yield to what we do.
I'll lose my judgment if he dares appear.

Arras. He loses his, and life, in coming here;
This murder has incens'd them to the height.

Const. All hate a Prince who violates his Faith.

These peoples tempers do occasion give
To obey those orders we did now receive.
I find already that the most incline

The King should marry Princess Katherine;
And on their Issue would the Crown entail.

Arras. The Dauphin's crime will make that King prevail.

Const. Rather then bow beneath a Murderers power
Let's to the Throne advance our Conquerour:

The

The Queen and Duke expect it at your hands.
Arras. I never durst obey unjust commands.
Const. Do you then think that those commands are such?
Arras. If you think so, my Lord you wrong me much.
 My judgment by a better guide was led
 When I our Annals and Records had read:
 For then I doubted that since *Charles the Fair*
 Our Kings insensibly Usurpers were.
 The Crown (if truth did dictate what I read)
 Belong'd to the Victorious *Edward's* head:
 Which no prescription from his Line should take.
 I'll therefore to this change no scruple make.
 But if the *Dauphin* were the rightful Heir
 You might of my obedience then despair;
 For Reason's Maxim I must ever own
 No King can make a forfeit of his Crown.
 Much less can I admit the States Decree
 Has power to give away this Monarchie.
Const. My justice shall, now I am taught by you,
 Perform what I resolv'd revenge should do.
 My Lord, let's go where all our Friends are met;
 And jointly pay to Heav'n this double debt. [Exit.]

Enter King, Princess Katherine, Tudor.

King. Madam, I have injurious been to him
 As far as ignorance could make a crime:
 I did employ him in my suit to you;
 But knew not then, that he ador'd you too:
 But I declare (which some amends may be)
 That he at least, in all things equals me
 Unless in Title; but 'tis greater far
 A Crown to merit than a Crown to wear.
 Can Title in that Ballance e're prevail
 Where Love is Merit, and you hold the Scale?
 I wave whatever may your favour move
 Except the Title of the highest Love.
 Speak for thy self if I have lessend thee:
Tudor. Only my silence, Sir, should plead for me.
King. Thy love, when I employ'd thee, was unknown:
 I minded no mans sorrows but mine own;
 Nor where so many shafts were shot in me
 Could think, any before had wounded thee.

Tudor. All, Sir, that in my cause is said by you
 At once is for me, and against me too.
 Howe're, I'e rather speak then quite despair;
 Since she is just and you my Rival are:
 Yeu, Sir, this difference to my case is due,
 Yot speak for me, but I resign for you.

Priu. Kath. He who resigns his Love, though for his King,
 Does, as he is a Lover, a low thing:
 But as a Subject, a high Crime does do;
 Being at once, Subject and Rebel too:
 For, whilst to Regal pow'r he does submit,
 He casts off Love, a greater pow'r then it.

Tudor. I fear you now are glad of a pretence
 To punish what you cannot recompence.

Else could you think Loves pow'r I do not know
 Because my Love all others does out-go?
 If I by that seem guilty in your Eye,
 Oh happy guilt which raises Love so high!
 For I but shew in what I now have done,
 That I your Int'rest prize above my own.

Prin. Kath. But justly I admire how you can prove
 So true to Friendship, and so false to Love;
 Since in effect they both are but the same,
 Only the Sex gives them a different name.

Tudor. You Friendship tax for being too sublime,
 And make its duty, ev'n to Love a Crime.

Prin. Kath. Your King does give you a brave Rivals leave;
 But you seem loth that license to receive:
 Of these, which for my wonder is more fit;
 The leave he gave, or your not using it?

Tudor. The Giver may such gifts as these esteem:
 I can, but by refusing, merit them:
 And, Madam, since 'tis evident that you
 Can never pay what to us both is due,
 Why will you call that act in me a crime
 By which we both may justice do to him?
 Nor blame me that my Friendship's debt I paid
 By thus resigning what I never had.
 Let me my death without reproaches crave.

Prin. Kath. At once you my disdain, and pardon have.

Tudor. But why should you disdain that which to you
 Obedience shews, to him my Duty too?

Prin. Kath. It is a Duty he will not receive,

Tudor. But you, to love you, have deny'd me leave.

Prin. Kath. He who makes love at a true Lovers height
 Does ne're ask leave, but takes it as his right.

Tudor. Have you design'd in what you'd have me do
 To make me lose my King and Mistress too?
 In losing of the last I'm so accurst
 As you: in pity let me keep the first.

Prin. Kath. I'de have you, Sir in that which I intend
 Express that you did merit such a Friend:
 I would have had you too, to let him see
 That you were not unworthy to love me.
 But, making such an ill Retreat, you seem
 No more to merit bravely me or him.
 What greater thing or meaner could you do
 Then dare at once to love and quit me too?
 I would have had you like your self appear,
 And not with Friendships name disguise your fear,
 Nor tell him he to your respect does owe
 That which alone my justice does bestow.
 I would have had you nobly fall by it,
 And not thus meanly, uncompell'd, submit.

Tudor. Madam, with you no longer I'll contend;
 Since in the way we differ, not the end.
 Sir, though she thinks my condemnation fit;
 Yet, without sighs, I to her doom submit:
 For one joys loss another joy secures:
 What loses me her favour, merits yours.

King. Whilst, *Tudor*, you for me your claim deny'd,
I gain the Field, and you the Victory:
Your's is the nobler, mine the happier share,
I'm the oblig'd, but you th' obliger are.

Prin. Kath. In leaving me, as worthy of your Friend,
You to the utmost rate my worth commend:
Whilst with that value I to him am brought,
You shew a friendship worthy to be fought.
Be but my Friend, as you to him have been,
Letting out Love to keep your Friendship in;
And make forsaken Love contented seem,
Then I'llc your Friendship, Sir, like Love esteem.

*Enter Queen, Chareloys, Duke of Bedford, and
Princess Anne.*

Queen. I'm come to tell you, Sir, that we have sign'd
All that can *France* to your protection bind.
The State have judg'd to banishment my Son;
And, as we promis'd, have entail'd the Crown.

Charl. And, Sir, in all their names, one from each State,
Attending both your Thrones, shall supplicate
That they in publick their Decree may give,
Which only from their justice you receive.

Queen. That publick form, Sir, may a little wait
Till we our Nuptial Rites shall celebrate;
My thoughts are fully to my Daughter known.

King. But from her self would I might know her own.

Prin. Kath. I of your love shall too unworthy be
When I deny that it has conquer'd me.

King. He who the glory has to conquer you,
Does, without War, more than the World subdue.

Beds. Heav'n meant not you alone should happy be.
Behold, Sir, what it has reserv'd for me.
Confirm'd by her, and by her Brother too.

Charl. The mine is perfect when allow'd by you.

King. I can but adde the Ceremonial part;
You had the substance when you had the heart.

Prin. An. I cannot adde to what I gave before,
Unless in saying I could give no more.

Queen. Crowds of impatient Subjects wait within
To see the Nuptials of their King and Queen:
The Sacred Prelate in the Temple stays,
And longs to mingle Myrtle with your Bays.
It were offensive to admit delay.
She, Sir, will follow when I lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Dauphin.

Dauph. Revenge and pride, my reason have betray'd;
And both have rul'd, what both should have obey'd.
This Duke did wish his life his sins resign,
Which, in his blood, are written down for mine.
Revenge! of all thy charms, Oh let me find
But one t'appease the Tempest of my mind.
Let none to the success of mischief trust;
I'll rather be unhappy than unjust.

M

Enter.

Enter De Chastel hastily.

De Chast. You cannot your new Levies now employ
To storm or to besiege the Queen in Troy.
Sir, to prevent our courage and her fear,
The King of England is in person there.
The Bride's prepar'd, the King and Duke agreed;
The trembling States have treach'rously decreed,
During your Fathers life the King shall be
Admitted to a boundless Regencie.
And, after his decease their Law declares
The Crown shall fall to Henry and his Heirs.
The Queen (to whom they vast Revenues give)
Will, quitting power, rich and obscurely live.

Dauph. Can her revenge alone incline her to
What right and nature could not make her do?

De Chast. Spend not that time in blaming what she does
Which fortune for a fair retreat allows.
The Duke of Exeter with all his Horse
Directly to your Camp now bends his course.
Th' Alarm of such a growing force so near
Gave your new Troops a good excuse for fear.
O'rtake your time before it runs too far.
Sir, 'tis a granted principle in War
That Chiefs, not strong enough t'engage in fight,
Should still retire before the Foe's in fight.
Of all Wars tasks the hardest is Retreat,
Where fear does our worst Foe; Disorder, meet.
Retire, Sir, lest men say, we proudly stay'd
Too long for those of whom we were afraid.

Dauph. Must the first Act which I design'd to do
Be foyl'd, and e're it is attempted too?

De Chast. Let not one look of Fortune cast you down:
She were not Fortune if she still did frown,
Such as do bravely'st bear her scorns a while
Are those on whom, at last, she most will smile.

Dauph. Raise then the Camp! Fortune, that leads the way
Of time's whole progress can give us a day.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Curtain falls.

Two Heraulds appear opposite to each other in the Balconies near the Stage.

1. *Her. Herauld!* What summons have you to proclaim?
Whom would you summon now, and in whose name?

2. All that are *English*, all that are *French* appear!

1. I am to summon those great Nations here.

2. And I must summon them to come before
Henry the Fifth, both King and Conquerour.
All that are *English*, all that are *French* appear!

1. Behold your King and Queen! behold! and hear!
You Prelates of the Church are summon'd all
And every Member Ecclesiastical.

2. And every Noble too, and Commoner!

1. He that is *French* or *English*; and not here,
In person or in publique Deputie,
Shall, though alive, in Law not living be.

2. *Henry*

2. Henry the Fifth is now to take the Crown
Of France, not as if giv'n him, but his own
1. That Crown shall still descend to all his Line
As Heirs, or not as Heirs, of Katherine.
2. He that is French, or English, now attends
1. Or else he is no Leige-man, nor no Friend.

*The Curtain is drawn, and
The Curtain being lifted up, there appear the King, Princess Katherine,
Queen Mother, Princess Anne, Charolme, and all the English, and all the
French Nobility and Officers of State, and others according to their places.*

*Burg. The Deputies, sent by the three Estates,
Wait for admittance at your Palace Gates.
King. My Lord with all the publick forms of Court
Let all my Officers their way prepare.*

*[All the Officers demand for their purposes, then
orderly go forth.]*
If ought this day my blessings could abate
'Tis that they are ill husbanded by Fate.
For, Madam, I am now too happy grown
By gaining in one day, you and a Throne.
The first felicity I found so vast
As takes away my relish of the last.

*Enter the distinct Trains of the Deputies from the three Estates, the Kings Off-
icers, and last of all the three Deputies, the Bishop of Arras for the Ecclesia-
sticks, the Constable for the Peers, and Monsieur Colemore for the people.*

*Bish. of Ar. Great King, th' Estates of France have sent us three
To pay their Duties in this just Decree:
Fixing the Crown on you, and on that line,
Which Heaven, in favour, shall to both design.
Who knows what wonders such a line may do
As is from Beauties drawn and Conqu'rous too?
In which, Heav'n all those Princes will unite
Who to this Empire have, or claim a right.
We by the Dauphin's bloody deed did see
That he but falsely claim'd what he would be.
For we admir'd one born to fill his Throne
Could act his crime, and then that crime could own.
But, searching our Records, we found at last
That a long error as a truth has past:
For he who flies, now justice does advance,
Is Charles of Valois, not the Son of France.
From those Records the Learned clearly tell
Your Ancient Title by Queen Isabel;
By whom you to this Crown are lawful Heir:
New rights we grant not, but the old declare.
This just Decree, in which they pay that debt,
We humbly prostrate at your Royal Feet.
I from the Clergy come to whom is given
The lasting pow'r of Legates sent from Heav'n,
Their Pray'rs will make you conquer when you fight;
And, in their voice, Heav'n does allow you right.*

Const.

Const. I from the Nobles come, who still are both
To save their Monarchs, and their Courts adorn
And still are certain of the Innocent
Of Palaces and dangers of the War.
They in their Speare should still continue bright
Since they from Kings derive their noble birth

Mouns. Cole. I from the people come, who always are
The Hands, as Nobles are the heads of War.

And when the glorious roll of War shall cease
Their hands are no less useful, Sit, in Peace
By Arms. And all the three do with one voice confound
They in their duty find their happiness.

King. Th' Estates I hope, my Lords, shall be re-
What I receive, and they have freely sent.

English and French now but one people are?

And both shall have my equal love and care.

But *Charles of Valois* we shall soon destroy

And, by his ruine, *France* shall Peace enjoy

Since now 'gainst so much guilt we are to fight

We may depend on Conquest as our right.

Our Swords should only Miracles produce

Now we have joyn'd the *Cross* and *Flour de Lys*.

'Twere sin the help of Fortune to implore

To crown that head your hands have crown'd before.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

...and half of all the three Departments, the Chief of Bureau for the Department of Agriculture, the Controller for the Post, and Assistant Commissioner for the Police.

45

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
MUSTAPHA,
The SON of
SOLYMAN
THE
Magnificent.

Written by
The Right Honourable the Earl of ORRERY.



LONDON,
Printed for H. Herringman, at the Sign of the *Blew*
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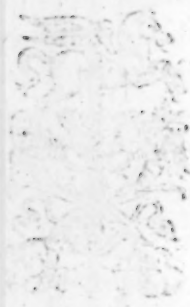
THE
TRAGEDY

OF
MISTAPHA

THE SON OF
SOLYMAN

THE
Magnificent

By
The Right Honourable the Earl of ORBURY.



The Persons.

Solyman the Magnificent.

Mustapha, and } *His Sons.*
Zanger

Rustan, and } *Vizier Bassaws.*
Pyrrhus

Haly, and } *Eunuch Bassaws.*
Achmat

Mr. Betterton.

Mr. Harris.

Mr. Smith.

Mr. Samford.

Mr. Norris.

Mr. Cadiman.

Mr. James Noke.

The King of *Hungary* an Infant.

The Cardinal of *Veradium.*

Thuricus, and } *Hungarian Lords.*
Viche

Mr. Young.

Mr. Medborn.

Mr. Aingel.

Roxolana, *Solyman's* Wife.

Queen of *Hungary.*

Zarma, and } *Roxolana's Women.*
Mirza

Cleora, *Queen* of *Hungary's* Woman.

The *Sultans* Guards.

Mutes.

Pages.

And other Attendants.

Mrs. Betterton.

Mrs. Davis.

Mrs. Long.

Mrs. Norris.

Mrs. Shadwel.

The Persons

Mrs. Smith
Mr. Smith
Mrs. Smith
Mr. Smith
Mrs. Smith
Mr. Smith

2. *the M...*
 3. *...*
 4. *...*
 5. *...*
 6. *...*
 7. *...*
 8. *...*
 9. *...*
 10. *...*

The Journal of the
The Council of the
The Council of the
The Council of the

[illegible]

And the other two...

Mustapha.

THE FIRST ACT.

Solymans Camp and his Pavillion.

Enter *Solyman, Rustan, Pyrrhus, and the Sultans Guards.*

Rust. **W**Hat Influence, Mighry *Sultan*, rules the day,
And stops your course where glory leads the way?
Th' *Hungarian* Armies hasten from the Field,

And *Buda* waits for your approach to yield;
Yet you seem doubtful what you are to do,
And turn from Triumphs when they follow you.

Pyrrh. We at the Suns one moments rest should more
Admire than at his glorious course before.

Glory, like Time, progression does require,
When it does cease t' advance, it does expire.

Soly. You both mistake; my glory is the cause

That in my Conquest I have made this pause;

Whilst *Hungary* did powerful Foes afford,

I thought her Ruine worthy of my Sword;

But now the War does seem too low a thing,

Against a Mourning Queen, and Infant King;

Pyrrhus, it will unequal seem in me

To Conquer, and then blush at Victory.

Rust. None but the Conquer'd should have sence of shame.

Shall shows of Vertue darken your bright Fame?

Success does cover all the crimes of War,

And Fame and Vertue still consistent are.

In lazy peace let Christian Monarchs rust,

Who think no War, but what's defensive, just.

Our Valiant Prophet did by slaughter rise:

Conquest a part of our Religion is.

Pyrrh. He in his Holy War sounds no retreat,

Accounting none Religious but the great;

His Martyrs, not by yielding, glory gain;

They th' other World, by Conquering this, obtain.

Soly. To *Rome* I will my dreadful Ensigns lead,

Rome which was once the Universal head,

Which still the worlds important part controuls;

Once she gave Laws to Kingdoms, now to Souls;

To that great Conquest my designs I bend,

This Kingdom is my way and not my end,

Which now, since too much scar'd by my Alarms,

Seems worthier of my pity than my Arms.

O

Rust.

Rust. Since *Rome* did once the Universe subdue,
 'Tis now the only Conquest fit for you ;
 But he who Conquests wisely has design'd,
 Does never leave an Enemy behind.
 Though all that Heav'n ere finish'd in a Man,
 Is now in you, yet Heaven's Great Agent can
 Proceed but as the Instrument of Fate,
 To work out Conquests, not at once Create ;
 Beginnings should to th' end still useful be ;
 'Tis more to use then gain a Victory.

Pyrrh. The Sword must end what Valour has begun,
 Else you disgrace what is already done ;
 Your Foes would think if you should now relent,
 That you of Conquests as of Crimes repent.
 When your bright Crescents are to *Buda* shown,
 'Tis but a step to the *Hungarian* Crown ;
 Your presence lower than their knees will bring
 Th' *Hungarian* Priests to offer up their King.
 When by that proof your Conquest is confess'd,
 Dispose of him by rules of Interest.

Soly. Bear then my Standard before *Buda's* Walls,
 I should not stop my Ears when glory calls ;
 Since there the Foe all his reserves does make,
 In taking *Buda* I the Kingdom take.
 Call the *Divan*, let them consult with you,
 What with the Infant King is fit to do.
Divans like Common-wealths regard not fame,
 Disdaining honour they can feel no shame ;
 Each does, for what the publick safety call,
 Venture his Vertue in behalf of all,
 Doing by pow'r what Nature does forbid,
 Each hoping, amongst all, that he is hid,
 Hidden because they on each other wink,
 When they dare act what Monarchs scorn to think.

[*Exeunt the two Bishops.*]

[*Exit.*]

Enter *Isabella* Queen of *Hungaria* in Mourning, *Cleora*, *Thuricus*, *Vicbe*,
 and Attendants.

Thur. In the *Hungarian* Council does appear
 Disorder vary'd in all shapes of fear.

Vicbe. And in their looks too clearly I descry,
 They'l rather tamely yield than bravely dye.

Queen. But yet the remedy by Death remains,
 When that may free them will they carry Chains ?
 Their Souls are with their Armies overcome,
 They who the Bulwark were of Christendom,
 Shall now be made at once their scorn and shame :
 'Tis less to lose their Countrey than their Fame.
 But though the frighted States should yield the Town,
 I am resolv'd ne're to resign the Crown :
 My care of that, and my neglect of Life,
 Are signs that I have been your Monarchs Wife.

Thur. The death of that Great King for whom you Mourn,
 Did our advancing Empire backward turn ;
 The *Turks* may now the Christian world out-brave,
 Since all our hearts lie bur'd in his grave.

Card. The *Sultan's* Army covers *Buda's* hills, and did : *Enter the Cardi-*
Which our Consulting States, with terror fill, *Qual of Veradium.*
Who hearing he to such has mercy shown,
As, timely yielding, did his wrath atone,
They will a sudden present bring,
Worth more than all their lives, our *Infant King.*

Queen. Give up the King ! in that resolve
The Hungarians now are ripe for slavery ;
The Prince, who from your King his birth did take,
Shall not a part of *Turkish* triumph make ;
Death may, but fear shall never cast me down :
Who yields, does ne're deserve to wear a Crown ;
Death shall us both in the first breach relieve,
We'll die, since in the Throne we cannot live.

Thur. Ah Madam, that which you have now design'd,
Does more become your fortune than your mind ;
Let not your Vertue teach you cruelty.

Queen. 'Tis worse to merit death than to die ;
A Queen who does resign her *Sib* and State,
Does use her self, worse than she's us'd by Fate.

Card. Since now the States your broken Armies pay,
The orders of the States they will obey,
And what they have resolv'd, they soon will do,
Therefore my Council, Madam, pray pursue ;
Since they have prov'd so false and so unjust,
Turn what they make necessity to trust ;
Send the Crown-Jewels, and the *Infant King*
To *Roxolana* as an Offering ;
Subdue that Beauty which the Victor sways,
With what the Great are soonest conquer'd, Praise :
Extol her Vertue, and her Mercy move,
By all the Charms of pity and of love,
In gaining her you make the *Sultan* sure,
A desperate ill can have no common cure.
Whilst with applause high minds you higher raise,
You make them virtuous to make good your praise.

Queen. The States, not I, this Counsel may esteem,
'Twill make me do what I abhor'd in them ;
If by their Cowardice I am destroy'd,
Ple bravely meet what I in vain avoid :
Ah ! 'tis enough my fate to undergo,
Must I the Patient be, and Agent too ?
'Tis Hazardous on th' Empress to relie,
I by the *Sultan's* Conquest can but die ;
And 'twill less glory to my death afford,
To perish by her sentence than his sword :
By my own way I but to death submit,
But if I follow yours I merit it ;
For when a Monarch is subdu'd by fear,
What he does suffer he deserves to bear.

Card. My way, the worst that can befall our King,
Is to become his peoples offering ;
Of the two ills, which will the worse be,
To die for them, or by their Treachery ?
Thus he'll afflict whom he can ne're reclaim,
For sure the sharpest punishment is shame :

The worse they are, his fate the better seems;
When those who him destroy he thus redeems;
Religion too makes it a greater thing,
To die a Martyr then to live a King.

Queen. My Lord, your pious reasons make me yield,
Nature to Vertue should resign the field;
Bring me, *Cleora*, my unhappy Son,
And with him all the Jewels of the Crown;
You *Thuricus* on Embassy shall go
To *Roxolana's* Tent, and let her know
How much the common voice of Fame I trust,
Which renders her compassionate and just,
Whilest others say she all her sex exceeds,
They shew their Faith by words, but I by deeds,
I by so strange a trust may find relief,
If she has vertue equal to my grief.

Viche. Madam, she will not now by one mean act,
A future stain on her past fame contract.

Thnr. Honour will make her value what I bring.
'Tis more to save then to destroy a King.

Enter Cleora with the young King, and a Casket of Jewels, with Attendants.

Queen. Ah! wou'd thy Cradle had been made thy Grave,
Since born to be at once a King and Slave;
In bonds thy fatal Reign thou dost begin,
And thou art punish'd ere thou know'st to sin.

Card. You feed your sorrow when you thus complain;
Think not of loss, but count what you may gain;
Fortune who leads him hence will bring him back,
And long preserve what you a while forsake.

Queen. My Lord, my sorrow seeks not your relief,
You are not fit to judge a mothers grief;
You have no Child for an untimely grave,
Nor can you lose, what I desire to have.

Card. He'll be restor'd unless you hazard him,
By losing time which none could ere redeem.

Queen. I'll now seal up the heart which I must send
In thee, to thy new-Mother and my Friend.
Oh Heav'n perswade her that she both may prove,
And that her power be equall'd by her love;
Let me but seal't again ere it does go:

Two Seals th' importance of Dispatches shew.

Card. Madam, we must by stealth our passage get:
Our Guards are strict, and th' Ev'ning Watch is set.

Queen. Be you his Nurse, *Cleora*, teach him how,
He should to Heav'n with early homage bow;
Teach him to sooth the Empress, and to be,
A pretty suppliant for himself and me.

*[Exeunt several ways, the Queen still turning
her Eyes towards her Son, and weeping.]*

Enter Multapha, Zanger, Attendants.

Must. Sure, my dear *Zanger*, those who heretofore,
The envy'd Crown of this Great Empire wore;
Nere knew the charms which Friendship do attend;
Or in a Brother never had a Friend;
Since he who Friendships sacred power has known,
Rather than kill a Friend, would lose a Throne:
Your Friendship at so just a rate I prize,
As I for that this Empire can despise.

Zang. That jealous care which on this Throne attends,
Thinks those too great who merit to be Friends;
None but an equal should in Friendship share;
And *Sultans* of their equals jealous are;
They think the proof of wisdom is distrust;
And then believe, what ere is safe is just;
Their fatal maxims made our *Sultans* still
As soon as they were Crown'd, their Brothers kill.

Must. How can that wisdom in our *Sultans* be,
Which of it self is fear and cruelty?
If titles change th' intention of the Act,
Then justice weighs the Actor not the Act;
And who would not a Monarchy refuse,
When, to gain pow'r, he must his nature lose?
The virtue of that man was never strong,
Who fear'd not more to do then suffer wrong.

By our great Prophet solemnly I swear,
If I the Turkish Crown do ever wear,
Our bloody custom I will overthrow;
That debt I both to you and Justice owe.

Zang. And here I vow by all that's good and high,
I'll not out-live the day in which you die;
This which my friendship makes me promise now,
My grief will then enable me to do.

Must. My vow is seal'd.

Zang. Mine Friendship shall make good. [*They embrace.*]

Must. Friendship's a stronger tye than that of blood.

Enter Haly.

Haly. Sir, the *Divan* in secret Council sit;
The *Sultan* to their Judgment does remit
The Summons or Assault of this proud Town,
Or to demand the Infant with his Crown.

Zang. If the *Divan* may of this Realm dispose,
Th' Hungarians will have scarce enough to lose.

Must. Councils dare do worse than their Monarchs dare;
For where in evil many bear a share,
They hardly count, when they divide the guilt,
A drop for each, though streams of blood were spilt. [*Exit.*]

Enter Roxolana with her Train, Cleora, Thurion with
the young King, and a Casket of Jewels.

Rox. She thinks that my compassion may be bought;
You had the King without these Jewels brought;

If she had held me worthy to have shown,
That I without reward could save a Crown :
She does at once what generous seems and low,
What her trust builds, her gifts do overthrow.
Bear back the remnants of her ruin'd State,
And leave the Infant to expect his Fate.

Thur. Great *Roxolana* cannot but excuse
Those errors which our Queens respects produce ;
She makes for her offence no ill amends,
When she dares trust that Vertue she offends ;
Nor has she cause that errour to deplore,
Which gives you power to shew your mercy more.

'Tis not below your fame, nor yet your state,
To pardon faults your Glory does create ;
For if your Glory had been less sublime,
You could not take her Present for a crime.

These glist'ring Ornaments of Regal State,
Become the Prosp'rous, not th' Unfortunate.
Ah! to her errour, Madam, be more kind ;
The wrong she meant not, she the trust design'd.

Rox. What I resolve, I change not through mistake ;
Leave here your King, but bear your Presents back.

Cleora. This answer makes us both rejoice and mourn ;
The greater gift you keep, the less return ;
Yet your protection cannot be deny'd :
Honour and mercy ever were ally'd.

[*Exeunt* *Thuracus*, *Cleora*, *Roxolana*,
Lady carries away the Infant.

Enter Zarma.

Zarm. From the *Divan*, *Ruffan* is hither sent,
Who humbly begs t' attend you in your Tent.

Rox. Admit him ; this must of importance be ;
He is a Cloud between the Sun and me.

[*Exit Zarma.*

Achm. Your beams exhal'd what they may soon dispel ;
He'll shrink in lesser time than he did swell.

Rox. He's now the *Sultans*, but I rais'd him first,
And poyson'd him with power to make him burst.

Enter Haly, Ruffan.

Ruff. From the *Divan*, Great Empress, I am come ;
They have pronounc'd the Royal Infants doom ;
And now their Mutes at your Pavillion Gate,
For execution on your pleasure wait.

Rox. Can they contest with what they should despi
Or are they in such want of Enemies,
As to pursue an Infant to my Tent ?

Ruff. 'Tis said that he is here for refuge sent.

Rox. Design of refuge sanctifies this place :
Weakness pursu'd, shews strong pursuers base ;
The privilege of refuge I'll maintain,
And they not breaking it will honour gain.

Ruff. States may by honour lose, if they comply
With mischief, because weak, or when they flye ;
They root up Infant Danger when it springs ;
None can fore-tell the height of growing Kings.

Rox. The grave *Divan* in ruining their Foes,
Are not concern'd when they may honour lose ;

Because

Because it most reflects on future fame,
But they seek present safety though with shame.
Great *Solyman*, who has for honour fought,
Does wisely prize what with his blood he bought;
And what he values, I must value too;
Doing like him, how can I better do?
But the *Divan* and I shall vainly strive,
Since from the *Sultan* they that power derive;
By which for bloody interest they contend,
And by his power, my honour I defend.

Rust. Your beauty keeps all humane pow'r in awe;
What can resist it, but our Prophets Law?
The wise *Divan*, arm'd with Religious force,
Contests not with your pow'r, but your remorse.

Rox. Religion now does many faces bear;
And all resemble those, who Copy hear,
Your States-men in your own resemblance draw
Her shape, by which you keep the World in awe.

Rust. Fair Empress, when Religion does oppose
What custom plants, or in our nature grows;
We are incens'd, and yet we then forbear
T' accuse the Law, but tax th' Interpreter;
As men refrain to quarrel with the strong,
But wrongs pretend from those whom they may wrong;
Our Law offends them by their own mistake,
Whilst what is merciful, they cruel make:
This Infants blood will quench the flame of War;
Millions of lives we by his dying spare.

Rox. But can Religion with such ill dispence
As harm prevents, by harming innocence?

Rust. Shall true Religion (which must still declare
Against all false Religions open War)
Be less provided for offence than those,
Who practice policy as well as blows?

Rox. *Rustan*, I did not think Camps could have bred
One, whose Religion might in Temples plead
For all that Heav'n enjoyns, and Hell resists:
Rustan might lead an Army made of Priests.

Rust. They fight for th' other World, and yield up this;
Would I could lead them all to Paradise:
But Madam, the *Hungarian Child*, to save
Contesting Armies from a publick grave,
Should dye, if with his death you would dispence;

Rox. I have pity of his innocence.

Rust. His early dying may his Soul prefer
To th' other World, and may secure us here.
Those Madam, may rejoyce who upward go,
And ought to pity us who stay below.

Rox. Ah *Rustan*! you by soaring Vertue reach,
Those heights of which our Priests can only Preach;
My pity you correct, and then destroy;
In pleading what the dead, by death enjoy;
And now, to show I prize what you esteem,
Call in my Mures and bid them strangle him.

Rust. 'Tis much to say it, can you mean it too?

Rox. I'll not dissemble as you *Viziers* do.

[Pointing to *Rustan*.]

[Exit *Mitza*.]

[Enter *Mitza* and the *Mures*.]

A *Viziers* power is but subordinate,
 He's but the chief dissembler of the *State*;
 And oft for publick int'rest lies; but I,
 The partner of Supreme Authority,
 Do ever mean the utmost that I say;
 Dispatch, he's such a Saint as needs not pray.

Haly. Hold, hold.

Rox. How *Haly*, by command from you?

Haly. 'Tis but for leave that I may humbly sue.

I can less doubt the justice of your will,
 Then that you here have privilege to kill;
 The greatness of his crime none will suspect,
 Because he came t' invade, what you protect;
 But for that height of trespass let him live,
 Lest you should seem unable to forgive.

Achm. You only mortal pow'r by killing show;
 But by forgiving it does Heavenly grow:
 Th' Offender more your frowns, then dying fears.

Rust. To me your anger, worse then death appears.

Rox. Live, since my wrath does fear of death transcend,
 Live to continue, what thy death will end.

Exit Rustan bowing low. Exeunt Mutes another

Haly. He's gone to study what revenge can do;
 But *Madam*, 'tis more safe for us that you
 Have left a *Vizier* living to complain,
 Then that the *Sultan* should have found him slain.

Rox. Can you your safety doubt whilst you are mine?

Achm. You and the Sun warm all things where you shine.

Haly. Some flowers seem more then others to rely
 On the Sun's favour, such as with his Eye
 Open and shut, and with his Noon grow strong,
 We like to those may flourish, but not long.

Achm. The *Sultan* will not chide your violence,
 But make our knowing of it an offence;
 And we shall certain be of punishment,
 For knowing that which we could ne're prevent.

Haly. He'l on your errors winke, as on his own,
 And think them punish'd in but being known.

Enter Solyman.

Achm. Our storm's already coming, would 'twere past.

Haly. Before it falls, let us to shelter haste.
Exeunt Achmar, Haly.

Soly. We in our Camp want pow'r to check your will,
 And your Pavilion is your Cittadil;
 Which you with Dwarfs, and Mutes, and Eunuchs, man,
 To hold out siege against the whole *Divan*;
 This wonder I am told, if it be true,
 We must leave *Buda* to beleaguer you.

Rox. I thought in gaining you, I gain'd the Field,
 And therefore would not to your Subjects yield.

Soly. Fortune does blush at the bold minds of those,
 Who, what is long in gaining, rashly lose.

Rox. Your *Vizier* is a most impatient Saint:
 He cannot suffer wrong without complaint.

Soly. You would be terrible, yet pleasant too,
 And in gay humour when you mischief do;

Can you, when sullen grown, be cheerful in disguise?
 With no less sport than death in masquerade?
 My Vizier, on whose office I rely,
 Whose pow'r should advertise Nations to his side,
 You, for your Eunuchs, and your Dwarf's delight,
 To try his Valour, with Death's vizard fright.

Rox. Had you not taught me, I had never known
 All Pow'r to be Phantastick, but you divine, and have done.

Soly. I'll teach you now that Death's a serious thing.
 Call for your Mutes, and for your little King.

Rox. What is your meaning, Sultan? Zarma stay!

Soly. Ha! Is the doubtful whom she should obey?

Rox. You rule enough, ruling the world and me;
 Pray let my Women, my own subjects be.

Soly. Your Subjects are not safe obeying you;
 They'll make my Mutes do more than yours should do.

Rox. Your looks are chang'd, and many dangers threat;
 Assemble like black Clouds when storms are near.

Ah Sultan! what should Rozolana do?
 If, like your looks, your heart were alter'd too?

Is it your pleasure that my Women bring you
 For your Diversion, Sir, the Infant King?

Soly. Your question breeds delay, let him be brought;
 Your Women sure are Mutes, and only taught

To know your signs for what they should not do;
 I'll send my Mutes to instruct them when to go.

Rox. Alas, their fear did make them loth to move:
 They fear your anger, but I trust your love.

{ The Women
 run out.

Enter the Women with the young King.

Soly. Is this the thing that you would keep alive?
 For whom the Cross does with the Crescent strive;

Nay, bring him near, his motion has a grace;

And I perceive a promise in his face,
 That he'll perform what he declares in show,
 If destiny will give him leave to grow;
 His eyes do with a different lustre move,
 They threaten vengeance, and they promise love.

Rox. Pray look, methinks his features are not ill---

But cruel Rustan, thinks I have no skill---

Poor Infant, none dare speak in thy defence,
 And thou want'st words to plead thy innocence.

Soly. You are too fond, be tender of your own:

They'll quit his company to get his Crown;
 If this seem strange I'll put you out of doubt;
 Zarma go call my Mutes, they wait without.

Rox. Stay! Zarma stay! If this, Sir, be your doom,
 Send me too where the cruel never come;
 I'll bind him to me with my Arms and Hair,
 Then try, Sir, if your Mutes or Viziers dare
 Enforce him from the refuge of my breast.

Soly. Though with strange valour you are now possess'd,
 Yet surely, Empress, the Divan, and I,
 May charge with the most desperate Enemy:

Q

Your

Your heart will yield after this raging fit.

Rox. It may e're long, when you have broken it.

[Weeps.

Soly. Come, come! my Mutes, ending an Infants life,
Which seems but new begun, will end our strife.

Rox. The light of this new kind'd life shall shine,
Till those who put it out extinguish mine;
Your Mutes may tremble and your Viziers too,
Knowing what I have done, and still dare do.

Soly. You will not sure with them and me contend.

Rox. Against th' opposing world I will defend
The life which in protection I receive,
Sultan I'll do't--- If you will give me leave---

[Weeps.

Soly. You, *Roxolana*, are the Conquerour.
What storm is not allay'd by such a showre?

I only try'd whether your Vertue were

Above my anger, and your sexes fear:

Since over both it does so nobly rise,

It shall be more triumphant than your eyes.

Rox. By yielding you prevail, and your remorse
Gains more than other Victors get by force.

Soly. Your showre of Tears will make my Laurels spring,
And growth does promise to this Infant King;
He shall applaud your gentle Victory,
For your remorse saves him and Conquers me.

Exeunt. The young King, being led out
between Solyman and Roxolana.

THE

THE SECOND ACT.

Enter Roxolana, Zanger, Haly, Zarma, Achmat, and Attendants to them.

Achmat. **T**Hree Christian Ladies, who from *Buda* come,
Wait for admittance in the outward room.

Rox. Sure they are sent from the *Hungarian Queen*.
Her fears have made her restless: bring them in.

Zanger, your looks must now serene appear;

Rustan must find no more foul weather here;

He has endeavour'd to deserve his peace,

Therefore your frowns must with my anger cease.

Zang. The Vizier gains so much of your esteem,
That I e're long may wish good looks from him.

Enter the Queen of Hungaria, and two Ladies attending her.

Queen. Madam, your favours have so prosp'rous been,

And so obliging to th' *Hungarian Queen*

(Still rising like your virtue and your power)

That she does find the sense of it is more,

Than she dares trust another to express,

Therefore is now her own Embassadress.

That high Compassion, Madam, by which you

The Infant sav'd, has brought the Mother too;

As the afflicted with Devotion run

To Altars, where great Miracles are done.

Rox. In this you trust my virtue, not my power;

And whilst you are oblig'd, oblige me more.

Queen. Those who at Altars blessings crave, may bring;

There where they begging come, an offering;

Which if they offer as a recompence

For what they then implore, were an offence.

But, Madam, I shall now a Present make,

Of what I ought to give, and you may take:

Buda, for your acceptance, Madam, waits:

Your virtue, by a Charm unlocks her Gates:

Buda will bow to you, though it the pow'r

Proudly withstood of every Conquerour;

By force ne're aw'd, nor stratagem beguill'd:

Buda, the Virgin Town, which has been still'd

(When every Victor courted her to yield)

The Mistress of the Master of the Field.

Zang. *Haly*, we grow too great, Heav'n make us less,

Since Conquests bring such beauties to distress.

Methinks my Mother should more tender grow.

Haly. You feel that pity, Sir, which she will show.

Queen. I to your virtue now a Present make

Of what the *Sultans* power could never take;

So

So much your powerful virtue does oblige,
That it does take what he can but besiege.

Rox. Whilst thus you strive to make my virtue known,
Madam, you show a greater of your own;
And what I did, you now reward so well,
As makes the recompence the Deed excel;
Yet but a little virtue were in me,
If I should now let yours, your ruine be.

Queen. How can my gratitude my ruine bring,
Trusting a Kingdom, where I trust a King?
Pardon me, Madam, if I come to you,
As all to Altars with self-interest do;
Hoping they mighty blessings shall receive,
For what they there in little offerings give:
I give an Infant King whom all forsake,
And of a Town besieg'd, a Present make;
But you adopting him restore a Crown,
And give a Kingdom when you take a Town.
The *Sultan* may his Armies valour spare,
You by your single virtue end the War.

Rox. Your virtue has a greater wonder wrought,
It Conquers where it but Protection sought;
Above this height, Honour can never get,
For it does Conquer, whilst it does submit.
Madam, 'tis only *Solyman* and you
Can boast they *Roxolana* did subdue;
And that your triumph may the more appear,
You in this very Camp have Conquer'd her:
But you are now my Guest, and you shall stay,
Till you at least believe that I'll repay
What you with more than gratitude have done:
Madam, I know you long to see your Son.
Zanger, attend the *Queen*, and let her be,
By finding your respects, assur'd of me.

[*Exeunt several ways, Zanger leading out the Queen.*]

Enter Rustan, Pyrrhus.

Rustan. She o're his heart still more victorious grows,
And faster Conquers him, than he his Foes.

Pyrrh. Your dark designs are all in vapour gone,
They are but Clouds, her beauty is the Sun.
Great Fav'rites seldom their resentments hide;
Revenge shows not their anger, but their pride;
She'll be reveng'd that you her power may see.

Rust. 'Twill her least mischief seem to ruine me:
She with the wind and tide of favour flows.

Pyrrh. Row with that stream which strength cannot oppose:
Swell up her Sails with praise and flattery.

Rust. Those are low Courtships for a Soul so high;
Such common sawning she'll despise or hate,
She must be tempted with a subtler bait:
I must engage her by some bold design,
In which her Int'rest with great crimes may joyn:
The Great can never love, because too high
For that which Love allows, equality;

But

But they to those they fear will favour show,
And they fear those, who their great mischiefs know,
Knowing her guilt, I may her favour find;
Guilt next to Love, above all ties does bind;
Her heightn'd mind and nature much disdain,
That *Mustapha* should over *Zanger* reign;
I can assault her only on that side,
Making her virtue vassal to her pride.

Pyrrh. Advance, Sir, this design ere she can know;
What for her sake you have begun to do;
Honour or craft may make her else to shun
The sin design'd, which she'll applaud when done.

Rust. And, *Pyrrhus*, 'twere no little mark of skill
To make her think, when I oppos'd her will;
'Twas only that I might the *Sultan* blind,
More safely to effect what I design'd;
My faults to her shall such defects appear,
As she shall thank me that I injur'd her.

Pyrrh. If she discerns you not through your disguise,
She who has caught the *Sultan* is your prize.

Rust. I should her Friendship wish, were Friendship more
Than a meer name 'twixt those who covet power;
You shall but Echo what I have begun,
To make the Father jealous of the Son;
I with the *Sultan* durst at first proceed,
Only so far as might attention breed;
Last night some words I artfully did say,
From Fame, not from my self, of *Mustapha*,
Which might the *Sultan's* jealous anger raise,
Not words of accusation, but of praise;
For nothing can old Monarchs more offend,
Than when their Successors we much commend;
I quickly found that he was loth to hear,
Therefore by pause and parcel in his ear,
Did civilly that poyson, Praise, infuse,
As men unwilling seem to tell ill news.

Pyrrh. His first Disease is fixt, what can remove
The Jealousie of Empire, or of Love?

Rust. Now I that fatal seed have sown, 'tis fit
That I attend on time to ripen it.

Pyrrh. When fancy to that fruitful weed does give
But any root, 'twill grow whilst it does live.

Enter Zanger, and Achmat, at distance from him.

Zang. Warm me, and quench me, for I freeze and burn,
And at one object both rejoyce and mourn:
What mean'st thou Nature, is it bad or good,
Which makes this *April*-weather in my blood?

Achm. I fear he has with too much passion seen
The charming eyes of the *Hungarian Queen*;
I saw him gaze on her with such review,
As if he fear'd the object were not true:
So miracles are seen by faithless men,
Who stay and fain would see them o're agen.

Zang. Oh *Achmat*! something does my heart pursue
I wander

I wander from my self, and fly from you.

Achm. This, Sir, seems one of Loves great exalties.

Zang. I would I knew what 'tis not, or what 'tis;

Love to my breast hath still a stranger been;

And yet that stranger may be gotten in.

Achm. Ah Prince! the secret passage of Loves flight
Is as unseen by day, as 'tis by night.

Though *Buda* should her Walls like Mountains rear,

And *Solyman* could never enter there,

No not with armed Crowds the Out-works win,

Yet Love un-arm'd would by surprise get in.

Zang. Love is a god, and cannot be withstood.

Achm. Yet he's a god only to flesh and blood:

For those whose Souls are active and sublime,

Resist his power, and so prove gods to him.

Zang. Ah! talk not of resistance of his force,

Whom nothing Conquers but his own remorse:

I rather would, if ere he conquer'd you,

Be told how first he did your heart subdue.

Achm. As quietly as day does vanquish night,

I heard no noise, but saw resistless light.

Zang. He does, alas! with quiet force begin,

But Oh! What does he do, when enter'd in?

Achm. My waking thoughts I still for dreams did take,

And whilst I dreamt, I thought I was awake:

With equal view, in darkness as in light,

Clara's image entertain'd my sight:

If she was absent, sorrow made me pale;

If she appear'd, then blushes did prevail:

What her concern'd, did me more nearly touch.

Zang. I know too little, and I hear too much:

Oh, *Achmas*! cease and instantly retire,

Your words are more than fuel to my fire.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter Solyman, followed at distance by Rustan, Pyrrhus.

Soly. *Rustan* does know much more than I dare hear:

Can I a Monster breed, which I can fear?

I find suspicion a sufficient pain,

Fear is a torment which I should disdain:

He robs my heart of all the Calms of rest:

I'll tear the dire Usurper from my breast:

Rustan is full of try'd integrity,

And servants often, more than Parents see.

Pyrrh. He has more thoughts than he has skill to use.

Rust. The poyson of my whisper does infuse.

Oh cursed Court! where not to be the most

In sight and eminent, is to be lost;

Where still the weary by false steps must climb,

And yet their falling is esteem'd a crime.

Soly. *Rustan*, my privacy you now invade,

Rust. Sir, it is self-invasion to be sad.

Soly. Have you a Cure? you brought the malady;

I say you brought it.

Rust. Heav'n defend me! I?

Soly. Do you suspect the truth of what I said?

Rust.

Rust. Would I had been unborn, or worse than dead,
Rather than e're have caus'd a grief in you,
To whom the comforts of both worlds are due.

Soly. You talk'd to me, and took my sleep away.

Rust. Could I in words, too much my duty pay?
'Twere better I should perish in despair,
Then you should grieve one moment.

Soly. So it were.

Rust. Sir, you but heard what I was bound to say.

Soly. What was it that you spake of *Mustapha*?

Rust. I did with joy acquaint you, that your Son
Nobly the hearts of all your Army won:
Your dreaded anger I had justly rais'd,
If I your dearest pledge had falsely prais'd,
To sooth you with fictitious flattery;
But *Pyrrhus* knows it true, as well as I.

Pyrrh. 'Tis true, that he is generous and good;
He will succeed by virtue, as by blood.

Rust. This, Sir, should cause your joy, and not your grief.

Soly. Canst thou believe my pain will find relief
In that which shows the justice of my fears?
Did I in Winter Camps spend forty years;
Out-wear the Weather, and out-face the Sun,
When the Wild-Herds did to their Coverts run;
Out-watch the Jealous, and the Lunatick;
Out-fast the Penitential, and the Sick;
Out-wait long Patience, and out-suffer Fear,
Out-march the Pilgrim, and the Wanderer:
And there, where last years Ice was not unthaw'd,
(When in thick Furs, Bears durst not look abroad)
I with cold Armour cover'd, did maintain
Life against showers of Arrows, and of Rain?
Have I made Towns immur'd with Mountains yield;
Sent haughty Nations blushing from the Field?
And must I, at one cast, all that forego,
For which so oft I desperately did throw?
They steal my Laurels to adorn my Son;
Who can but dream of Fields that I have won?

[Enter *Roxolana*.]

Rox. What valiant power can be secure from fear
When, *Sultan*, we your voice of anger hear?
Who dares that anger raise, and hope to live?

Soly. If *Mustapha* usurps, shall I forgive?

Rox. He is your Son, and is your eldest too;
And may show faults, which others must not do:
Nature will tell you, Sir, how far in him
You ought to pardon any gallant crime.

Soly. Nature may yield when I my power out-live;
For when I cannot punish, I forgive.

Rox. His youth, Sir, has not only time to mend,
But has some license also to offend;
And since too apt for errors being young,
Some may advantage take to do him wrong;
And, whilst they jealous of your glory seem,
Assume a privileged to darken him.

Soly. He Courts my Armies to usurp their love.

Rox.

Rox. Can that your jealousy to anger move?

Their love you purchas'd when you bravely fought;

Let him inherit what for him you bought;

They show their love to you in loving him.

Soly. They, loving him too soon, make love a crime:

He knows by study of Usurpers Arts,

That he commands their hands who gains their hearts:

Him whom they love, they still most worthy deem.

Rox. You have more pow'r o're him, than he o're them;

He will confine that pow'r which love does get.

Soly. Pow'r never to it self could limits set;

It never thinks it lives, but whilst it grows,

And what it can perform, it ever does.

Rust. Our *Sultans* have their ripe Successours sent

To some remote and quiet Government;

Why since that rule is safe and ancient too,

Should it for *Mustapha* be broke by you?

Soly. I did it out of tender care to breed

His youth, and make him worthy to succeed.

Rust. But if, when popular, he does express

A slow requital of your tenderness;

Which Heav'n forbid, then you may soon remove

His person, till you can reclaim his love.

Rox. Sure, *Rustan*, you with too much vigilance,

Turn to design and purpose, things of chance;

And, over-watchful with the eyes of fear,

Draw little objects, from wide distance, near;

And see them double, whilst you seem to make

All that, which is your malice, your mistake;

But do not falsely, as a Spy, prevail,

Because a Son may in his duty fail.

Rust. Madam, I cannot over-watchful be

In what concerns the *Sultan* more than me:

I humbly take the privilege to say,

That you connive too much at *Mustapha*,

And have of late been slow and negligent,

In what your care could not too soon prevent:

And, Madam, this perhaps you wisely do,

To avoid report, grown publick, though not true;

Which is, that with a Byas still you run

To follow *Zanger*, your neglected Son.

Soly. No more, these are the rising mists that make

Those stormy winds, that keep me still awake!

[Exit *Solyman*.]

Rox. *Rustan*, you must by fresh intelligence
Charge *Mustapha*, and with some new offence.

Rust. Madam, I am engag'd past all retreat.

Rox. Go and attend me when the Watch is set:

[Exit *Rustan*, *Pyrrhus*.]

These little Arts great Nature will forgive:

Dye *Mustapha*, else *Zanger* cannot live!

Pardon, oh *Solyman*, thy troubl'd Wife;

Who must her duty lose, to save a Life;

A Husband venture to preserve a Son;

Oh! that's the fatal rock that I would shun:

For *Solyman* must *Mustapha* deprive,
 Of that lov'd Life, by which himself does live:
 And *Mustapha*, to his untimely grave
 Must hasten, that his death may *Zanger* save.
 Oh cruel Empire! that does thus ordain
 Of Royal Race the youngest to be slain,
 That so the eldest may securely Reign;
 Making th' Imperial Mother ever mourn,
 For all her Infants in succession born:
 Excuse, oh Nature, what by me is done,
 If it be cruel to preserve a Son! [Exit.]

Enter Mustapha, Zanger.

Must. If it be Love, and you against it strive,
 Then greater strength you to your torment give:
 Love may all hearts under his Empire bring,
 Since to resist, and yield, is the same thing.
 Ev'n Reasons power is useless against Love,
 For when he enters, reason does remove;
 And from your force of anger he is free,
 Since none with what they love can angry be:
 In vain you this unequal War abide,

When all your aids turn to your Conquerors side.

Zang. I do not, Sir, to Love, but grief submit.

Must. Your grief I know not, yet I share in it:
 A friend is griefs Physician, and may heal
 Your pain, if you the cause of it reveal;
 But you, by hiding that which should be known,
 Give me a torment greater than your own;
 And do ev'n worse then when you shun relief;
 For you kill him who comes to cure your grief.

Zang. Ah Prince! since I the weight of grief deplore,
 You are unkind in loading me with more.

Must. But you transgress against all Friendships Laws,
 Shewing effects, when you conceal the cause;
 When those you cannot hide, these should be told;
 Those show themselves, but you must these unfold.

Zang. Your Enmity much rather than your Friend,
 Shou'd tell you griefs which you can never end.

Must. Friendship will nothing like reserves endure,
 But loves to share in griefs it cannot cure.

Zang. Then will I throw my vain defence away,
 And, though obedience useless be, obey.
 You know what by my Mother has been done
 For the Hungarian Queens abandon'd Son.

Must. Yes, and the Deed was for her greatness fit.

Zang. The Queen her self is come to acknowledge it:
 And that her gratitude may clearer shine,
 She does strong *Buda*, as a gift resign.

Must. They may, by virtue urg'd, for honour strive;
 But why should this make Noble *Zanger* grieve?

Zang. Can fate bring greater grief to me or you
 Then now, when the subdu'd do us subdue?
 We have by Arms th' Hungarian Kingdom won,
 And by their Queen in honour are out-done:

A Crown resign'd my Mother ought to quit;
 Since she by keeping does not merit it:
 Can you my sorrow for my Mother blame,
 Who now must lessen in her Pow'r or Fame?

Must. In such a choice she cannot chuse amiss;
 But, *Zanger*, there is in it more than this.

Zang. Ah Prince! much more indeed, for had you seen
 The griefs and beauties of the Christian Queen,
 You would have felt the trouble which I had;
 These did to pity, those to love persuade me
 They help'd each other to perform their part;
 Grief soft'n'd, and her beauty seal'd my heart;
 Through all her blacks the lustre of her eyes
 Shew'd like the Sun when it from night does rise:

But I want words for what I should commend.

Must. How soon from liking we to love ascend!
Zang. When she her Royal Infant did embrace,
 Her Eyes such floods of Tears show'd on her face,
 That then, oh *Mustapha*! I did admire
 How so much Water sprang from so much Fire:
 And to increase the miracle, I found
 At the same time my heart both burnt and drown'd.

Must. What you have told, seems miracles to me.

Zang. You will see greater when the Queen you see.

Must. To me no miracle can greater prove
 Then seeing Friendships right resign'd to love:

Your Heart once lost your Friendship too must end.

Zang. Sure I may have a Mistress and a Friend,
 The Soul, dear *Mustapha*, is Friendships part,

And Love for his does challenge but the heart?

Must. That's a distinction made by cunning Art;
 Can I your Friendship have, and not your Heart?

Such Lovers Logick is too low for you.

What love a Captive, and a Christian too?

Zang. How ill the name of Captive does beset
 A mind that conquers when it does submit?

Her abject fate who would not undergo
 That she might Vertue in such Triumph show?

Must. Though Friendship in may just persuasion fail,
 Yet, *Zanger*, your Religion should prevail.

Zanger. Since Nature no Religion knows but Love,
 He that loves most, does most Religious prove:

Religions true design in Love consists,
 Heav'n owns not that which States-men teach our Priests.

I love, but when I on the Queen reflect,
 The cause will more than justify th' effect.

Must. By seeing of your shipwrack I'll grow wise,
Zang. How can I shipwrack't be on Paradise?

Must. Something in your concern I hope to do:

Farewel; I must condemn and love you too: [Exeunt severally.]

Enter

Enter the Cardinal with Papers, the Duke of Vicer, and an Hungarian Gentleman.

Card. This for the Governour with your first speed.
This for Count *Urick*, this for *Urick*.
These are the Bills which will be paid at night.

Gent. Is it your pleasure to return at night?

Card. You must, and learn who of the Garrison
For n'd the revolt: be careful, and be gone.

Vicbe. Fortune's before you whereloe, for you come,
You'll happy be ev'n but of Christendom.

Card. I shall be, if the end as the begin.

Vicbe. You are for *Roxolana's* darling Son.
The glorious *Zanger* has a Message sent,

Which says, he means to find you in your Tent;
He whom our Queens bright beauty did surpize.

Card. A Lover speaks at first but with his eyes;
But if he now hath found his tongue, he'll say
Something which I perhaps am to convey.

Vicbe. Their happy interview may raise us all:
Men may look up who to the bottom fall.

Card. My Lord, his visit seems design'd in haste,
And to receive him I'll prepare as fast.

You must not go to *Buda*; you shall stay
And wait for our success: the Myrtle may

(Which does a forward Spring already show)
Even in a Camp where all things wither, grow:

In fumes records 'twill no great wonder prove,
If we, who fell by hatred, rise by love.

Enter Multapha and the Queen.

Must. Madam, your fortune would malicious be,
And make your beauty your worst Enemy.

I know with reason, Madam, you depend
On *Roxolana*, as your potent Friend;

But whilst the labours to restore your Throne,
Your beauty makes a Captive of her Son;

When the does that unhappy Conquest know,
Your kind Protectress will become your Foe.

Whilst fate against your beauty does conspire,
I grieve at the perfection I admire.

Queen. Do not believe, Great Prince, your Brother will
Submit to eyes where grief inhabits still;

To eyes in which there nothing now appears
To move a heart, unless it be their tears;

You but mistake his pity for his love.

Must. Thy passion, *Zanger*, why did I reprove?
Madam, where grief and beauty so excel;

Pity and love may both together dwell;
They both are but his duties sacrifice,

This to your fate is due, that to your eyes.

Queen. Your Vertue which does thus my fate lament,
May all the malice of that fate prevent

Conqu'ring a fortune so perverse as mine,
Will make you brighter than in Battel shine.

Must.

Must. Oh Heav'n! I feel my own subjection near,
Even then when she would have me rescue her.

Queen. Fortune in this has made her last assault,
She'd have me bear what is alone her fault,
And make the Empress think that I design

What cannot be her trouble more than mine.
Believe me, Gen'rous *Mustapha*, these eyes
Which made the last *Hungarian King* their prize,
Deserve more grief than to his *Urn* they pay,
When they do ought but weep themselves away.

Must. Whilst they shin'd out, who could resist their pow'r,
Which, through griefs clouds, crowns you a Conquerour?

Queen. Your Brother, when his passion seeks relief,
May owe his Cure to reason and my grief;
It will a blemish to his Vertue be,
If he with fortune join to ruine me;
And *Roxolana's* fame he much neglects,
In making her destroy whom she protects.
This you may tell him, Sir; and tell him too,
I had not sent him Counsel but by you.

Must. How, Madam, with your Counsel can you trust
One whom already you have made unjust?
For I shall give to *Zanger*, for your sake,
Counsel which I my self can never take.

Queen. Were you unjust when you did well express
The danger I incurr'd by his address,
And counsell'd me t' advise him to refrain
From love, which would his Mothers hatred gain?
The Counsel is not alter'd, but the same.

Must. But I am alter'd since I hither came.

Queen. It is not fit you should be understood,
I know you cannot change from what is good;
My case with pity should your heart inspire.

Must. Ah! who can pity what he does admire?
Your pity to my case is rather due:
How can I give that which I need from you?
Madam, I but in vain strive to conceal
A passion which my vanquish'd eyes reveal;
Instruct me how my self I should reclaim,
Before I *Zanger* for his passion blame;
Or rather teach us both how to endure
That wound, which you declare you cannot cure;
And do not trust our reason to subdue
A love, which reason does invite us to.

Queen. Oh Heav'n! in what wild Ocean am I lost?
The Tempest rises and I see no Coast.

Must. *Zanger*, not you, may tax me of a crime;
I came to counsel you from love of him;
But you, when you avoid my love, prevent
All he could wish me for a punishment;
Your int'rest brought me here to keep you free
From such a love as might your ruine be;
Let me, when gone, at least your pity have,
Dying for you whom I did come to save.

Queen. You cannot be so cruel as you seem:
Why do you break that heart which you esteem?

Leave me, you must not love, and should not hate
One cruel made by rigour of her fate.

Must. You should not of your destiny complain,
You are depos'd but with more power to reign.

Queen. Fate of this little beauty took a care,
Only by that to heighten my despair.

Since you resolve to stay, I must be gone,
True grief endures not any looker on;

And mine I feel to such a height does rise,
That 'twill I hope revenge me of my eyes.

Must. She is as tyrannous as she is fair, [Exit]
Born to breed love, and to beget despair;

I did lament her fortune, but I see
One much more cruel is reserv'd for me.

Can Zanger, for my love, my friendship blame,
When the same fire does us alike inflame?

My weakness cannot forfeit his esteem,
Since I but yield to that which conquer'd him;

To love whom he first lov'd, can be no more
Then if I hate whom he did hate before. [Exit]

THE THIRD ACT.

Enter Mustapha, Rustan, Pyrrhus.

Rust. 'TIS, Sir, the *Sultans* will to have it so.

Must. Tow'rd *Syria*! and to morrow must I go?

The order is severe, and I am sent,

Not to a fair retreat, but banishment.

My memory is ill if I have done

Ought that should make a Father hate a Son.

Rust. Great Sir, take heed lest you his kindness blame,

He sends you not to exile, but to fame;

His *Asian* Armies will be led by you:

Whilst he the West, you must the East subdue:

Since for high valour and for conduct too,

The publick voice allows that each of you

Is for the spacious worlds whole Conquest fit,

Why here should both subdue but part of it?

Must. You hold me up too high when I am prais'd,

I like a *Meteor* waste by being rais'd;

I am already by my Friends undone,

Praising the little Battels I have won;

And I the *Persians* should subdue in vain,

Losing a Father when I *Persia* gain.

Pyrrh. Your Father this distemper should approve,

Since you but jealous are of him you love.

Rust. If his displeasure hastens you away,

Do not increase it by desire to stay;

Or if his jealous love sent this command,

Yet do not inconvenient love withstand.

Pyrrh. Which way soever you consider it,

You should approve his orders and submit.

Must. I'm debter to you both; leave me a while
That I may grieve and duty reconcile.

Rust. You'll be defended against all offence,
Adding but patience to your innocence.

Exeunt Rustan, Pyrrhus.

Enter Zanger observing him.

Must. Fortune did never in one day design
For any heart, four torments great as mine;
To my Friend and Brother Rival am;
She, who did kindle, would put out my flame;
I from my Fathers anger must remove,
And that does banish me from her I love;
If, of these Four, the least a burthen be,
Oh how shall I support the other three?

Zang. Can my dear *Mustapha* a grief admit,
And not let *Zanger* know the cause of it?

Must. I having *Zangers* Friendship how could Fate
Destroy my peace but by my Fathers hate?
Time does too long with the afflicted last,
But now in my affliction moves too fast;
To morrow from to day will quickly grow,
And I to morrow must towards *Syria* go,
Unless your pow'r with *Roxolana* can
Revoke the order sent by *Solyman*.

Zang. Depart to morrow I no; let time run on;
My Mother stays, and you are yet not gone.

Sir, are you not of *Zangers* friendship sure?
And can you mourn for ills which he may cure?
But why do you aloud your grief deplore,
When I am silent, though I suffer more?
If by your foes you are to *Syria* sent,
You'll there in Armies gain by Banishment:
Persia, not you, th' event of this should fear,
Since by that hatred which does send you there
You will prevail as Victor of the field;
But Love stays me, where like his slave I yield.

Must. The highest glory conquest can bestow
I would not purchase by my leaving you.

Zang. To any Deity, but Love, men come
With open glory to their Martyrdom;
But I must perish and conceal my flame,
As if to be his Martyr were a shame.

Must. Yet no affliction, *Zanger*, can transcend
The grief of being banish'd from a Friend.

Zang. My grief much greater is, whilst I remain
Near her I love, and am not lov'd again.
Oh my dear *Mustapha*! when you have seen
The Tears and Beauties of th' *Hungarian* Queen;
Her Tears forbidding whom her Eyes invite,
Whilst she appears the joy and grief of fight;
Whilst empty hope does rise but to decline;
Then you will think your sorrows less than mine.

Must. Alas! you saw not more than I did see;
She who did conquer you, has conquer'd me;

And

And now I may my grief to yours prefer,
Since I am banish'd both from you and her.

Zang. Ha! did you see her, Sir, and see her so,
That from my friend you did my Rival grow?
You made your visit in a fatal hour.

Must. You know her eyes, and can you doubt their power?
In blaming me you will detract from them;
As those who do the conquer'd much condemn,
Do then disparage him who overcame;
Since all may yield to Worthies without shame.
None could her force resist, and how could I
Then chuse but yield? for none can from her flye.

Zang. Though we but seldom the subdu'd condemn
When we the Victors conduct much esteem;
Yet they are less excus'd if they did know,
From others harms, the forces of the Foe.

Must. If, *Zanger*, freedom of confession may
The anger due to an offence allay,
Then I acknowledge I my visit made,
That from your Love I might the Queen dissuade;
Yet 'twas in fear, lest whilst you did pursue
Your Love, your Mother might abandon you:
But if you had beheld that breaking light,
Which like a sudden dawn surpriz'd my sight,
Love would have seem'd 'gainst friendship a less sin,
Then not to love against her eyes had been;
I struggl'd much ere I his Fetters wore;
But that resistance show'd her power the more;
And where resistance could not conquest stay,
It was discretion quickly to obey.

Zang. Yet we may just to one another prove;
You are the Heir to Empire, I to Love;
You as the Eldest may the Scepter bear,
You first the world did see, I first saw her;
And as I no invasion would design
Against your right, so you should leave me mine.

Must. If by meer sight we may possession take,
How vain is that long Love which Lovers make?
None but the sleepy can their fortune doubt;
Men need but rise betimes and look about:
But she must be by merits claim possesst,
And he who loves her most, deserves her best.

Zang. Deserves her! This all injuries exceeds;
Her, by your words you wrong, me by your deeds;
He of her Love unworthy does appear,
Who does but think that he can merit her;
It may of her, ev'n as of Heaven be said,
Which, though attain'd, is never merited;
If loving her can any merit be,
Who is the man that dares contend with me?

Must. I am the man who silence all that boast
How much they love; for I love more and most;
And will not such a wretched Lover be,
As meerly to depend on courtesie.
He who declares that he no merit has,
Then when he loves, does heedlessly disgrace.

Her whom he thinks he highly does prefer,
 By saying, that no Love can merit her;
 As if her Vertue could not soon improve
 To her own value all that dare make Love.
 Love makes both sexes equal and but one;
 A Cottage-Lover may deserve a Throne.
 Love is, like Valour, still improv'd by praise:
 And whilst I thus Love's merit highly raise,
 I would not the reward of it destroy;
 The beauty whom I love I must enjoy.

Zang. Did ever Love assume a shape like this?
 Or Passion talk with such an Emphasis?
 Your sence of Banishment does dangerous grow,
 It sends your reason from you e're you go.

Must. Zanger, you may my banishment approve,
 Because my absence may promote your Love.

Zang. Affliction makes men wise, but seldom vain:
 You fear your absence more than her disdain.
 The Empress's strait still in your cause appear,
 And get you License to continue here;
 And since you height of Love as merit boast,
 Make good your claim by daring to love most.

Must. What destiny ordain'd me to contend
 Against so brave a Rival and a Friend?
 And yet my passion I must still pursue:
 Let Love which makes my fault, excuse it too.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter Solyman, Rustan, Pyrrhus.

Soly. Were my Commands with such surprize receiv'd?

Pyrrh. He seem'd as much amaz'd as he was griev'd.

Rust. Wonder and grief did his condition fit,
 Though each did seem to th' other opposite;
 Wonder infer'd he knew not his offence,
 But so much grief disgrac'd his innocence.

Pyrrh. Yet grieving for a punishment from you,
 He does but pay that sorrow which is due.

Rust. When your dislike does up to anger climb;
 You reach too high for an intended crime;
 Such grief as his no fiction could admit.

Soly. I may believe he did not counterfeit;
 For having on my stage begun his part,
 I call'd him off e're he could show his Art.

Rust. Can he who is so highly born and bred,
 Walk under ground, and be by Traytors led?

Soly. From harmless Child-hood I with tender care
 Did breed him up to all the harms of War;
 I taught him, that unguarded innocence
 Serv'd but to tempt the powerful to offence;
 That none are safe from wrongs, but when so strong
 As alwaies to be able to do wrong;
 That only valour is true faith, and those
 Do most trust Heav'n who alwaies life expose;
 I taught him Vertue, and to love her so
 As tame Philosophers durst never do;
 Enduring for her sake the pangs of power,
 And all the toyls that make a Conquerour:

For none but Chiefs who firmly these endure,
 Can reach such pow'r as may the good secure:
 I taught him such a greatness as might be
 From all the yokes of Subjects counsel free:
 None but our Prophet Empire understood,
 Which, when 'tis bounded, ceases to be good;
 His Sword did two Usurping Saints devour,
 Forbidding ev'n the Saints to share his power:
 He blest Heav'n's King, who Monarchy first made,
 And prais'd him cause he no companion had.
 All this I taught my Son; but when we give
 Our young Successors counsel how to live,
 They are in haste, thinking we do them wrong,
 And we their lives mis-spent when we live long.

Enter Roxolana.

Rox. Forgive me, *Sultan*, if I boldly sue
 In Natures cause between your Son and you;
 Those orders which to *Mustapha* you sent,
 His filial kindness takes for Banishment.
 When you your Successors so far remove,
 Reason may make him jealous of your Love;
 I'll answer for the kindness of his grief,
 And you'll want pity if he wants relief.

Soly. Alas! 'tis far above a Womans art
 To reach the height of an aspiring heart:
 He who by craft, my Armies love procures,
 Can never want the cunning to gain yours.

Rox. Seduce your Armies love! no humane skill
 Can do it, and, I hope, he wants the will.

Soly. The Nations whom I lead will not seem strange;
 If they, like other Nations long for change;
 For men of what they have soon weary grow,
 When they the utmost value of it know;
 And long to change plain things, which they possess;
 For that which hope does gild with promises.

Rox. Be to your self and to your Army just:
 You should their love and your own merit trust.
 Prodigious jealousy, how can it shoot
 And spring to such a height without a root?

Soly. It may a while be hidden from your eye;
 For roots are deepest where the trees are high.

Rustan and Pyrrhus can direct your sight;
 But they a Curtain draw before the light.

Rox. Perhaps they find what they are loth to see;
 Vertue in others may offensive be

To some, who when it is to lustre grown
 Are jealous that it may Eclipse their own.

Sultan, no Curtain can be drawn so wide,
 That it the Sun can from the people hide:

The world is full of *Mustapha's* renown.

Rust. Yet we offend in telling what is known.

Rox. You injure him whose virtues you conceal:

Rust. We need not shew what does it self reveal.

Soly. I tax them not that they his Vertue hide,
 But they conceal the danger of his pride:
 His race of glory is too soon begun.

Rox. None blame the early rising of the Sun,

V

Nor

Nor wish for Clouds his lustre to disgrace.

Soly. But if he shines too fully in my face,
I'll draw a Curtain and his lustre hide;
His glory shall not make me turn aside.
The shining *Mustapha* must change his Sphere;
He threatens me worse than a Comet here.

Rox. Can *Solyman* by those forsaken be
Whom he so often led to Victory?

Soly. They by the many Battels I have won,
Think all the stock of my success is gone:
Though fortune often grac'd me in the field,
And many favours hung upon my shield;
Yet now cold looks men to my winter bring,
Whilst they rejoyce at my Successours Spring:
Fortune they think is to his youth in debt,
And what she pays to him they hope to get.

Rox. Though glory may a while his youth mis-guide,
Yet he has duty to correct his pride.
Nature does give him counsel against this.

Soly. Pride is more natural then duty is;
Duty is only taught by care and Art,
Pride is by Nature planted in the heart:
He who to Empire hastily aspires,
Is only counsell'd by his own desires;
And thinks all crimes which help him to a Crown
Are then absolv'd when he does put it on.

Rox. I fear you have discover'd more than I
Discern'd, who on your judgment must rely;
Therefore, in care of you, I beg he may
For a few days have liberty to stay:
That licence is to narrow time confin'd:
If he has any publick crime design'd,
He must by many hands assisted be:
Crouds are inconstant and want secrecy:
If guilty, why should you his death delay?
If innocent, he then may safely stay:
Your anger ought to kill where it does touch;
His Exile is too little or too much.

Pyrrh. When in few days this secret shall look out,
Punish his crime, or else suppress his doubt.

Rust. Be pleas'd t' allow what th' Empress does advise,
And seem to wink, whilst we employ our Spies;
Your doubts will just appear, or quickly cease,
Excuse your anger, or restore your peace:
Let not the Prince, whilst thus suspected lie
Beyond the reach and terrour of your eye.

Soly. Go, I'll consider e're I change his doom;
I'll reckon what is past, and what may come.
Oh *Roxolana*! Fate in vain bestows
Continual Conquests o're my open Foes;
Whilst it a tumult raises in my brest,
Fiercer than all those Wars I have suppress.
Justice perswades what Nature fain would shun.
Pity a Father who must hate his Son.

{ *Exeunt Rustan,*
{ *Pyrrhus.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter the Queen and Zanger.

Zang. He who can all his love contain in words,
Has such a heart as little love affords.

Queen. He has too much for those who none return;
You know my sorrow, and for whom I mourn;
From such a guilty person you should flee;
As does the duty want by grief to die.

Zang. I would not in my wishes covet more
Than to change fates with him whom you deplore;
You crown'd him with your love when he did live,
And to his death your life in sorrow give.
But, Madam, why will you so highly grieve,
For one more happy dead, than I who live?
You are in this unjust than your Fate,
Wasting your sorrows on the fortunate.
Heav'n did his death design to make it known
That you a blessing are too great for one,
The Christian world did to your beauty bow,
Which o're our larger world must govern now.

Queen. In pity and in prudence, Sir, forbear,
To speak what my discretion should not hear.

Zang. Lovers high thoughts to wonders are inclin'd
And boundless thoughts suit not with speech confin'd.
I wonder much how he, whom you bemoan,
Having your love, could not defend your Throne;
And how by any force he was suppress'd,
Whilst with the influence of your favour blest.
But, Madam, now his losses you repair,
For you revenge all his defeats in War;
Fate did deny his Sword success in fight,
Only by that to do your beauty right.

Queen. Your raising me by your depressing him,
May find my hatred seeking my esteem.

Enter Mustapha.

Zang. Ha! I employ'd my Mother for his stay,
And Rival-like he hastens me away;
But I'm past hope, and need no Rival fear.

Must. This visit without leave may rude appear:
Yet, Madam, when you shall vouchsafe to know
That I to-morrow must tow'ards Syria go;
The opinion of my rudeness you'll re-call:
I must attend you now or not at all.
Think on a Lovers sorrow, who removes
From seeing and from serving what he loves;
Whilst he suspects those blessings are design'd
For a more happy Rival left behind;
Do but allow your pity to allay
That sorrow which your love might take away.

Zang. Madam, if this request successful be
Then I shall need your pity more than he:
I am destroy'd if this be not deny'd,
For pity is to love too near ally'd.
Loves wounds are safe when of your pity sure;
The wounds you pity you desire to cure.

Must. Your love does make you cruel when you plead
Against that pity which your Friend does need.

Zang.

Zang. Your Love in high injustice does delight,
Pleading to get your Friend's and Brother's right.

Must. You have declar'd that Love no right can show
But what a Mistress freely does bestow.

Zang. As of the fair new world he claim'd a right
Who chanc'd to have it first within his sight;
So, since to me she did the first appear,
I claim the right of a Discoverer.

Must. The first Discov'rer only saw the shore;
The second claim'd possession seeing more.
In your first seeing, and then loving her,
The favour of your fortune did appear,
Not greatness of your love; for all, like you,
Having but eyes to see, would love her too.
You but the beauty of her face did find;
I made the rich discovery of her mind.
You of the borders of *Elizium* boast,
Her mind is all the Inland to that Coast.
I by a second voyage finding more
Of beauty than was ever found before;
More in it to be lov'd and worshipp'd too,
Must therefore love her more than you can do.

Zang. Amongst the Priests of Love there Casuists be,
Who Love's Religion vex with Sophistry;
But I for sacrifice bring such a heart
As Nature offers in disdain of Art.

Queen. Princes no more. You both but vainly strive
To be possess'd of what I should not give;
That which I should not give, you should not take,
Nor prize my Love when Duty I forsake:
It is in me impiety to stay.
Detain not whom the dead does call away.

She offers to go out, Zanger stays her.

Zang. Stay, Madam. When the Clouds of grief are gone,
Which cannot darken long so bright a Sun,
Let *Zanger* in his love so happy be
That none may happier prove in yours than he :-
If you to any others suit incline,
Then my Successors Love disgraces mine.
This is not envy, but does rather show
I prize my love because 'tis given to you.

Must. True Friendship, Madam, cannot yield to this;
If you reject my Love, accept of his;
Next to your Love the blessing I would chuse
Is that my Friend may gain what I must lose.

Zang. I am amaz'd at what you seem to do;
Let me not bear Loves wounds and Friendships too.

Must. Only those Lovers should be counted true
Who Beauties int'rest, not their own pursue;
Who nobly would, when by their fortune cross'd,
Have others get what to themselves is lost.
None but the Fiends can with Heav'n empty were,
Because they cannot get possession there.

Zang. This gallantry does reconcile in you
The utmost of revenge and friendship too;
Revenge appears most sensible and high
In placing favours on an Enemy.

Forgive

Forgive me if that style I undergo;
He who a Rival is, is then a Foe.
Friendship till now did ne'er so high ascend
As to endure a Rival in a Friend:

In one bright Sphere we may together move,
Whilst you excel in Friendship, I in Love,
But having paid what to my Love was due,
Let me discharge my debt of Friendship too.
Madam, I thus would expiate my crime;
That which he beg'd for me I beg for him.
Tracing his steps how can I surer tread?
I'll follow virtue which I should have led.

Queen. This which you Beauty call so much offends;
When it does Rivals make of two such Friends,
That I, by drowning it, will give relief
To your unequall'd Friendship and my grief.

[*She weeps.*]

Zang. Against that Beauty why should you repine
Which makes our Friendship with such lustre shine?

Must. You wrong the world when you your beauty wrong;
That and the Sun to all the world belong.

Queen. My grief is greater than I should endure;
I'll fly from wounds I make and cannot cure.

[*Exit, and they gaze after her.*]

Must. Oh, Zanger, look not after her so long!
Through all her clouds her lustre is too strong.

Zang. As courage of weak Towns, in their defence
Against strong Armies, is held insolence,
So I, resisting Fate in this assault,
May make ev'n fortune become a fault.

Enter Achmat, and whispers Zanger.

Achm. The Empress, Sir, commanded me to say
She has prevail'd, and *Mustapha* shall stay.

Zang. Leave us, we shall her pleasure straight attend.

[*Ex. Achmat.*]

Must. What froward message does my fortune send?

Zang. Sir, you are timely eas'd of half your fear.
My Mother says that you shall tarry here.
Since I have this procur'd, you may allow
Your self to think that I will keep my vow,
I have in friendship vow'd not to survive
The fatal day on which you cease to live.
And 'tis a work more difficult and high
To help a Rival than it is to die.

Must. I know you'll keep your vow, and I some sign
Have giv'n that I shall faithful prove to mine.
I vow'd, if by succession I should gain
Th' Imperial Scepter, you should with me reign.
And since in Love's nice interest I comply
(Whose Empire is secur'd by jealousy,
And where each Lover strives to rule alone)
I can admit a Rival in my Throne.

[*They embrace, Exit.*]

Enter Thuricus, Viche, Cleora.

Viche. Ha! Will she leave the Camp? who can prepare
Council for changes which so sudden are?

Thur. My Lord, her resolution must seem strange;
But, as 'tis sudden, so it soon may change:

She did by me a second offer make ;
 Urging the Empress instantly to take
 The keys of *Buda*, our revolting Town ;
 Hoping by quitting that to keep the Crown.

Viche. What was the answer which the Empress made ?

Thur. She summon'd all the glory that she had ;
 Then said, she would not from the Queen receive
 A Present till she could a greater give.
 And then declar'd, her *Sultan* ought and must
 Esteem that faith which did his honour trust ;
 That he by conquest should proceed no more ;
 And what his glory took it should restore.

Enter Cardinal, and Queen.

Cleora. The Cardinal seems thoughtful, and the Queen
 Does feel more sorrow than she would have seen.

Exeunt Thurcius, Viche, Cleora.

Card. But when pursu'd will you from refuge run,
 And Sanctuaries shut against your Son ?
 Your Infant, whilst from proffer'd love you flye,
 Must meet the hatred of your Enemy.
Rustan has long your Royal house abhor'd ;
 And he is now to former pow'r restor'd :
 The storm which from the Empress he endur'd
 Has his foundation try'd, and strength secur'd.

Queen. When you the Princes proffer'd loves commend,
 You seem to Empire, not to me, a Friend :
 And when your King I in his Grave forsake,
 I lose more love than you would have me take.

Card. Be taught by Nature ; she forsakes the Dead ;
 Your precious Tears you but on ashes shed,
 Which now an Urn keeps sacred, but they must
 By wand'ring Winds be blown with common dust.
 Nature does turn her looks from Death's ill Face ;
 Where ruine does not Nature's strength disgrace,
 But by the slightness of man's Fabrick shows
 (Which time ev'n with a touch soon overthrows)
 That she made flow'rs intending they should fade,
 And Mourners erre when Nature they upbraid.
 It is at once Idolatry and Pride
 To place on Altars what she throws aside.
 Love only to the living does belong :
 Loving the dead you all the living wrong ;
 And both betray and lose love's int'rest when
 You love the dead who cannot love again.

Queen. But is there to the dead no sorrow due ?

Card. What useful grows only fit for you.
 Grieve not for one made useless being gone ;
 But favour those who may restore your Throne.

Queen. Since both the Princes do alike pretend,
 Which to my favour will you most commend ?
 If I must love, and shall be taught by you,
 I cannot, sure, be counsell'd to love two.

Card. But you may favour both, and may disguise
 Or shew your love as int'rest shall advise.

Queen. I cannot int'rest by such arts improve,
 Seeming to favour whom I do not love :

Nor with two Faces severally invite
From both what I in neither can requite.

Card. Yet do not both for want of loving lose;
But suddenly consider which to chuse.
In gaining *Zanger* you the Empress gain;
But *Mustapha* must by succession reign.

Queen. Each is sufficient to restore my Throne.
But, whilst for Empire you are studious grown,
You nothing for the other world prepare.
My Lord, take Heav'n a little in your care.
How can I ought of love from Princes hear,
Who scorn those Altars where I kneel with fear?

Card. They their Religion did by Conquest make,
And will no Rules but from their Conquerors take.
If they, till taught, can never truth discern,
They must be conquer'd to be made to learn.
And since no Pow'r but Love can them subdue,
Madam, they must be overcome by you.
But she who will o'come in Love's fair field
Must by her yielding make her Lover yield.

Queen. My Lord, your Purple Robe has study'd well;
Must I this way convert an Infidel?

Card. Love is persuasive and will soonest teach.

Queen. They both can to the top of Empire reach;
But cannot soar to our Religions height.

Card. By trusting *Mustapha* you'll teach him Faith.

Enter Cleora.

Cleora. My Lord, Prince *Mustapha* is in your Tent.

Card. Madam, my thoughts are with true duty bent
To serve your Throne. Do not kind Fortune lose
When she presents you two great Lotteries to chuse.

Exit Cardinal.

Queen. Without a Clue I'm in a Lab'rynt left;
And where even Hope is of her Eyes bereft.

With Noble *Zanger* *Mustapha* contends,
They strive as Rivals, and they yield as Friends.

I injure one if I the other chuse;
And keeping either I the Sultan lose.

Flying from both I from my refuge run;
And by my staying shall destroy my Son.

Them for their false Religion I eschew;
Though I have found their virtue ever true.

And when Religion sends my thoughts above,
This Card'nal calls them down and talks of Love.

And simple Love (which does as little know
State-interest as Religion ought to do)

He would, bold with ambition, lead through all
The dark and crooked walks where Serpents crawl.

His Priests to what he counsels gravely bow;
Whilst other Priests condemn what those allow.

Those would by Pious craft restore our loss;
These scorn the Crescent should redeem the Cross.

Zeal against Policy maintains debate;
Heav'n gets the better now, and now the State.

The Learned do by turns the Learn'd consult;
Yet all depart unalter'd by dispute.

The Priestly Office cannot be deny'd ;
 It wears Heav'n's Liv'ry, and is made our Guide.
 But why should we be punish'd if we stray,
 When all our Guides dispute which is the way?

THE FOURTH ACT.

Enter Queen, and Cleora.

Queen. **D**ispatch, *Cleora*, lest we should be seen.
 Lay my disguise beneath the Couch within.
 You should have sent to call the Cardinal ;
 I have forgot my Letters. Burn them all.
 Here, take the Key ! make up my Jewels straight.
 You shall attend me at the Eastern Gate :
 But burn my Letters in the inner Tent.

Cleora. I fear you will this haste too soon repent.

Queen. Fortune, with thy distemp'ers I must strive ;
 And from a crime will not my cure derive.
 Those who by policy their actions steer
 Faint when they faults as well as losses bear ;
 But those who on firm virtue still rely,
 May boldly perish when they guiltless die.

Cleora. 'Twere want of necessary Faith in me
 To think your virtue can successless be.
 All your commands I'll instantly obey.

Queen. Our flight, *Cleora*, cannot brook delay ;
 Nor can I any pause to fear allow.

Enter Roxolana.

Rox. You were my Guest, but are my Pris'ner now.
 Do you not tremble seeing me appear ?

Queen. None but the guilty should have sense of fear.

Rox. Dismiss *Cleora* ! we must be alone
 To reckon both what I and you have done.

Queen. Retire ! Th' intentions of my flight are all
 Betray'd by her, or by the Cardinal.

[*Exit Cleora.*]

Rox. To make the Audit of my actions true
 I'll briefly take their Register from you.
 Did I not struggle in your Sons defence,
 When with no Armour but his innocence
 The rescue of his Crown I undertook,
 Whom all his Nation, being arm'd, forsook ?

Queen. Madam, of what you did this is the least.

Rox. No Bird, new fledg'd, and frighted from his Nest,
 Could, more than he, be of his home bereft,
 Or more to Nature's casual mercy left.
 Did I not boldly his weak cause maintain
 Against the Vizier and the whole *Divan*,
 Though from their number I did need defence ?
 For number has a prosperous impudence,

Which

Which more prevails in Courts than in the Field,
Making by clamour single Foes rise, yield,
And I was forc'd, when charg'd by the Divan,
To my last strength, the love of *Solyman*.

Queen. Your Enemies could not but many be,
You having then all that were so to me.

Rox. When, without leave, you did adventure here,
And, by the right of War, my Pris'ner were,
Did I not then my favours so extend
That you became no Pris'ner but my Friend?

When *Buda* you did offer to resign,
Did I not constantly the gift decline,
And in your cause the *Sultan* did implore,
That what his Sword had gain'd he would restore?

Queen. All bounties, Madam, must to yours submit,
Which nothing equals but my sense of it.

Rox. Having confest my allegations true,
Mark what returns has since been made by you,
For more than hope of what you wist to be,
For your protection and your liberty,
For all I did, and purpos'd to have done,
You, in requital have enslav'd my Son.

A Son, who never yet my will controul'd
Till he your fatal beauty did behold:
But now, with that enchanted, is no more
By his own reason rul'd, nor by my pow'r.
What my designs have built, you have o'rethrow'n,
And I, in *Zanger's* ruine, feel my own.
My patience has not strength for this assault.

Queen. Oh do not make my misery my fault.
You now confirm all my Propheetic fears,
I did employ my Reason, Pray'r, and Tears,
To make the Prince his Fatal Love decline:
I knew you would resent his fault as mine:
But I, alas! found my dissuasions vain.

Rox. Why did you not betimes to me complain?

Queen. Who to a Mother could accuse a Son,
Or lead you to that grief which you would shun?
When I perceiv'd his Love was fixt so sure,
That 'twas above my Tears and Reasons cure,
I did resolve in a disguise to flie
Where I unknown might in a Cloister die,
And, lest you might suspect what I design'd,
This Letter I did mean to leave behind.
Which begs your pardon, and informs you too
My flight was but in thankfulness to you,
Nor can I doubt your mercy to my Son,
VWhen I, to keep your love, from *Zanger's* run.

[*Roxolana reads the Letter to her self.*]

Rox. In taxing you, who now so just appear,
I am more guilty than I thought you were,
Nor can you your revenge more cruel make
Than when you shew the guilt of my mistake.

Queen. Of what is past you shew too great a sense;
The reparation does exceed th' offence.
Agen you'll wound me if you treat me so;
I only meant my innocence to show;

Y

You,

You, seeing that, make me obtain my end.

Rox. You must my pardon seal, and be my Friend.

And that I may deserve what I request,

I'll lodge my greatest secret in your breast.

I know you will be ever kind and just.

Queen. No obligation binds so much as trust.

Rox. The Friendship plac'd by my unhappy Son
On *Mustapha*, is not to you unknown.

Queen. To that high Friendship I no stranger am:

A nobler never yet was told by Fame.

Rox. Ah Queen! from that dire Friendship I receive

The deepest wound which Fate did ever give.

You know the bloody custom of this Crown;

Nought but the Sultan's life secures my Son;

For when the Eldest does the Throne enjoy,

He must the Younger by our Laws destroy.

Queen. That custom he by friendship will reclaim.

Rox. Friendship, to Love and Pow'r, seems but a name.

Though *Mustapha* has Virtue and Renown

Fit to possess and dignify a Crown:

(For never yet did any Sultan's Son

Perform and promise more than he has done)

Yet when he shall th' Imperial Scepter bear

He must become my Zanger's Murderer.

For that is made a righteous Law by time.

Which Law at first did judge the highest Crime.

Queen. Pow'r's private safety is the publick good.

It lives in health by letting others bleed.

Rox. The Sultan's love gives me a pow'r so high

That I to this could give a remedy

If Zanger did not secret Friendship pay,

Even with Religious Rites, to *Mustapha*,

All my designs fond Zanger does oppose,

Who saving *Mustapha* himself will lose.

Queen. Your Fate against your Virtue does conspire.

Rox. Alas I must destroy what I admire.

In this attempt I shall your aid implore:

And since your beauty they do both adore,

You must love *Mustapha*, and slight my Son;

Despair may do what reason should have done:

For Friendship never yet could climb above

The high resentments of neglected love.

Queen. Madam, the weight you on my bosom lay

I cannot bear, nor your commands obey.

Prince *Mustapha* my love can never have;

My King and Love are bury'd in one Grave.

Rox. If *Mustapha* cannot your love obtain,

It may suffice when you affection feign.

Queen. But Honour, Madam, quickly will forget

And lose it self whilst it does counterfeit;

As men a little w'd to speak untrue

The just remembrance lose of what they knew,

Till their first shapes grow to themselves unknown.

Rox. Can this be said by you who wear a Crown?

When

When from your heart your looks do different show,
 Love does but change the weather of your Brow;
 Which should no more a constant meaning bear,
 Then th' outward face of Heav'n should still be clear.
 The Great should in their Thrones mysterious be;
 Dissembling is no worse than mystery.
 Obscurity is that which terror moves;
 The gods most awful seem'd in shady Groves.
 And our wise Prophet's Text a reverence bears
 Where it is hard and needs Interpreters.

Queen. I ever was without dissembling bred,
 And in my open Brow my thoughts were read:
 None but the guilty keep themselves unknown.

Rox. No wonder we so soon subdu'd your Throne;
 When wise Dissimulation, which should guard
 Chief Pow'r and make th' approaches to it hard,
 Was banish'd from your Court to Rebel-states,
 To Conclaves, Councils, and small Magistrates;
 These stronger grow than Monarchs who refuse
 The close false-Armour which their Subjects use.

Queen. Madam, you teach what Christians are not taught;
 And seem to soar as high in flights of thought
 As now your Empire wide in compass swells.

Rox. Sure Christian Kings live not in Courts but Cells.
 That is un-courtly, ill-bred innocence
 Which cannot with dissembled love dispence.
 You must dissemble love to *Mustapha*,
 And make him think by what you often say,
 That you for love can mourn and languish too.

Queen. Madam, I shall need counsel what to do.
Rox. How, Madam? you may counsel take of me,
 But should from Subjects counsel still be free.
 We, but in asking it from Subjects, give
 Much more of value than we can receive.
 We give our secrets to them, which, when known,
 May make their int'rest greater than our own.
 By counsel men perswade or else direct;
 Direction like appointment we suspect:
 And ev'n perswasion does the Throne invade;
 For slaves may govern whom they can perswade.
 Advise your self and boldly then proceed;
 Counsel must yield to courage and to speed.

Queen. When I shall counsel ask, I'll none reveal;
 I can advise my self what to conceal.

Rox. I'll press you now no farther, but retire.
 Madam, improve what Honour shall inspire.
 If that which I request may not be done
 You ruine me, and *Zanger*, and your Son.
 But, e're I go, assure me of your stay.

Queen. In this, because I can, I will obey. [*Ex. Roxolana.*]
 No Fortune aims at more than she can do:
 She takes my Crown, then tempts my Virtue too.
 I am for *Mustapha's* true love in debt,
 Which I will never pay with counterfeit.

Enter Cardinal.

Card. Madam, last night I did advise your stay;
 But now I come to hasten you away.

Time

Time has been active since I saw you last.

Queen. Shall I trust Councils which can change so fast?

Card. By various ways we may our end pursue.

Councils should alter as their causes do.

Physicians, Madam, will not think it strange

If I change Med'cines when Diseases change.

The Pilot, of most firm and constant mind,

Must shift his course and turn with ev'ry wind.

Enter Thuricus, Viche.

Thur. The Sultan's Troops, more swift than in Alarms,

Are, without orders, running to their Arms.

Viche. Rustan does now in several shapes appear;

For he is often alter'd by his fear.

Card. The Army is so bent to Mutiny

That *Mustapha* does counsel you to flye.

Madam, we all are to your flight inclin'd.

Queen. But, to this place, my Lord, I am confin'd;

And by a tye which has such influence

That I will rather dye than flye from hence.

A mutinous noise is heard.

Card. Their anger is grown loud! Madam, 'tis fit

That you send out to know the cause of it.

Queen. Make haste my Lords; and severally enquire

If those who rais'd this storm can raise it higher;

And when you have the danger of it learn'd

Observe how far the Princes are concern'd.

[*Exeunt Thuricus, Viche.*

Enter Cleora at another door, and whispers the Queen.

Cleor. *Zarma* has hastily a whisper brought

Which says, that means for your escape is wrought.

This Tempest *Mustapha* would have you shun;

And she will help to send away your Son.

Queen. O how am I perplext? secure him Heav'n!

[*Aside.*

I have my Faith to *Roxolana* given

To assure her of my stay, by which my Son

May in my Fortunes equal hazard run.

[*Whispers Cleora.*

Go strait to *Roxolana's* Tent, and here

Observe what change does in her looks appear.

[*Exit Cleora.*

Card. Madam, you said you would not fly from hence:

'Tis a resolve of fatal consequence.

Queen. The cause of that resolve I must conceal;

But will a secret of more use reveal.

The Prince has by his Presents *Zarma* won,

Who will contrive to send away my Son.

This is a business worthy your debate.

Card. Unhappy is the Minister of State

Whom for successful counsel you despise,

Yet that conceal by which he should advise.

His fate and not his skill you ought to blame

Who plays the Cards yet must not see the Game.

If I but hold the Cards which you will play,

I throw your judgment not my own away.

Queen. But this which needs your counsel open lies.

Card. To what you have reveal'd I thus advise.

Your Son, to *Buda* flying, will redeem

By his own loss those who abandon'd him,

You trust the Conquer'd who were false before;
 And by distrust provoke the Conquerour.
 How can your Son by flight advantag'd be,
 Who quits the Port to meet a storm at Sea?
 And doubtless, Madam, you by staying here
 The whole revenge of his escape must bear.
 These are the dangers which attend his flight;
 But he is safe in *Roxolana's* fight.
 For, till her growing pow'r you can suspect,
 Doubt not his safety whom she does protect.

Queen. Your reasons urging his continuance here,
 Like Rays of light, are sudden, strong, and clear.
 My Lord, as these convince me for his stay,
 So let my counsel hasten you away.
 The Mutinous, who now in tumult rise,
 Hate our Religion, and your Robe despise.
 This storm you may in *Buda* safely see.

Card. Madam, it will no more my wonder be
 That you, not trusting me, disguis'd appear,
 Since you suspect I am so faint with fear
 As to forsake my *Queen* in her distress.
 But, Madam, walk in Clouds and trust me less:
 Though but in part your mind you will declare,
 Yet in your whole misfortunes I will share:
 And though my counsels may defective seem,
 I'll by my sufferings merit your esteem.

Queen. Our greatest Councilours think we are unjust
 When our least thoughts are hidden from their trust;
 And till (by knowing th' utmost that we know)
 Those restless Councilours may our Rulers grow,
 They do not love us, and they sullen seem;
 But after care not though we love not them.

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

Enter Solymán, Rustán, Pyrrhus.

Shouts are heard from within.

Soly. What Shouts are these?

Rust. Shouts which your Souldiers pay,
 Hearing Prince *Mustapha* has leave to stay.

Pyrrh. About his Tents the joyful Souldiers croud.

Soly. There was no need their joy should be so loud,
 Their shouts of Triumph never rose so high.

Rust. It shews they love him more than Victory.
 And when these shouts they in your presence make,
 It is a sign they love him for your sake.

Soly. How long can they the Father love, who run
 With such a guilty kindness to the Son?
 'Tis much to do it, more to show it so.

Pyrrh. Men never fear to pay the debts they owe.

Soly. He takes that love which does belong to me,
 And lets me reign but by his courtesie:
 His early acquisition shews his skill
 In ruling, and his pow'r declares his will.

Rust. Suspicion's good un'less it start too soon;
 And then does faster than th' offender run.
 If he pursues, too early and too fast,
 Your Armies love, he erres but in his haste.

Your Jealousie and his desire to gain
That love from which he should a while abstain,
May be excus'd; for neither is a crime
But as you both may erre in point of time.

Pyrrh. Why should your Armies kindness be his fault?

Soly. They love or hate but so as they are taught.
By fear Usurpers should their pow'r sustain;
But a true Prince chiefly by love should reign:
Whilst, in loose knots, fear but the body binds,
We strongly rule by love our Subjects minds.

Rust. Yet wisest Monarchs by success have prov'd
That it is safer to be fear'd than lov'd.

For Subjects, as they please, their love dispense,
But always fear as it does please the Prince.
A King should more the ruling pow'r esteem
Plac'd in himself than when 'tis lodg'd in them.

Soly. That error is destructive to a state:

For whom soe're the people fear they hate.

This is in me and in my Subjects true:

For fearing *Mustapha* I hate him too.

And he, even in my Camp, my pow'r controuls;

I ruling but their Bodies, he their Souls.

Pyrrh. By his first deeds he seem'd to study you;

And of your story a fair Copy drew.

Can he deface the Virtue he has shown

And on his fathers Ruine build his Throne?

Soly. Since on Ambition's wings he means to rise

He will both hate and slight all Natures Ties.

A Fathers name cannot his Nature fright

From Glory when it does his youth invite.

Th' enchanting sound of Pow'r so charms his Ear,

That he will now no other Musick hear.

New shouts are heard, at which Solyman starts:

This insolence is loud enough to wake

Revenge from duller sleep than death can make.

Rust. Perhaps not understanding their offence,

They deem this duty which is insolence,

And think they not offend in what they do.

Soly. My Army then is bravely taught by you.

Can any ignorant of Treason be

Who shout for ought but victory and me?

Rust. Yet do not, Sir, decline what I advise.

Repentance is a noble Sacrifice.

But if, when taught, their crime they should pursue,

'Twill justify what you intend to do.

Pyrrh. When but a few into offences run,

Justice may safely punish what is done.

But when whole Camps are kindled to a flame,

Perswasion then, not force, must them reclaim.

Rustan. Revenge, which to the injur'd does belong,

Can be successful only to the strong.

Your Foes you summon e're their Towns you storm:

If to your Army now you less perform,

They all in Arms for *Mustapha* will rise,

Because you use them worse than Enemies.

Soly. I yield to your advice, go both, and try

To make them in their joys more mannerly.
 My race of Glory did proceed too fast.
 My Armies now grow weary of my haste.
 And yet, though tir'd, they shout and gladly run
 To see me overtaken by my Son:
 All in this Race are stopt when overtook;
 And I, whom all did follow, am forsook:
 Forsook by him whom I begot and bred:
 I'm left behind by those whom I have led.
 Must I, like Conqu'ring Fleets, when storms begin,
 Take all my glorious Flags and Streamers in?
 Though *Mustapha* by Heavens decree was sent
 To warn great Monarchs by my punishment,
 Yet he does Heav'n offend, offending me.
 What means our Prophet by this mystery?
 My Son's ordain'd to what he should not do
 And I to bear what I should punish too.

*Exeunt Rustan,
 Pyrrhus.*

[Exit.]

*Enter Mustapha, Zanger.
 Mustapha seems very pensive.*

Zang. Ah Prince! you wrong your love whilst you admit
 Another Passion thus to reign with it.

Must. Zanger, my grief may well my heart subdue,
 Since 'tis too great to be reveal'd to you.
 Pity that Fate with which I now contend;
 It makes me hide my danger from my Friend.

Zang. What can you seem unwilling to declare,
 After confessing you my Rival are?
 Or of that Friendship are you not secure
 Which did, unshaken, such a proof endure?

Must. Let what I heard be silenc'd as untrue,
 Since my believing it may trouble you:
 And yet my speaking it may pardon'd be
 Since your not hearing it may ruine me.

Zang. What can I more an injury esteem
 Than when by silence you distrustful seem?

Must. Alas! you know not that you are unjust
 When thus you take my kindness for distrust.
 Be loth to hear what I shall speak with pain.

Zang. I torment feel in that which you retain.

Must. Your Mother with the *Vizier* is agreed:
 And she hath secretly my death decreed.

Zang. You wrong me, Brother, and your self deceive:
 And I wrong nature when I this believe.

Must. I'll rather perish by your mis-belief
 Than give you evidence t' increase your grief.
 Farewel! the duty of a Son retain.

You'll hear your Brother, and your Friend is slain.

Zang. 'Twere cruel, Sir, to leave me with this wound.

Must. You are too good to see what I have found.

[Going out.]

Zang. Stay, Sir, I cannot nature much offend,
 Doubting a Mother to preserve a Friend.
 Our Friendship does the minds all'yance show.
 Let me the utmost of this secret know.

Must.

Must. It comes from one who does not prudence lack,
Nor his intelligence from Rumbur take;
One to whom *Zarna* does with trust disclose
(Charm'd by his love) all that her bosom knows.
This bloody mischief is with art design'd,
The secret, cautiously, to few confin'd;
Which by such close contraction is made strong,
And still your Mother abler to do wrong.

Zang. Perhaps she is thus cruel since I grow
As cruel in believing she is so.
Yet then she with her self does dis-agree,
Knowing I die in you and she in me.

Must. This Junto could not so successful be
Were not the *Sultan* wrought to jealousy
That I, affecting popular esteem,
Follow those Crouds which have forsaken him;
And that I aim'd not, by my Battels won,
To conquer *Persia* but usurp his Throne.
These false suggestions I might soon remove
Were I admitted to implore his love;
But oh that rigid form which us bereaves
Of all approach without our Father's leaves!
That rigid custom which does bring no less
Than death when we, unsent for, seek access!
But, *Zanger*, if I could admittance gain,
I must not where your Mother rules complain.

Zang. If they have rais'd the *Sultan's* wrath so high,
You must, to save your life, vouchsafe to fly.
Your stay makes life depend upon his breath;
Your flight prevents his guilt and your own death.
Whom he suspects he does but seldom save;
A Princes Prison is a Princes Grave.

Must. 'Twere better, *Zanger*, that my blood were spilt
Than sav'd by Flight; Flight is it self a guilt.
Since still my duty did my actions steer
I'll not disgrace my innocence by fear,
Lest I the saving of my life repent.
I'll rather bear than merit punishment.

Zang. When Pris'ner made 'twill be a new offence
T' accuse his wrath by pleading innocence.
Your death he'll then decree t' avoid complaint;
Pow'r oft by death does justify restraint:
And, when incens'd, into two faults will run
Rather than own that it has acted one.
We shall by your retreat gain time to learn
Those dangers which our haste cannot discern.
You then may make that innocence appear
Which yet his passion will not let him hear.

Must. I'll sooner yield my person to his pow'r
Than be held guilty by him but one hour.
By flight my fear and shame will equal be;
And fear or shame is worse than death to me.

Zang. I doubt your virtue will your life betray;
But since so nobly you resolve to stay,
I'll to my Mother streight, and she shall know
Th' important secret of our mutual vow.

It will d'vert the hope of her design,
When she's assur'd your ruine must be mine.

Must. Friendship like this who ever did enjoy,
Which Rival'd-love nor death cannot destroy?
Oh *Zanger*! If you knew how much I strove
To make my Friendship overcome my Love
(Though in that strife I could not Victor be)
You would both envy then and pity me.

Zang. I'm glad in that design you mist your end:
Who quits his Mistress may forsake his Friend.
And none of Friendship should a proof admit
Which may occasion fear of losing it.
For he who can break off your Conquerors chain
Has such wild strength as nothing can restrain.

Must. Hah! stay! methinks I'm on a sudden brought
To light's last glimps, and to a stop of thought!
Methinks, something prophetick in my Breast
Bids me make haste and in Fame's Temple rest.
And as men dying leave chief Legacies
To those whose friendship they did dearest prize,
So, *Zanger*, I, as to your merit due,
Bequeath the Queen, my life's last gift, to you.

Zang. Our secret sympathy your Fate secures:
If bad, my Breast would feelt as soon as yours.
And since you but bequeath a Legacy,
Which cannot be possess'd before you dye,
You safely give what I shall ne're receive
Because I cannot *Mustapha* out-live.

Must. How poorly some in Friendship take a pride
Which never yet was by Loves interest try'd:
To ours alone the perfect praise is due
At once of being Friends and Rivals too.

[*Exeunt Embracing.*]

Enter Rustan, Pirrhus,

Pirrh. Compliance now must serve us more than force.
Since th' *European* and the *Asian* Horse
Refuse our orders and in publick say
That we conspir'd to banish *Mustapha*.

Rust. No pride so dang'rous is as being proud
Of prosperous Mutiny. They threaten loud
Who us'd but in their whispers to complain.

Pirrh. If they the *Janizaries* *Aga* gain
We are, beyond repairs of Court, undone.

Rust. The force we dare not meet we ought to shun.

Pirrh. The Empress feels remorse, or finds her fear.

Rust. We shall be call'd, *Zarma* expects us here.

Achmat, the *Asian* Horse have long been led
By you, and by your great example bred.
This Monster-mutiny will all devour.
You might oblige the *Sultan* with your pow'r
If you could quell this Monster.

Achm. May be so.

But you had better try what you can do.

Rust. The deed is noble and belongs to you:
I would not take what is to *Achmat* due.

A a

Achm.

Achm. Indeed you ever, with a tender hand,
Touch'd what another *Bassa* should command.
Your Justice (which knows when, and whom to strike)
Usurps no business which you do not like.

Pirrb. *Haly*, this doubtful language strange appears.

Haly. You'l in the Army find Interpreters.

Rust. *Haly* it seems does listen to the Crowd.

Haly. Men need not listen where Complaints are loud.

Pirrb. The people rail to exercise their Tongues.

Haly. Their patience first is exercis'd with wrongs.

Pirrb. They, wanting judgment, should submit to Laws,
And cannot Judges be in their own cause,
But to their Rulers gently should appeal.

Achm. Men their own Judges are of what they feel.

Rust. This is not meant in Friendship nor for sport.

Sure, *Pirrbus*, they are angry with the Court,
And having found, none for their anger care,
Strive out of malice to be popular.

Enter Zarma who whispers Rustan.

Zarma. You must bring *Pirrbus*, and may have access.

Exeunt with Zarma. *Rustan and Pirrbus, smiling scorn-
fully on the other two, and they on them.*

Achm. Methinks we were ill-natur'd to express
So much contempt of Greatness in distress.

Haly. When shining Fav'rites grow with greatness proud
All men rejoyce to see them in a Cloud.

If this ill nature be, 'tis not confin'd

To us alone, but is in all mankind.

And whilst we blame our selves we injure all:

Nothing's ill natur'd that is natural.

Achm. I must confess, in thus insulting, you
Do but as States-men to each other do.

Haly. VWhen they are more afflicted we will seem
To mourn with their few friends who pity them;
But secretly we will their Foes incense
And then, in haste, bring them intelligence
Of mischiefs which they never can avoid;
And so be thank'd by those we have destroy'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Roxolana, Rustan, Pirrbus.

Rox. My favour to the *Sultan* you implore
Only for Governments you sought before.

You sue for *Egypt*, you for *Babylon*;

If I could these procure you would be gone.

Rust. In these from sudden Foes we distant are;

No Mutiny can last to march so far:

And we, by absence, may perhaps abate

The rage contracted by this Armies hate.

Pirrb. This Armies temper, well consider'd, shows
You are not safe when we our safety lose.

But 'twill in vain with your designs contest

VWhen in our hands you shall possess the East.

Rox. Men who to high designs, like this, are bent
Should less fear death than not to see th' event.

Rust.

Rust. The Camp to *Mustapha* such love has shown
That we shall hasten by his death our own.

Pirrb. That which does lead your hope the surest way
Brings us to certain ruine if we stay.

Rox. You vow'd (striving my favour to regain)
That *Zanger* after *Solyman* should reign.

And, that I might no mark of horror bear,
You said, I still against it should appear.

Pirrb. But, Madam, neither of us promis'd we
The Princes Executioners would be.

All but the Mutes will that black office shun;
And all things else are near perfection done.

Rox. None here the fatal Orders will obey,
If in this juncture you should fly away.

You both must stay, and what you plotted, act:
I'll not the guilt of your designs contract.

Rust. In staying we the Princes fate partake;
We who are guilty only for your sake.

So guilty none did ever yet appear.

Rox. You only guilty are because you fear:
But fear in States-men is the highest crime.

Those who to Empires upper stations climb
Are not so useful by their being wise

As they may hurtful be by cowardise.
For they, fearing to act what they should do,

Make with themselves the valiant useles too.

Rust. Provoke not those who with your ruine may
Save both themselves and injur'd *Mustapha*.

Pirrb. This, were we Cowards, we could quickly do.

Rox. Am I forsaken, and then threatn'd too?
You doing this will your best visage wear.

Falshood in States-men is less vile than fear.
Go to the *Sultan*, go! and th' interest try

Of crafty Art: On Nature I'll rely.
You are whole States-men, and his Friends in part;

States-men, like States, are but the works of Art:
When in both shapes your wisdoms have appear'd,

Weak Wives and Mistresses may chance be heard.
You with your blood must for your mischiefs pay;

But a few tears will wash my guilt away.
What you design'd, Ambition made you do;

I did but that which Nature call'd me to.
You did the Plot contrive to kill his Son;

At which I but conniv'd to save my own.
Go then, and by your deaths the difference prove

'Twixt those whom Kings but trust, and whom they love.

Rust. Our Treason against you would be a fault
Greater than ever enter'd in our thought.

Pardon our Passion since you did deny
The sure we made with sharpest injury.

Pirrb. Too much your loyal servants you despise
When you their care impute to Cowardise.

Rox. Care does unworthy of it self appear
When it the ugly vizard wears of fear.

If, as you said, the deed is almost done,
Stay but one day to end what you begun.

The Squidiers fury, which you would decline,
 If well improv'd will perfect your design.
 Their love to *Mustapha* is turn'd to rage;
 Which nothing but his blood can now assuage.
 Go then and make my Son the Empires Heir;
 Leave your preferments to my sudden care.

Rust. VVe in your cause all dangers will despise.

Pirrh. And with your fortune quickly fall or rise.

Rust. VVe will the *Sultan* instantly attend:

The Prince's ling'ring Fate in death shall end.

[*Exeunt Rustan, Pirrhus.*]

Enter Zarma.

Zarma. Madam, Prince *Zanger*, much impatient, stays
 VVithin, and humbly for admittance prays.

Rox. I guess the bus'ness which has brought him here:

His fatal Friendship gives me grief and fear:

Finding the *Sultan* does his Brother hate

He would employ me as his Advocate.

Say I am close at my Devotion, go!

Say I'm retir'd; make haste and tell him so.

Admit him not though much he will pretend.

Zarma. He is too much a Brother and a Friend.

[*Aside.*]

[*Exit Zarma.*]

Rox. VVhat sin of mine, oh Heaven! incenses thee?

Thou mak'st my Son his own worst Enemy.

VVhat by my care and art he might enjoy

He does himself contribute to destroy.

And I, in my perplext condition, must

Become unnatural, or else unjust:

Must leave a Son to Empires cruelty,

Or to a gen'rous Prince inhumane be.

My Husband, whom I love, I cruel make,

Even against Nature, yet for Natures sake.

His Son, by my contrivance, he must kill;

VVhilst I preserve my own against his will.

The blood I save must answer for my guilt,

And wash away the stains of what is spilt.

THE

THE FIFTH ACT.

Enter Solyman, Roxolana, Pyrrhus, Rustan.

Soly. I Will not stay to see him in my Throne:
I yet can reach him and will take him down,

Rustan has now my orders: he shall die.

Rox. Excess of Justice turns to cruelty.

Soly. Whilst but suspicion did my breast invade
Your mediation could my wrath dissuade;
But now his Treason is so certain grown
That I must take his life, or lose my own.
The name of *Mustapha* infects your breath.
Those who desire his life, design my death.

Rox. Then, Sir, my intercession is unfit.
Yet pardon me if I with grief submit;

For it does too much cause of grief afford,
When Justice against Nature draws her Sword.

Soly. His death is but deferr'd, because I stay
To send him to his Grave the safest way.

Rust. Since you by *Achmat* did the Prince advise
That if he either loyal were or wise
He from the Camp should secretly retire,
And by his absence quench his raging fire.
It were convenient to you *Achmat* sent
With kindness to invite him to your Tent;
Pretending 'tis your will he should receive
Your counsel ere he does the Army leave.
But, Sir, since for your safety he must die
It should be done with speed and secrecy.

Pyrrh. Else they may rescue him by open force.
His Train and Guards are Thirty Thousand Horse:
And he so much your Souldiers rules that they
Will scarce, but in your presence; you obey.

Soly. Already his dark evening is begun:
He shall be sure to set before the Sun;
And never more shall rise to be ador'd,
But part in an Eclipse and be abhorr'd.
Send *Achmat* hither to avoid delay. [*Exeunt Rustan, Pyrrhus.*]

Rox. Fate rises in your Brow! I dare not stay
To hear the bloody sentence you must give:
Horror and pity in my bosom strive,
Remembring what to *Mustapha* is due,
And not to punish him would ruine you. [*Exit.*]

Soly. We our compassion rather should extend
To strangers than to Sons when they offend:
With wrongs from strangers we may well dispence
Who nothing have receiv'd to recompence:
They only are by common justice bound:
None are ingrate who have no favour found.
But *Mustapha* (unthankful for that care
Which bred him to deserve the Wreaths of War;

Whom all the Bonds of Nature could not tie)
Shall now, for Natures sake, unpity'd die.

[Exit.]

Enter Mustapha, Zanger.

Must. This counsel *Achmat* from the *Sultan* brought,
Whose favour I have now by *Achmat* sought;
Begging I may attend him ere I go,
And fully my suppos'd offences know.
If to this just request he does consent,
I may avoid my fatal Banishment,
And be deliver'd from a double grief
Whilst I to Love and Friendship give relief.

Zang. I fear in your request by *Achmat* made
You have but sought the means to be betray'd.
And since against your self you now conspire
Who will oppose that Fate which you desire?
My Mother, in denying me access,
Does rashly your determin'd death confess.

Must. Since only guilty minds have cause of fear
It does to me more probably appear
That ev'n my Foes are likelier to abhor
Their mischiefs past then to consult of more.

Enter *Achmat*.

Achm. The joys of Conquest ever fill your breast.
The mighty *Sultan* yields to your request;
Believes your love is in your message sent;
He trusts that love, and thinks you innocent.
His Cloud is vanish'd and his Brow so clear
That you may plainly read a Father there:
Sir, he does straight expect you in his Tent:
Improve his kindness whilst he does relent.

Must. How like you now the way I did pursue? [To *Zanger*]

Zang. I think the change too sudden to be true.

Must. If false, I then am but of life bereav'd:
'Tis worth my dying to be undeceiv'd.
And who would with a Father be in strife?
Rather than duty lose I'll lose my life.

Zanger, farewell! I leave, in leaving you,
The best of Friends and best of Brothers too.
Yet I shall take some glory in my death
Counting the worth of what I can bequeath.
And, to confirm my Legacy, I now
Freely release the rigour of your vow.

For if in th' upper world we ought can know
Of things which those we love transact below,
I shall rejoyce when I am thither gone,
That you possess my Mistress and my Throne.

Zang. Can you such gifts to one so worthless give
As after you will be content to live?
Ah Prince! If this discourse you should pursue,
Sorrow to me would kinder prove then you.

Must. If in my Fate, Dear *Zanger*, you should share,
Who of the Queens concerns will take a care?
Think it her suit, not mine, which you deny.

Zang. When you are dead, Honour will make me die.

Must. I shall be strong enough for my defence,
Where nature pleads the cause of innocence.

Zang.

Zang. Methinks both these should all things overcome
Yet Hope finds in my breast but little room.
Must. I must not your Prophetick sorrows hear;
'Tis only Friendship which creates your fear.

Enter the Queen, Zarma.

Zarma. One whom I lov'd enjoin'd me to obey,
With faithful service, you and *Mustapha*,
And, Madam, I attend you now you are
Alone, that all I know I may declare.

Queen. I'll not ungrateful be for what you do:
I'll serve you in rewards and Friendship too.

Zarma. I still have fear'd that *Roxolana's* love
To *Zanger* would his Brother's ruine prove;
But many proofs do now my thoughts convince
That she designs to save and serve the Prince:
For that effect she's to the *Sultan* gone;
But first commanded me to tell her Son
That he this evening in her Tent should stay
To speak with her concerning *Mustapha*.
The tumult in the Camp begins to cease,
And all put on the chearful looks of Peace.

Queen. You tell me what I most desir'd to hear:
Which soon will free me from my grief and fear.

Zarma. Since all things move to meet with your desire
Your Son has no occasion to retire.

Queen. By your advice I may successful grow.

Zarma. Still what I hear you instantly shall know.

[Exit Zarma.]

Enter Cardinal, Thuricus, Viche, Cleora.

Queen. My Lords, by *Zarma* (who is newly gone)
I hear the *Sultan* smiles upon his Son:
The Empress nobly has procur'd his peace:
The Chiefs of factions from their tumults cease,
And now for favour to her Tent resort.

Card. I doubt all this is but a turn of Court.
Think not the Empress will her pow'r employ
To establish him who must her Son destroy.

Queen. Honour has in her Soul the highest place.

Card. Nature has greater pow'r than Honour has.
But, Madam, whilst this seeming calm does last
You, with the Infant should to *Buda* haste;

Which, now disloyal grown, will scarce withstand
The worst of all your Foes, King *Ferdinand*.
For whilst the *Turk* invades us from the East,
Th' un-christian King assaults us in the West.

With craft and wealth he has advanc'd his pow'r.
Thur. Madam, we now came from the Governour;

Who bad us tell you that he has surpriz'd
Three of King *Ferdinand's* Officers disguis'd.

Vich. With these there have been blank Commissions found:
Some of their faction we in Fetters bound.

Queen. Before this danger does resistless grow
You must, with both these Lords, to *Buda* go.

Card. Your presence, Madam, will be needful there.

Queen. My promise will a while detain me here.

Card.

Card. You'l then be left afflicted and alone.

Queen. You leave me for my safety not your own.

VVhilst I the rage of Fortune here withstand

We may be ruin'd there by *Ferdinand*.

I must not be deny'd. Your being there

Will free me from a most important care.

Card. Madam, my strict obedience makes me go.

All that does happen you shall hourly know.

[*Exeunt Queen and Cleora one way, the Cardinal and Lords at the other door.*]

Enter Mustapha. The Guards and others, passing by him, shake their heads with sorrowful looks.

Must. All shake their pensive heads in passing by
As if they did dislike my destiny:
Let him dispatch whom he intends to kill:
'Tis less to suffer death than fear it still.
Nor is the worst of deaths so bad a Fate
As still to live under a Fathers hate.
My torments are so many and so high
That only death can be my remedy.
Death will my Father's jealousy remove
And free me ever from neglected love;
Whilst to my greatest guilt it puts an end
Of being Rival to so brave a Friend.
But even that comfort brings me sorrow too;
For death will then more than my Friendship do.
And if his kindness makes him keep his vow,
He, dying, will the greater Friendship show.
He'll freely, for my sake, quit life and love;
But cruel force does me from both remove.
In death his friendship will so clearly shine
That when I dye, he'll see the faults of mine:
For I, by Rivalship, was faulty grown,
And death resigns what friendship should have done.

Enter six Mutes, one of them advances before the rest and kneels down, delivers Mustapha a black Box with a Parchment, the Sultan's Great Seal hanging at it in a black Ribband. Then he holds up a Bow-string and makes signs that he should kneel and submit to the Sultan's sentence.

These are to adde new wings to my last hour.
I understand your signs and see your power.
Stand off. I with your bus'ness can dispence.
But your officious hast is an offence.
I will consider what I ought to do,
And dye to satisfie my self not you.
Can I my duty show when I do ill
Unjustly yielding to a Father's will?
Sure we, by Nature's gift, the right enjoy
To strive with those who would our lives destroy.
And when I tamely dye, without defence,
I teach the world to doubt my innocence.
But with my Father why should I debate?
My death he wishes, and my life I hate.

{*They retire to the further end of the Stage.*}

Why should I make his anger higher rise,
By striving to preserve what I despise?

[He beckens to the Mutes to come near him, and they advance.]

Before I dye I'll to the Sultan show
My injur'd innocence, that he may know
My death will to the judging world proclaim
He is more guilty than he thinks I am.
When I have told him what I ought to say,
Then what he does command I will obey.

[They all shake their heads in sign of denial.]

How, Slaves! am I refus'd? I will not dye
Till I have first obtain'd what you deny.

[The Mutes draw their Scimitars and assault him; he draws his sword and kills two of them.]

Enter Solyman.

Soly. O Traitor! art thou such an Enemy
To thy high Blood which is deriv'd from me,
That now enforc'd by this new crime, I must
With my own hand mix it with common dust?
Against my pow'r thou dying art at strife,
To make thy death as guilty as thy life.

At the first hearing of Solyman's voice the Mutes give over fighting, and at the end of Solyman's speech, Mustapha, kneeling, says his Scimitar at the Sultan's feet.

Must. The cause of my defence from their assault
Was that from you I might have learnt my fault.
Alas, what is't I with that life should do,
Which, Sir, is hated and proscrib'd by you?
All I endeavour'd by my life's defence
Was to gain time to shew my innocence.
I shun not dying, Sir, but to be held
Guilty, is dying after I am kill'd,
Losing the life of Fame when I am dead.

Soly. A man condemn'd is not allow'd to plead.
I'll hear no more.

Must. Then, Sir, to death I'll go.
I am too guilty since you think me so.
May not my servants do what must be done?
Let not your meanest Slaves destroy your Son.

Soly. Though justice takes that life which he must lose,
Yet Nature cannot this request refuse.
Go, lead him in, and let his Servants do
That sudden justice which I left to you.

Must. That cheerfulness with which to death I go,
Some proof, Sir, of my innocence does show.
And since by death I would your hate remove
What would I not have done to gain your love?

[Exeunt Mustapha, and Mutes, Solyman looking after Mustapha whilst he is in fight.]

Soly. What I have now decreed does just appear:
But against Nature who can stop his ear
Though she against the right of Justice stands?
My Heart does sigh for what my Tongue commands.

Enter Roxolana.

Rox. Now the great deed is doing, or else done,
I have been cruel to preserve my Son,
That cruel deed which makes him the Empires Heir
Heav'n, sure, forgives since it rewards my care,
And nothing now can ever make me grieve,
But for his death by which my Son does live.

Enter Zarma.

Zarma. Madam, the Guards are doubled every where.

Rox. If Guards can make you safe, where heed you fear?

Zarma. Your servants hide their looks, and fear to show

The griefs they feel, and dangers which they know.

Rox. Zarma, be deaf to what you should not hear;
Or use your strength to what you ought to bear,
Easing your self, when you of grief complain,
To many others you transfer your pain. [Enter Haly Weeping.]
By your amazement and the tears you shed,
You seem to tell me *Mustapha* is dead.

Haly. Yes, and so dy'd, that the most fortunate

Would gladly for his Fame have had his Fate.

But, Madam, he suffic'd that he is dead.

Rox. No, I dare hear both what he did and said.

Haly. The Sultan his last suit could not deny;

Which was, that by his sword he might die;
And each of those declar'd it a crime
To kill himself than 'twas to Murder him.

Rox. It shews he was with highest love esteem'd

When none would kill whom *Solyman* condemn'd.

Haly. It turn'd our blood to tears when he did pray,
To all, in vain, to take his life away.

He said aloud, can I so wretched prove

That your denials must declare you loved

See what your guilty kindness drives me to, *son*

Worse than my Father did, 'twill make me do,

One whom he guilty thought, to death he sent,

But you will make me kill the innocent.

'Tis you have made your Prince unfortunate,

Who finds your love more cruel than his hate,

And now (afraid of nothing but delay)

He frowning said, unfriended *Mustapha*

Must be beholding to himself for death;

Then snatch a Sword which straight he did unsheath.

Morat cry'd out, the Murtherer's part I'll do,

'Tis fitter I should bear that guilt than you.

The Prince about his neck his Arms did spread

In sign of gratitude; and smiling said,

Is it not fit my wretched life should end?

When he who kills me I esteem my Friend?

Rox. He could not give more ornament to death

Than when so calmly he resign'd his breath.

Haly. When griev'd *Morat* the fatal deed had done

(Which kindness made him do and others shun)

With

With haste he said, no Tears can be so good
To shed for such a loss as Tears of blood
His hand then acts the second Tragick part
So on his own, as on his Masters heart
But grief had wounded him so much before,
That scarce his Cemiter could wound him more.

Rox. This was at once a duty and a crime.

Haly. It made us pity first, then envy him.

Rox. Call Zanger hither and return with speed.

But keep him ignorant of this dire deed. [Exit Haly.]

Brave Prince, if now thy Mother were alive,

She, by my sorrow might be taught to grieve.

How soon thy death a miracle has done?

It makes me weep for what preserves my Son.

[Exeunt Roxolana, Zanger.]

Enter Solyman.

Soly. Forgot are now those Fields his Valour won,

Which did too soon his Head with Laurel crown!

His Virtue with his Foes he overthrew;

For, growing great, he straight grew guilty too.

Enter Zanger, who kneels. Solyman steps to him,

and takes him up.

Zang. I come at your command, by Achmat sent;

Who said, I should attend you in your Tent.

Soly. Zanger, I now did for your judgement send:

You are my minds Physician, Son, and Friend.

Tell me, can Mortal-Monarchs always keep

The watch o're Empire set without some sleep?

Zang. No man can live, whom sleep does not repair;

Much less can Monarchs who are born to care.

Soly. Behold then the revenge which I did take

On him who kept me many Months awake.

Zang. My Brother dead? you have the world bereft

Of much more Virtue than is in it left!

'Twas jealousy, not he (oh dire mistake!)

Which did so many Months keep you awake;

And it was just that you, who in your Breast

Would jealousy admit should take no rest.

My speech is by this object overcome;

No grief is well express'd till it is dumb!

Ah Loyal Prince! till death does close my Eyes,

Accept these Tears, my Friendships Sacrifice!

Soly. Traitor, dost weep for one condemn'd by me?

This shews that thou as guilty art as he.

Desist, or thou shalt share in his just fate.

Zang. That, Sir, will rather shew your love than hate.

Death is the only blessing I can find:

You think it just, and I shall think it kind.

I will his worth to all the world declare.

Soly. He did aspire and grew too popular

Zang. Rustan and Pyrrhus did his life pursue:

We their contrivance of this Murder knew:

Soly. And

And I desir'd him from your wrath to flee;
But in obedience he would stay to die.
For, but one day when banish'd from your sight,
Was worse to him than Death's eternal night.
If in himself he any guilt had known,
He, with your leave, to *Syria* might have gone.
He told me still what he design'd or knew,

Soly. His black designs he did conceal from you;

Zang. Nothing could more his trust of Friendship prove,
Than that we both th' *Hungarian Queen* did love!
And though he then my first pretensions knew,
Yet freely he confess'd he lov'd her too:
And when a Rival does his love reveal,
What can his cunning after that conceal?

How could you his unblemish'd Vertue doubt?

Soly. Have I not often heard my Armies shout
When he appear'd, and with applause so high,
As if his presence brought them Victory?

Zang. In that their error and not his appear'd;
He with more grief than you their gladness heard.
By all the duty to a Father due,
And to our Prophet, *Mustapha* was true;
True as your *Viziers* have been false, and wrought
You into wrong suggestions of his fault.

Soly. Oh Heaven! my guilt now makes it an offence
To hear untimely of his innocence.

This truth (which now I may my torment call)

You should have sooner told, or not at all.

Zang. Who could, without offending you, have thought
(When your kind message was by *Achmet* brought)
That 'twas a train laid for my Brother's life?

And yet my doubt with duty was at strife;
And doubt prevail'd, for sev'ral waies I try'd
To get admittance, but was still deny'd.

Soly. Zanger, to ease our griefs, let us agree
To impute his Fate to our ill destinie.
Those who to death have made me send my Son,
Shall instantly in torture meet their own.
Let wisdom check your sorrow, and prepare
To be this day proclaim'd my Empire's Heir.

Zang. But, Sir, religiously to me he swore,
That, if the *Turkish Crown* he ever wore,
He to our bloody Law an end would give,
And I should safely in his bosom live.
My self I then by sacred promise ty'd
Not to out-live the day on which he dy'd.
And as I knew he nobly did design
To keep his vow, so I remember mine.
'Twas only love had strength enough to invade
That mutual Friendship which we sacred made:
But now o're love I have the conquest got;
Though love divided us, yet death shall not.

[He turns to *Mustapha*.]

[Zanger stabs himself and falls at *Mustapha*'s
Feet, *Solyman* runs to him.]

Soly. Hold, Zanger! hold!

Zang. The happy wound is given
Which sends my Soul to *Mustapha* and Heaven.

Soly.

Soly. Friendship and cruelty alike have done;
For each of them has robb'd me of a Son.

Zang. When, Sir, you have forgiv'n me for my death,
Grant what I ask with my departing breath:
Your dying *Zanger* begs th' *Hungarian* Crown
For th' injur'd Queen and for her guiltless Son.

Soly. Shall I to little give for *Zanger's* sake,
Whose mighty mind would not my Empire take?

Zang. Sir, for your gift in thankfulness I bend;
In death I serve my Mistress and my Friend.

[Bows to him.]

He'll live in your esteem, she in her Throne.

Now all I had to do on Earth is done.

[Turns again to *Mustapha*.]

Lo at your Feet, dear Friend, your Brother lies;

And where he took delight to live---he dies.

[*Zanger* dies.]

Soly. Fame in her Temple will adorn thy shrine.

No Roman Glory ever equal'd thine.

Zanger, in height of Youth, for Friendships sake,

Did rather die than proffer'd Empire take.

I would die too, but by revenge am staid,

Due for you both, which shall be doubly paid.

My *Viziers* shall be first your sacrifice.

Nor is she safe who in my bosom lies.

For they, without her int'rest in the deed,

Durst not at last have urg'd me to proceed.

[Turns to *Mustapha*.]

Oh *Mustapha*! the worthy may in thee

The dang'rous state even of great virtue see.

Thine was to all the height and compass grown,

That virtue e're could reach to get renown:

And the reward of it pernicious prov'd,

For I did punish thee for being lov'd.

Thy Mother was the first that e're possess'd

By Conquest the Dominion of my Breast:

And had thy mind been blotted and as black

As Virtue would paint Vice, yet for her sake,

(The brightest Beauty, and the softest Wife)

I might, alas, at least have sav'd thy life.

But I shall mourn too long; for whilst I stay,

To count thy wrongs, I thy revenge delay.

[Exit.]

Enter *Roxolana*, *Haly*.

Rox. How *Haly*! are you certain that my Son

Is to the *Sultan's* Great Pavilion gone?

Haly. *Achmat* was for him by the *Sultan* sent;

And you will find him in the inner Tent.

Rox. You should have brought him to consult with me

E're he had known his Brother's destinie.

Haly. I humbly beg, this may be rather thought

Your servants great misfortune than his fault.

Rox. Wait in my name, on the *Hungarian* Queen:

Tell her, that those rude Tumults she has seen

May still increase, and may renew her fear;

And therefore I would fain secure her here.

But something, from your self, you ought to say,

She having heard too much of *Mustapha*.

[Exit *Haly*.]

D d

Roxolana

Roxolana goes towards the Scene, where she sees Mustapha, and Zanger with his Dagger in his hand, and then she starts back.

Both dead ! O horror ! Zanger does appear
Arm'd 'gainst himself as his own Murderer.
This deed Friendship and pity made thee do.
But was not I thy Friend and Mother too ?
That Friendship against Nature was a crime
Which paid me nothing and too much to him.
Though Friendship to a Friend thou might'st assign,
Yet, since I lent thee life, that life was mine.
Unjust to Nature, though to Friendship true,
In paying Friendships debt with Natures due.
Is this the last reward of all the pain
I felt, saving thy life to make thee reign ?
Thou hast reveng'd (O Heav'n) what I have done
With so much guilty kindness for my Son !

Enter the Queen.

Queen. What voice of sorrow is alone so loud,
As if the cause had made the mourner proud ?
For after noble Mustapha is slain,
Who can enough without my help complain ?

Rox. Ah Queen ! adde to your grief by looking there.
Zanger is dead, and his own Murderer.

Queen. Zanger ! I did not think Fate could have shown
(After it took away my King and Throne)
Another loss which could a grief impose
To make me weep as justly as for those.
Why did not Zanger fatal virtue lack,
Since it did highest Friendship cruel make ?
Grief grows too hard for our complaints alone,
When the Worlds loss is greater than our own.

Rox. Ah Mustapha ! I hither came to grieve,
That by thy death I made my Zanger live ;
But he too soon for my offence has paid ;
And I, thy Traytor, am by him betraid.
Madam, your tears will now injurious be ;
In grief, as honour, you out-rival me.

[Aside.

Queen. You Zanger lov'd, then do not me reprove
Grieving for two who had no fault but love.

[Turns to the Queen.

Enter Haly.

Rox. Haly ! If you come nearer you'll despise
All Glory and repent that you have Eyes.

Haly. The Sultan, full of horror, did relate
A Tragick story of such dismal fate,
As keeps me from approaching out of fear
To see what it was cruelty to hear.
But these high sorrows are accompany'd
With others which compassion fain would hide.

Rox. Will Heav'n more weight on our affliction lay ?

Haly. Madam, the Guards and Train of Mustapha
Assault the Camp with their united Force,
And are assisted by Prince Zanger's Horse.
The Sultan, arm'd against this sudden rage,
Is now advanc'd their fury to assuage.

Rox.

Rox. O fatal strife where Victors nothing gain!

Haly. The Viziers by his order are both slain.

Madam, to you, as Regent for your Son, [Turns to the Queen.]

The Sultan does present th' Hungarian Crown.

The old Moravian Troops are by command,

Prepar'd to march against King Ferdinand.

You, with your Son, may now to Buda go

To meet your Friends and to pursue your Feud.

Your Reiteration he before design'd.

When first the Empress with his purpose join'd:

But this dispatch he justly has confest

Is the effect of Zanger's last request.

Queen. The looks of gratitude should cheerful be;

But, Zanger, I am so oblig'd by thee,

As it occasion gives to make me mourn

That to the dead I nothing can return.

Rox. Madam, the Sultan's bounty straight receive;

And, in your absence, trust me here to grieve.

Queen. Madam, I'll with my Son to Buda go,

And my last duty to his Father show:

Then in a shady Cloister will remain,

And, as a fatal Mourner, still complain

Of that which here both you and I have lost,

Where death does over love in triumph boast.

I shall undo my Son if I look back

On those whom I unwillingly forsake;

I'm more concern'd in what I leave behind,

Than in the joys he shall in Buda find.

Rox. Go, Madam, go, and hasten to your Throne

Live to find Zanger's Friendship in your Son.

Be with much pow'r more happy than I prov'd;

Live to be fear'd, and yet continue lov'd.

Queen. I'll fly from pow'r; but yours to the distress

Has been a refuge, and should be increast,

Till (when you weary grow) your suppliants sue

That Heav'n may be a refuge then to you.

[They Embrace.
[Exit Queen, and Haly.]

Enter Zarma at the other door.

Zarma. The Musty is within, and bad me say,

That he is sent to counsel you to pray.

Rox. Why dost thou weep? I do not dying fear:

Thou griev'st because Grief's remedy is near.

I'll meet the Musty, and for death prepare:

Lead me this way, for I would shun despair.

[She looks backwards towards the dead Bodies
and goes from them. Exit.]

The Scene changes. Enter Achmat, Haly.

Achmat. The tortur'd Viziers did their guilt confest;

And, e're they dy'd, accus'd the Sultans.

Who to their first proposal did incline;

But by ambitious Rustan the design

(In hope to gain her favour) was begun ;
And was pursu'd by her to save her Son.

Haly. The Guards and noble Train of *Mustapha*
Have got renown though they have lost the day.

Achm. Till *Solyman* in person did appear,
They, in their fierce assault, victorious were.
With Thirty Thousand Horse they brav'd the Field ;
Of which Five Hundred are not left unkill'd.
He pardon'd those, and pity'd their offence ;
But they so hated life and lov'd the Prince,
That it was harder to preserve those few,
Than 'twas t'o'recome the many whom we slew.
When rumour (swift, though it flies low) had spread
Through all our Camp that *Mustapha* was dead,
And that his Friends, who had that battel fought,
Were only for his safety hither brought.
Then the Victorious threw their Arms away,
And wept for those whom they did lately slay.
Some, who had kill'd their Sons, more tears did shed
For their own guilt, than that their Sons were dead ;
Guilt wrought by Fate, which had their valour mov'd
Against that Prince whom they for valour lov'd.

Enter Solyman, Zarma.

Haly. His Brows are full of Clouds, his Eyes of Fire ;
There's dang'rous Thunder near : let us retire.

[*Exeunt Achmat, Haly.*]

A Table, with a Standish, and a Chair upon the Stage.

Sol. Well, call her in ; and do as I command.

You, with her Women, must be still at hand.

The *Musfy* is of use ; let him attend.

[*Exit Zarma.*]

Thy progress, Love, was long, but it shall end.

By Beauty (which does even the wise delude)

The valiant ever soonest are subdu'd.

'Tis Nature's snare, and in defiance laid ;

For when least hidden we are most betray'd.

Beauties fair hand has many a mighty name

Too foully blotted in the Book of Fame.

Accursed Beauty ! 'tis at last to thee,

That Famous Chiefs have ow'd their infamie.

Oh what has it not done, and may do still ?

Enter Roxolana.

Rox. I come to know Heav'n's pleasure in your will.

Soly. Draw nearer then ! Alas ! be not afraid

When 'tis too late to fear. Speak, have you pray'd ?

For you have much to lose, but more to save.

Have you been Penitent ?

Rox. Sultan, I have.

Soly. You needed many Tears to wash away

The stains which have defil'd this bloody day.

Brave *Mustapha*, and *Zanger* too is dead ;

These have deserv'd more Tears than you can shed,

Since

Since all in Honour's list they did excell
But in their cause full Thirty Thousand fell
And twice that number were in Battell kill'd
By those who did deserve to gain the Field

Rox. Oh, *Sultan*, do not give me leave to speak
But give that Heart, which loves you, leave to break

Soly. Let it intire a while, for my sake, *halt*
I would not now have mention'd what is past
But that 'tis justice and some kindness too
To shew sufficient cause for what I do, and you
Which else might cruel seem; for you must dye.

Rox. When you bring death I will not ask you, why?
Soly. It shews the civil greatness of your mind

When to your Punisher you can be kind
But 'twill oblige me and become you too
More then your fatal beauty e've did do
If you so gracefully depart from life
As fits our Childrens Mother and my Wife

Rox. Perhaps I liv'd unworthy of your fame
But none shall *Roxolana's* dying blame
Yet I must grieve so as I ought to do
When I, by leaving life, depart from you.

Soly. You may your little debts of kindness pay
But I must be oblig'd another way
Which will be first by your confession shown
Confessing not what you, but I have done

Rox. Ah, Sir! most willingly I will confess
You found me in the Region of distress
A Flower but newly sprung, and in the shade
My growth I from your shining favour had

Soly. This is not the confession I would hear
It shews untimely gratitude or fear
And makes me guilty of upbraiding you
Which what Love's secret pow'r did make me do
I aim not to be told what I have done
By loves perswasive force, and but to one
For when you lov'd me too that debt was paid
And debts, discharg'd, none justly can upbraid

Rox. Ah do not, Sir, forbid my thankfulness
Soly. You quite mistake the thing you should confess

'Tis not what Love but Honour made me do
For all your Sex, and not alone for you
Though the strict Laws of *Ottoman's* high Race
Did not allow our *Sultans* e're should grace
The Mothers of their Sons with privilege
Of Marriage, yet your Sex I did oblige
And lifted you above the frowns of life,
When I, by sacred forms, made you my Wife.

Rox. This is but mention'd to augment the sense,
Which you suspect I want, of my offence
Or else you shew me that I useles grow
Whilst I confess but what the people know.

Soly. If what I did was then by Honour done
Let me that Honour keep when you are gone
Let me the favour of your Sex retain
Which since I justly did by Marriage gain

I would not lose it now by Deaths divorce, Lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 Whilst they unjustly think I want remorse, T' think I want remorse
 And that my justice is but cruelty, lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 Because my Wife does by my sentence die: nien or av'ch lib who want remorse

Rox. Do but instruct me, *Sultan*, how I may
 In death, for all my life's offences pay? nien or av'ch lib who want remorse

Soly. It is not fit our Priesthood on Divorces
 Should sit to judge the Wife of *Solyman*, lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 But yet the blood by your ambition spilt, lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 Cries out so loud 'gainst your audacious guilt, lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 That now my People, Armies, and the State, lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 Behold your Beauty with malicious hate: lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 And no expedient e're can satisfy lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 The justice they expect unless you die. lib yett ill' monst' in Honors

You only can to Heav'n for mercy trust lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 Rox. Sir, I will die, that they may find you just. lib yett ill' monst' in Honors

Soly. But, that your Sex may ever think me so, lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 You must a form of process undergo, lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 Which strict necessity does make me use, lib yett ill' monst' in Honors

You must, under your hand, your self accuse: lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 Which, as a true Record, may rescue me lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 From false opinions of my cruelty. lib yett ill' monst' in Honors

Rox. Ah *Sultan*! This proceeding is severe: lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 Soly. You nobly should your own impeachment bear lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 Left you a ruder from our *Bashaw* than now lib yett ill' monst' in Honors

Go, *Roxolana*, sit, and write it down lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 Rox. I, with my crime, shall make my duty known lib yett ill' monst' in Honors

Soly. Be brief and clear. Posterity should know lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 The hidden root which made your mischief grow lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 When the first causes we of ill admit lib yett ill' monst' in Honors

We safely and with ease prevention learn lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 You had your aids in the conspiracy lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 My *Viziers* else had not been bound to die lib yett ill' monst' in Honors

What form do you in your confession use? lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 Rox. *Sultan*! I wholly do my self accuse lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 And yet the dying, sure, may blame the Dead lib yett ill' monst' in Honors

Who safely are by Death from danger freed lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 Besides both they and I shall straight appear lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 Where Heaven's just Monarch will the injur'd hear lib yett ill' monst' in Honors

Soly. Accuse your self and let each guilt alone lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 Rox. If the contrivance was by them begun lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 May I not make of Truth peculiar use lib yett ill' monst' in Honors

And crimes extenuate when I shun excuse lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 Soly. Already is your whole confession spent lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 Leave off if you unwillingly repent. lib yett ill' monst' in Honors

Rox. Forgive me, *Sultan*, and I will proceed lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 Soly. Oh Heav'n! when she so much does pardon need lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 Can I deny it and endure to live? lib yett ill' monst' in Honors

I cannot be forgiv'n, if I forgive, lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 So much her crime all mercy does exceed lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 For *Mustapha* and *Zanger* too is dead lib yett ill' monst' in Honors

Make haste! write fully your ambition down lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 In changing the succession of my Crown lib yett ill' monst' in Honors

Rox. *Soly*, she offers to take up her Paper lib yett ill' monst' in Honors
 Soly. *Rox*, she rises and holds it aside lib yett ill' monst' in Honors

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 In changing the succession of my Crown lib yett ill' monst' in Honors

Rox. Pardon the Tears I on the Paper shed
If I have written what you cannot read.

Soly. Forgive her Heav'n! here take my Handkercher,
Dispatch! why do you pause?

Rox. I'll hasten, Sir.

But whilst I now my crime as full express,
Let me a little speak in much distress.

Soly. Your time forbids the tediousness of grief,
Complain not when you cannot have relief.

Yet you may speak. Take courage, but be brief.

Rox. Sir, this confession a Record must be
To save you from imputed treachery.

Heav'n give you, Sir, an everlasting fame,
And Heav'n persuade you to prevent my shame.

I have but little through ambition done;
Nature did more, and 'twas to save my Son.

Soly. What did mysterious nature make you do?
Could you at once be kind and cruel too?

Farwel, you are relaps'd, worse than before.

Rox. Sultan, I'll write, and I will speak no more.

Enter Haly.

Haly. Sultan, I shew my Duty in my haste,
For with new Clouds your Camp is overcast.

The Bloody business of this fatal day
Grows bloodier since the death of Masopha.

The Janizaries, by their *Aga* led,
Accuse the Empress, and demand her Head.

They have their grievance by their *Aga* sent,
And she attends at the entrance of your Tent.

Soly. They trust my yielding, but shall feel my force.
Bid *Achmet* face them with my Syrian Horse.

You must your best disguise of Friendship wear,
And meet the *Aga* with the looks of fear.

Call him to Council, and disorder'd seem,
And when he is admitted, strangle him.

These threatening Tumults only dangerous are
To Monarchs who dare less than Subjects dare.

Sit down! is your confession finish'd yet?
Rox. Sultan, it is.

Soly. I'll read what you have writ.
Rox. Sir, now I feel the torments of true fear.

Because your dangers great as mine appear.
Give to rude hands the life which I must lose.

If you defend it you your own expose.
Soly. No, *Roxolana*, you shall calmly die.

You shall find justice, but no cruelty.
Your Women wait without; the *Musi* too:

What must be done they decently shall do.
Enter Haly and kneels.

Haly. The sudden Tempest suddenly is past.
No Clouds can long before your lustre last.

With Tears the Janizaries now implore
That favour which their rage disdain'd before.

Sir,

Sir, *Achmat* for the *Aga's* life does sue,
Which he repriv'd to have it sav'd by you:
It will a Triumph to the Army give,
Who are with grief subdu'd.

Soly. Go, let him live.

[Exit Haly.

Rox. Ah, *Solyman*! shall she who heretofore,
Still with success, for others did implore,
Be now deny'd when for her self she sues?
I beg not what I ought, Sir, to refuse
If it were granted, your consent to live.
Oh take my life, but my offence forgive.

Soly. Oh why did Heav'n such perfect beauty make,
Yet let such beauteous things perfection lack?
Love against Justice in my bosom strifes.
Let Justice pardon Love what Love forgives.
Rise, *Roxolana*, you shall mercy find.
But as when you were cruel you were kind,
So I will needs by your Example do;
For I will now be kind and cruel too.

[He takes her up.

Rox. Heav'n which begins to take your Clouds away,
Will from departing night make break of day.

Soly. I give you life, and I forgive your crime;
Yet in this kindness I shall cruel seem.

Rox. Oh stay, Sir, and but hear what I'll implore.

Soly. Your doom is seal'd. I'll never see you more.

Rox. Ah, Sir, you gave what I can ne'er enjoy;
What you preserv'd you instantly destroy.

Soly. *Zarma*! call all to look on my remorse;
And then be witnesses of our divorce.

*Enter Zarma, four of Roxolana's Ladies, Achmat, Haly, the
three Attendants of Mustapha and Zanger, eight of the
Guard, and six Pages. The number on the Stage being
now twenty four.*

Take with your life perpetual banishment
Long may you live that you may much repent:
But from my sight be still so far remov'd,
As I may quite forget I ever lov'd.

Rox. Ah, *Sultan*, do but hear what I can say!

Soly. Oh cruelty, you kill me if you stay.

Rox. I'll but forgiveness beg for love and grief,
Since both offend you when they seek relief.

Soly. Oh Heav'n! still will you speak?

Rox. Sir, I'll depart,
And at your feet leave a forsaken heart.

[Exit.

Soly. Farewel for ever, and to Love farewell!
I'll lock my Bosom up where Love did dwell;
I will to Beauty ever shut my eyes,
And be no more a Captive by surprise:
But Oh, how little I esteem a Throne
When Love, the Ornament of Pow'r is gone!

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

Two New TRAGEDIES:

THE
Black Prince,
AND
TRYPHON:

The first Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,
BY HIS
MAJESTIE'S SERVANTS;
The Other

By his Highness the Duke of York's Servants.

Both Written by the
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Earl of Orrery.

LONDON

Printed By T. N. for H. Herringman, at the Sign of the
Blew Anchor, in the lower walk of the
New Exchange. 1669.

THE

Black Prince

AND

THE

THEATRE

MAJESTIC

OF

By his Highness the Duke of York's Theatre

Both written by the

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Earl of Ormonde

LONDON

Printed by J. M. for W. H. H. in the Strand



PROLOGUE

Spoken by the Geni^{us} of England, holding a Trident
in one hand and a Sword in the other.

IS England's Geni^{us}, that Victorious Name,
Which shakes the World and fills the mouth of Fame,
So much forgot, as you mispend your Witt
(which my Great Deeds as Greatly might have Writt)
To court a Fancy, or improve a Dreame,
And seek new Worlds for a less noble Theame?
Can you in Armes conspiring Nations see,
And think on any thing but Fame, and Me?
While the loud Cannon, with prophetick sound,
Foretells our King must be in Paris crown'd,
And with such Heat once more invade the French,
As all the Waves between us cannot quench,
To the just fury of whose Fatall Blowes
Fleets, Walls, and Armies they in vaine oppose;
This Trophy, which so gloriously to yours
Add's a fourth Crown, and those four Crownes secures,
The Belgian Admirall usurping bore,
And I from him and all his Tritons tore.
He to another Element was blowne,
Who thought himself Immortall in his owne;
For still the Sea his Losses did Repair,
Till our Alcides killd him in the Ayr.
This Sword, which in French blood so often dyed
Intail'd success on the young Edwards side,
Resign'd to you shall all those Arts exceed
Which made him Triumph and that Kingdome Bleed,
Their frighted Lillies shall confess their loss,
Wearing the Crimson livery of your Cross;
And all the World shall learn by their Defeat,
Our Charles, not theirs, deserves the name of Great.



Dramatis Personæ.

King Edward.	Mr. Moon.
King John.	Mr. Winterfell.
Prince.	Mr. Kenniston.
Ld. Delaware.	Mr. Hart.
Count. Guesclin.	Mr. Burt.
Ld. Latimer.	Mr. Cartwright.
Page.	Mr. Beeston.
Alizia.	Mrs. Guinn.
Plantaginet.	Mrs. Marshall.
Cleorin.	Mrs. Corey.
Sevina.	Mrs. Nepp.
Valeria disguis'd.	F. Dampport.
A Lady.	Betty Dampport.

Attendants.

THE

T H E

Black Prince.

THE FIRST ACT.

The first Scene is a magnificent Palace, King Edward the Third standing in the middle of the Theater, environ'd with his Nobility and Guards; the Lord Delaware presents the King a Letter which when he has read, the King says;

King. **B**rave Delaware, my Son doth let me know
How much my Empire to thy Sword does owe;
What, generous Youth, could more thy Fame advance
Then with thy hand to take King *John* of France.

Dela. Sir, What you say, more Fame to me does yield
Then I could gain in *Poitiers* glorious Field;
For 'tis more honour to be priz'd by You
Then 'tis another Monarch to subdue.

King. No Subject winning Glory can admit
Such Joy, as does his King rewarding it:
The Chape of that Kings Sword whom thou didst take
The Crest for ever of thy Armes shall make;
In that addition to them shall be shown,
While the World lasts, the honour thou hast won:
To thee thy General leaves it to relate
The English Glory and the Frenchmans Fate.

Dela. As soon, Sir, as the Prince to *Bordeaux* came
(So much doth Glory his great Soul inflame)
He took the Field, and did forthwith regain
All that King *John* possess'd in *Aquitaine*;
Then with like speed *Anjou* he did subdue,
And all his Towns, but *Poitiers*, of *Poitou*;
That place alone his Forces durst oppose,
Guesclin the Gallantest of all our foes
Poitiers did for their Governour admit,
And he a while bravely defended it,
Yet our Success was but a while deny'd,
That by a greater it might be supply'd;
For Heav'n decreed, that *Poitiers*, Sir, should yield
As deathless Wreaths to you as *Cressy* Field;

B

The

The noblest Wreaths which ever Victor wore
Wreaths which shall last when Time shall be no more.

King. But tell me how King *John* employ'd his time,
While those three Provinces were torn from him.

Dela. He, the mean while, rais'd all the Powers of *France*,
And to relieve the City did advance.

The Prince had notice of a strength so great,

And timely might have made a fair retreat;

Yet since before the place he once did lie,

He was resolv'd to take it, or to die:

From this resolve he could not, Sir, be won.

King. He did therein, but what became my Son;

No humane force could ever yet subdue

An English Prince, and English Army too.

Dela. The French appear, and *Poitiers* spacious plain

Was not enough their Army to contain;

Th' advantages of ground our General takes,

And plants before his Squadrons sharp'ned Stakes;

With the like Art, but yet in thicker Ranks,

He strongly fortify'd his Rear and Flanks.

The Word was giv'n, and all our Bows were bent,

When a French Herald to the Prince was sent,

Who told him that his King had thought it good,

To avoid the shedding of much Christian blood,

To let him know he could not win the Field,

And all should have fair quarter, would He yield:

The Prince unmov'd did instantly reply,

None does deserve to live who fears to die.

Go tell your King, those English I command

The name of Quarter hardly understand;

But that, ere night, he may have cause to know,

What we refuse to take we may bestow.

King. This answer did the message well besit.

Dela. The Herald, Sir, return'd amaz'd at it;

Their odds in number rais'd them to that height,

They thought they came to take us, not to fight.

King. How many were the French?

Dela. ————— They themselves confess'd,

That eighty Thousand men they were at least.

King. What was my Son?

Dela. ————— The truth I do not wrong,

Protesting he was but eight Thousand strong;

But those eight Thousand, Sir, were English men.

King. And One of those may well be reckon'd Ten.

Dela. Sir, since your Army by your Son was led,

We all did then believe what now you said;

For in his eyes we our Success did see,

His looks did ante-date our Victory.

His face, that morning, to us all did show
 Those Lawrels, which that ev'ning Crown'd his Brow;
 Now all the Drums do beat, the Trumpets found,
 The Soldiers shout the trembling Air does wound,
 The flying Arrows such thick clouds had made,
 As ev'n the heat of Fight produc'd a shade:
 Our Van brave *Oxford* and great *Talbot* lead,
 Whose Swords, that day, did much increase the Dead:
Suffolk and *Warwick* did command our Rear,
 And there deserv'd those Titles which they bear;
 So did *Audley*, Sir, and *Barkley* too,
 Whom all did imitate but none outdo,

King. The like at *Cressy* by those Six was done,
 Danger they slight where Glory may be won.

Dela. Fortune, a while, did fear to ruine *France*,
 But when the Prince his battle did advance,
 He courted her with Valour so Sublime,
 As she turn'd just, and did declare from him;
 They in three Armies did divide their Pow'rs,
 And every one of them did treble ours;
 By which our Prince found, when the day was done,
 That he had fought Three battels to gain One:
 So many heaps of Frenchmen there were slain,
 As into Hills they seem'd to change the Plain;
 And all those Clouds, their Horses feet had rais'd,
 Were with the Blood of their dead Riders laid:
 Two Lords arm'd like King *John* were in the Field,
 And by our Princes hand they both were kill'd;
 In doing which he did prodigious things,
 For though they were Not, yet they fought like Kings;
 While in the Field wars bloody Game was plaid,
Guesclin did fall, and was Prisoner made.

King. In your Relation you omit one thing
 I fain would hear, 'tis, how you took the King.

Dela. Sir, In the heat of Battel 'twas my chance
 To fight with, and to take King *John* of *France*;
 'Twas Fortune onely favour'd me in this.

King. Your Modesty great as your Valour is,
 For here my Son to me at large does write
 The Honour which you purchas'd in the Fight.
 And all those brave Attempts which you did make,
 Before your Regal Prisoner you did take;
 Nothing which you perform'd from me is hid.

Dela. He writes what I'de have Done, not what I Did:
 When the French King into my pow'r did fall,
 I did condu&t him to our General,
 Who then was giving of Rewards to those
 Who took two hundred Colours from your Foes;

Amidst

Amidst those Glorious Trophies, Sir, he stood,
His Armour cover'd all with dust and blood;
Those fights afresh the Captive King did wound.

King. None in a Nobler Posture could be found.

Dela. When to the Prince I nam'd King *John* of *France*,
He hastily to meet him did advance,
And to his Prisoner did as humbly bow,
As, Sir, he could have done, had it been You.

King. He did therein what did a Prince besit,
Fierce in the Fight and Humble after it.

Dela. The King then said, since Fortune does decree,
I should be taken by my Enemy;
Part of the wounds she gives, she also cures,
Since now I fall into such hands as Yours;
I am your Prisoner, Sir, and come to know
The end you aim at by my being so.
The Prince, in whom all Vertues do reside,
Pitying the Kings misfortune, thus reply'd;
That, mighty Prince, to which I most pretend
Is, from an Enemy you'll turn a Friend:
And if you'll grant what now is begg'd by me,
I'll prize it more then this day's Victory.
These words the Prince with such an Accent grac'd,
As by the King he closely was embrac'd,
Who told him, in this Action you have shown,
You have more ways to Conquer me then one,
And, Sir, to prove this does my Mind subdue;
That which you ask of Me I beg of You.

King. This last Success transcends the other Three:
'Tis more to Gain then Beat an Enemy.

Dela. All things to tell you too much time would take,
But then so strict a Friendship they did make,
As Our Prince vow'd he would solicit you
To grant the King a Peace and Freedom too;
Then by a Generosity Sublime,
He did that night at supper wait on Him:
By which that Vanquish'd Monarch well might boast,
He there Receiv'd more Honour then he Lost.

King. My Son in this did such High Worth express,
As I more value It then his Success.

Dela. The List of all those Pris'ners which we took
Are by the Prince presented in this Book;

[Gives the King a Book.

All things secur'd which we had won by force,
He with King *John*, for *England* steer'd his course.
The wind so favour'd him, as yesterday
He safely landed in *Southampton*-Bay,

From

From whence he sent me Post to let you know
They both to morrow, Sir, will wait on you.

King. For their Reception every thing prepare
Which may your joys and your Respects declare.
I'll treat this Royal Pris'ner at a rate
Proportion'd to his Title, not his Fate.
My Actions, not my Words, shall let you see,
How much, brave Youth, You are esteem'd by Me.

[*Exeunt.*

The Scene is a Garden and a Grotto, in which Alizia Peirce lies as in a slumber. Enter Sevina, who plays upon the Lute, when she has done, Alizia rises, embraces her, and says;

Aliz. Ah my dear Friend; it is in vain you strive
To give that Ease which onely Death can give.

Sev. This is the day you promis'd I should know
That Fatal Sorrow under which You bow.
I thought the Charms of Musick might abate
The Grief which springs from what you will relate.

Aliz. Too mean a thought you of my Grief admit,
In thinking anything can Lessen it.

Who would not all delights of Life decline
That had a Soul so out of Tune as Mine?

Sev. Do not from such a Friend your self refrain,
My Help may put your Soul in Tune again:

'Tis to your Promise, Madam, that I trust,
Let not your Sorrow make you prove Unjust.
If Grief should make you to such Wrong submit,
You will Deserve as well as Suffer it.

Eliz. My Fatal Promise why do you pursue;
Though Old Grievs, when related, turn to New,
Yet you no longer shall of me complain,
I'll rather Heighten then Deserve my Pain.
You know, Dear Friend, when to this Court I came,
My Eyes did all our bravest youths Inflame:
And in that happy state I liv'd a while,
When Fortune did betray me with a smile;
Or rather Love against my Peace did fight;
And, to revenge his Power which I did flight,
Made *Edward* our Victorious Monarch be,
One of those Many who did Sigh for Me.
All other Flames but His I did deride,
They rather made my Trouble than my Pride:
But this, when told me, made me quickly know,
Love is a God to which all Hearts must bow.

Sev. 'Tis certain every Creature that hath Breath
Is no more priviledg'd from Love than Death:

Think you what is your Duty is your Crime,
Or else do you repent you Conquer'd Him?

Aliz. Oh had you heard, in what a Mourning way
He the first time his Passion did display,
And had you seen that Grief and matchless Grace
Which did at once Cloud and Adorn his Face;
You had admir'd such Differing Charms to see,
But more admir'd had they not Conquer'd Me.

Sev. I was your Confident in that Bright Fire
Which Both did in each others breast Inspire:
A Fire might teach all Lovers how to Burn,
Then sure 'tis something else which makes you Mourn.

Aliz. Oh if he had been still to that Bright Flame
As Faithful, and as Constant as I am,
Justice her self, no Fire could higher prize,
But that Blest Fire in which the Martyr Dies,
But he is False —————

Sev. ———— If what you say were true,
Madam, my Friendship must have seen it too;
'Tis Jealousie which has usurp'd Love's place.

Aliz. Love has more piercing eyes then Friendship has;
From the Sun's sight you may the World remove,
Sooner than hide from Lovers change in Love:
His Glorious Flame from me in Clouds is ser,
And he Adores the fair Plantagenet;
To that Bright Widow he his Heart does yield.

Sev. Alas since her Brave Lord in France was kill'd,
She onely doth the Pow'r of Grief obey.

Aliz. How soon does Love wipe sorrows Tears away,
Shee's Courted by a Monarch whose Renown
Does make him greater much then does his Crown:
To Conquer All he has resistless Pow'rs;
His Sword subdues His Sex, his Vertues Ours.

Sev. Then let his Virtue which you so much Prize
Suppress your Jealousie and dry your Eyes;
Virtue so Firm as nothing can Remove.

Aliz. Virtue is nothing but a Name in Love,
What cannot Love, when he is Victor, do?
Which makes me think their Change their Virtue too.

Sev. With equal Flames the King your Flames did meet,
And daily breath'd his Passion at your feet:
Myrtles, when giv'n by You, were Dearer held
Than all those Lawrells Vanquish'd France did yield.
He went with Grief that Empire to subdue,
Hating what ever sever'd him from You.

Aliz. I see his Change in spight of all his Art,
He suffers not, but plays the Lovers part.

Sev. Let not such Thoughts be entertain'd by you,
He Courts you now more then he us'd to do.

Aliz. This does the Truth of what I said detect,
His Passion now is chang'd into Respect;
And Love which once was High, and is decay'd,
Like the Sun setting, casts the greater shade,
From all his secret Vows he does depart,
'Tis False Love onely needs the help of Art.

Sev. Such Doubts his Constancy may Over-throw,
Who Thinks him False provokes him to Be so;
Did you to him your cause of Grief unfold?

Aliz. 'Twould not deserve that Name, could it be told;
She meanly Loves who slighted can admit,
Ought but her Love alone can tell her it.

Sev. No wonder Grief thus in your Breast does Reign,
When you from your Physician hide your Pain;
Let Him but hear from whence your Sorrow grows.

Aliz. 'Tis Love, and vain to tell him what he knows.

Sev. Then I will tell it him, and he will fly
Faster to You, than to a Victory;
And quickly learn to clear his Fancy'd Fault.

Aliz. A Perfect Lover needs not to be taught,
And if he were with Loves true Passion Fir'd,
He would not need to Learn, hee'd be Inspir'd.

Sev. At my request ease your distemper'd Mind,
And on my life you suddenly shall find,
To think him faulty is to think Amiss.

Aliz. He is too Guilty, since I think he is.

[Exeunt several ways.

Enter Cleorin and Delaware.

Cleo. I hop'd your absence (now three years compleat)
Had cur'd your Passion for Plantagenet,
And you would Fame to hopeless Love prefer.

De la. I courted Fame but more to merit Her,
Since I durst Love, not having Fame atchiev'd,
Since I Ador'd her while her Husband liv'd,
Now that the Noble Kent three years is dead,
Now that with Lawrel War has Crown'd my Head,
How can you be, dear Sister, so unwise,
To think that Love can fall while Hope does rise?

Cleo. You know, Dear Brother, onely for your sake
That I three years incessant care did take,
To make my self your Conquerours Confident;
But though I have accomplish'd my Intent,
Yet all I Gain'd by it, is to believe
She never your Addresses will Receive;

For since she lost her Lord the Noble *Kent*,
She thinks all time not paid to Grief mispent.

Dela. In what you say much cause of Hope I find,
Since Grief th' unwelcome'st Passion of the Mind
She does admit within her to Reside,
Love the most welcome cannot be Deny'd.

Cleo. Do not your Hopes with such wild Fancies feed,
Her's is a Grief which does from Love proceed;
You by your Passion strangely are mis-led.

Dela. Is it then possible to Love the Dead?
We but to those Alive can Love express,
For when the Cause does die, the Effect must cease.

Cleo. Your own strange Fate opposes what you said,
Your Love does Live and yet your hope is Dead.

Dela. Since Love has over her Triumphant been,
My Flame is such, to doubt Success were Sin.

Cleo. Nothing from Sorrow can her Soul remove,
And Grief is still an Enemy to Love;
But were her Grief subdu'd, yet I must say
A greater hind'rance does obstruct your way;
In the King's Heart a growing Flame does rise,
Which he discovers by his Sighs and Eyes;
He is the greatest Monarch of the Earth,
And greater by his Actions than his Birth.

Dela. Had I her heart, his Titles would not sway,
In Loves just ballance onely Love does weigh.

Cleo. The Nature of our Sex I'll not disguise,
Our Sex wants Loves less than their Pow'rs we prize;
For but in Name alone their Hearts are ours,
But we effectually do share their Pow'rs.

Dela. Yet Love would tell her, 'tis a greater thing
To Conquer, then it is to be a King.

Cleo. There's something else which makes my Care more great
Then all which I to you have mention'd yet.
You know the Prince of *Wales* did once appear
Your Conquerours Lover, and was lov'd by her;
And he to wed her gain'd the Kings Consent;
But unexpectedly she married *Kent*:
I often prest the Cause she would reveal,
Yet she the secret does from me conceal;
But though she on the Prince does lay the Blame
Yet she will weep when she but hears his Name.
A thousand other Proofs do make me doubt
That Fire is onely cover'd not put out.

Dela. Ah *Cleorin*, there's none but I alive
Of that Strange Marriage an account can give:
You know when to the Wars of *France* I went
I made a Friendship with the Earl of *Kent*,

Which

Which in short time did grow so strong and high,
 As when he found he of his Wounds should die;
 He to strict silence first did me Engage,
 Then told me how he gain'd his Marriage,
 Which is so strange a story, I dare swear
 She never can love him, nor he love her.

Cleo. I will not beg you then to tell me why,
 Since you have ty'd your self to secrecy:
 Brother, I now must leave you, for you know
 Our King does on King *John* a Masque bestow,
 To which he did *Plantagenet* invite,
 And thither I must wait on her to night.

Dela. Ah since you must be gone, yet e're you go
 Let me at least what I may hope for know.

Cleo. The highest joy to which you can pretend,
 Is, that your Mistress you may make your Friend.

Dela. If She does Friendship and not Love bestow,
 At once she'll make me blest, and wretched too.

Cleo. She'll meet your Friendship, but your Love she'll shun;
 Despair must do what Reason should have done.

Dela. This is a cruelty she should abhorre,
 She should not do so much, or should do more.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter the King, Alizia, and Sevina:

Alizia's Chamber.

King. While your Suspicion to such height does rise,
 You wrong at once my Passion and your Eyes:

Ah Madam, be no longer so unkind,
 Since you to think me False must think me Blind;
 How can you doubt of any change in me,
 When such fair Eyes are your Security.

Aliz. Ah do not, Sir, condemn what I have done,
 To doubt your Love does more declare my own:

'Tis Love, not Jealousie which I detect,
 Then for the causes sake excuse th' effect.

King. Madam, there is but one degree you know
 'Twixt doubting I am false and thinking so.

Aliz. To you no clearer Proof, Sir, I can give
 I think you are not false, then that I live;
 For did I doubt you guilty of that wrong
 My death should tell it you, and not my tongue.

King. The pow'r of Kindness, Madam, you confound,
 Making your Love the Sword with which you wound;
 If from this day my Ruine you will date,
 Then by some other Weapon act my fate;

D

Your

Your Anger Misery enough does prove
Without ascribing of it to your Love.

'Twere better far I fell by your Disdain

Then have your Love my blessing turn to Pain;

Aliz. What I have said too warmly you pursue.

King. How can you love him whom you think untrue?

Admire not what you said so much does move;

Since if you think me false I lose your love;

Against such groundless Fear there's no defence.

Aliz. Love feels no greater Torment then Suspense,

Since she who truly Loves had rather know

Her Lover false, than always think him so;

For 'tis an ill more sensible and high

To Live tormented still, then 'tis to Die:

But you may end those Torments I deplore,

If you will never see my Rival more.

King. This is a Remedy severe and new,

Rudeness to her must Kindness be to you;

And of my Love can you no proof admit

But what will make me for your Love unfit?

Aliz. Ah were I Blest or Curs'd to such degree

As that you thought some other lov'd by Me,

I would for ever from his sight be gone

And would in your contentment find my own;

Were your Affections but for me as great

Then you no more would see *Plantagenet*.

King. She is the nearest Kinswoman I have,

Her Lord too in my Service found his Grave;

Nature and Honour these respects approve

And make that Duty which you doubt is Love.

Aliz. Alas were you not chang'd, you would not be

Civil to her, rather than kind to me.

King. Will this your Fatal Jealousie remove?

I swear I never spake to her of Love.

Aliz. Love is not alwayes by Discourse made known,

It may be spoken in a Look or Groan;

Some in those wayes more Passion can dispense

Then others by the Charms of Eloquence;

Your Oath I fear is dictated by Art,

Your Tongue is innocent, but not your Heart.

King. This, Madam, too much your unkindness shows;

You neither will believe my Love nor Vows.

Aliz. Do not admire my Doubts and Fears are high

When you that easie cure of them deny;

I saw you gaze on her, much more then you

Did gaze on me when I did know you true;

Which to my Torment, Sir, does let me see

You lov'd Me not, or lov'd Her more then Me //

Man's Art to such a height could never rise
 As love from a true Lover to disguise;
 Oh Sir, it is high time I let you know
 Though Love is blind, yet Lovers are not so.

King. He never yet the height of Love has known
 Who onely found it in a Look or Groan;
 When I to you that Passion did expresse
 Which, Madam, onely with my Life shall cease:
 Though many Looks and Sighs to you I sent,
 Yet by Discourse too I did give it vent;
 If through all passages it does not press,
 It soon will kill the heart it does possess:
 Love is so vast a Passion, as the breast
 Is much too small to hold so great a Guest.

Aliz. Great Love is like great Grief, and all, Sir, hold
 That Grief is weak or small which can be told.

Enter Lord Latymer, who whispers to the King.

King. Madam, A pressing business calls me now,
 Be therefore satisfied with this strict Vow;
 My carriage to *Plantagenet* shall be
 Such as shall make you grant you've injur'd me.

[Exeunt King and Lord Latymer.]

Aliz. Now my *Sevina*, think you not that I
 Had a sufficient ground for Jealousie.

Sev. Madam you had, but give me leave to say
 You to suppress it took a hopeles way.

Aliz. To what way else could I have had recourse.

Sev. A Lover never was brought back by force;
 But since he raises Jealousie in you,
 Madam, resolve to make him Jealous too:
 You by a double Right must gain his Heart,
 First own it to your Beauty, then your Art:
 Love is like Health which all men value most,
 Not while it is possess'd, but when 'tis lost.

Aliz. I'll rather bear Misfortunes worst Assault
 Than own my blessing to a seeming Fault;
 If what you now propose I should approve,
 Virtue would blush at my Success in Love;
 Honour alone shall guide my Actions still,
 Rather than I will do, I'll suffer Ill:
 My Rival nor the King shall ever say
 To gain my Right I took a guilty way;
 She has the Happier, I the Nobler part,
 She may Possess, but I Deserve his Heart.

Exeunt.

The end of the first Act.

The Curtain falls.

THE

THE SECOND ACT.

The First SCENE.

The Curtain being drawn up, King Edward the Third, King John of France, and the Prince of Wales appear, seated on one side of the Theater, waited on by the Count of Guesclin, the Lord Latimer, the Lord Delaware, and other Lords, with the King's Guards. On the other side of the Theater are seated Plantagenet, Alizia, Cleorin, Sevina, and other Ladies. The Scene opens; two Scenes of Clouds appear, the one within the other, in the hollow of each Cloud are Women and men richly apparell'd, who sing in Dialogue and Chorus, as the Clouds descend to the Stage; then the Women and Men enter upon the Theater, and dance; afterwards return into the Clouds, which insensibly rise, all of them singing until the Clouds are ascended to their full height; then onely the Scene of the Kings magnificent Palace does appear, all the Company arise.

King Ed. Since you are Pris'ner by the fate of War,
 I shall not onely make it, Sir, my Care
 Your Grief by such diversions to allay,
 But quickly too to take their Cause away;
 Two pow'rful Motives me to this perswade,
 The Friendship, Sir, you with my Son have made,
 And that rare Fortitude which you have shown
 In *Poitiers* Field, and after it was won.

King Jo. Sir, Of that Fatal place I'll not complain,
 Since I in it his Friendship did obtain,
 Which I so prize as I'de the loss repeat
 Rather then miss a happines so great.

*{ Embracing
 the Prince.*

Prince. As much as Virtue Fortune does out-shine,
 So much your Victory surpasses mine;
 A treaty will my bonds on you untie,
 But yours on me will last eternally.

King Ed. That Treaty we to morrow will begin,
 And you shall find I'll so proceed therein,
 As you and all the world, Sir, shall confess
 Justice shall guide me in it, not Success:
 Doubt not but what I promise shall be done,
 'Tis what I ow my Honour and my Son.

King Jo. Thus using your Success, the world will see
 How justly you deserve your Victory;

Force

Force in rough Fetters may the Body bind,
But onely Friendship Captivates the Mind.

King Ed. It is already, Sir, so late I fear
As I no longer will detain you here;
But onely for the Ladies sake to ask
If you have been delighted with their Mask.

King Jo. While they are here, a Sin I should esteem
My being pleas'd with any thing but them;
To such a height their conquering Beauties rise,
T'admire them onely I employ'd my Eyes.

King Ed. All those who treat of Love are much abus'd,
If Love be dangerous while 'tis diffus'd;
To morrow they attend you at the Ball,
Then 'twill perhaps on one contracted fall.

King Jo. 'Tis harder, Sir, as 'tis by tryall known,
To resist many then resist but one;
But much more hard when each of them I see
Has Charms enough alone to conquer me.

[*Exeunt King John leading out Plantagenet.*

*As all are going out Alizia stops Sevina, who both return
on the Theater.*

Aliz. Stay my *Sevina*, 'ere from hence you go
I must your Heart as you my Heart shall know;
Me thought I saw King *Edward* by Surprise
Look on my Rivall with a Lovers Eyes;
If while I'me present he does her Adore,
Ah when I'me absent sure he does it more.

Sev. Through a false Optick, Madam, still we look,
When Jealousie hath once possession took;
I mark'd the King, and if His Looks were true
He with Loves eyes did onely look on you:
But I am sure the Princes Eyes were set
With so much Passion on *Plantagenet*,
As all my Skill in Looks I think is vain,
If his old Wound bleeds not afresh again;
And I'll ne're trust a Womans Eyes if She
Be not as sick of that Disease as He.

Aliz. I am amaz'd at what I hear from you.

Sev. Madam, You'll find what I have said is true,
And if the Prince and Shee each other Love
The Kings Addresses will Successless prove,
Should his imagin'd Passion be as high
As you can think though thought by Jealousie,
This, Madam, ought your Trouble to suppress.

Aliz. It does increase rather then make it less,
Ah what Delight or Glory will it be,
To find her Scorn does drive him back to me;

May she still rather of her Conquest boast,
 Then I regain so meanly what I lost:
 My Lover to my Rival I will loose,
 Sooner then Take a King she does Refuse.
 Then do not think I'll do so Low a thing:
 I'll Nobly Loose or Nobly Keep the King.

Sec. My hopes of Serving you I must forsake,
 When you a Poison of your Cordial make.

Aliz. What greater curse in Love can Fortune send
 Then make the way unworthy to the end?
 For should He from my Rivall now refrain,
 I must attribute it to her Disdain:
 I by my doubt did but the Pain endure,
 But what you said cuts off all Hope of Cure.

[*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE is Plantagenets Chamber.

Plantagenet and Cleorin.

Cleo. Pray speak your thoughts since I have told you mine.

Plan. Alas dear Friend, they are the same with thine;
 But to be us'd by Him as I have been
 Does make me blush at Love as at a Sin.

Cleo. I oft have beg'd you, Madam, but in vain,
 To tell me why you of the Prince complain.

Plan. 'Tis that alone from thee I can conceal,
 Nay I that Secret would to thee reveal,
 Had I not Lov'd the Prince to such degree,
 As I had rather be Condemn'd then he:
 Ah what can my Respect more clearly show,
 Then willingly his Guilt to undergo.

Cleo. I cannot think a Prince of such high Fame,
 As all the World does homage to his Name,
 To such a horrid Crime can condescend;
 As is unfit for you to tell your Friend.

Plan. To those bright Stars which guide us 'tis a shame,
 That so much Falshood dwells with so much Flame.

Cleo. Heaven seldom does that man with Lawrels Crown
 Who ought by Thunder to be stricken down,
 And Crimes which you to me dare not relate
 Cannot but Merit, Madam, such a Fate:
 I doubt you are betray'd by some abuse.

Plan. Oh that his Sin would but admit Excuse:
 Which that it cannot doubtless you'll admit,
 When I have vow'd, 'twas he which told me it.

Cleo. Madam, You might his words mis-understand.

Plan. Alas he writ them me with his own Hand.

Cleo.

Cleo. Oh in what Throne can Sacred Vertue Reign,
When Such a Prince does Falshood entertain.

Plan. I know not which for wonder is more fit,
Th' Offence he did or my out-living it;
But though no usage ever was so ill,
Yet, *Cleorin*, I fear I Love him still;
For when I saw him at the Mask to night,
From him I could not take away my sight;
Blushes and Sighs each other did pursue,
Too certain Signs that what I Fear is True;
But I'll no more this guilty task prolong,
Who can the Offender Love, deserves the Wrong.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter King John of France, and Count Guesclin.

Guesc. Since all things, Sir, to ease your Grief are done
By the Great *Edward* and his Greater Son,
Why shew you now more Sorrow in your Look
Then when at *Poitiers* you were Pris'ner took.

King Jo. Ah who could think more could by Fate be done,
Then rob me of my Freedom and my Crown.

Guesc. You did unworthy of your Fate appear,
So bravely, Sir, those Losses you did bear.
Your Conquerour, for a constancy so high,
Applauded You, and blam'd your Destiny.
Heav'n did to you your Miseries assign,
Onely to make your Vertues brighter shine.

King. Over my Sorrows I could still command,
Were I but Fortunes malice to withstand;
She could my Hands but as a Pris'ner bind,
But now I am a Captive of the Mind;
At *Poitiers* I by Force did lose the Field
But here alas I willingly do Yield.

Guesc. I cannot, Sir, believe so ill of you
As that you blame what willingly you do.
How can you bear the worst of Fortunes blows,
Yet sink with what you on your self impose.

King. This Generous Prince doubly does me subdue,
By force of Armes, and force of Friendship too.
I must lament what he hath done for me,
Since now 'tis Sin to hate my Enemy.

Guesc. Blame not your Fortune, but your self Commend,
For making a Brave Foe a Braver Friend.

King. He by my Ruine makes his Glory rise,
Then by my Friendship from Revenge he ties,
Oh do not blame me if I feel Remorse,
When I'me subdu'd by Kindness as by Force.

Guesc.

Guesc. Your Friendship for him, Sir, was never found,
 If such effects of it your Soul does wound;
 Ah let him never, Sir, my King subdue
 Both by his Fortune and his Vertue too.
 Your Honour is so Firm and so sublime,
 'Twere Sin to think you Guilty of that Crime:
 'Tis something else which does your Grief Inspire,
 After what you would hide I'll not inquire.

King. Ah Friend, I grant 'tis something else indeed,
 Yet from his Friendship does my Grief proceed,
 For at the Mask King *Edward* made for me
 The Bright *Plantagenet* I there did see,
 And soon my Heart a Passion did admit
 Vast as those Beauties which created it:
 Such Features, Colours, Motions, and such Eyes,
 With the Result which from them all did rise,
 My Soul to this belief did quickly win,
 That Yielding Duty was, Resistance Sin.

Guesc. Your Grief from Love not Friendship then does grow.

King. It springs at once from Love and Friendship too:
 For I observ'd, during the masking Night,
 The Prince on her did alwayes fix his Sight,
 And often from his breast a Sigh wold steal
 Which as his Looks his Passion did reveal;
 But that which made my Trouble much more great
 Was, when her Sight did with the Prince's meet:
 A bright Vermillion in her Face would rise,
 Then with a Sigh she would cast down her Eyes;
 What stronger Prooff could either of them show,
 That he lov'd her, and that she Lov'd him too:
 Condemn not then my Grief who must contend,
 Both with my Conquerour, and with my Friend.

Guesc. Let that which does your Grief your Glory prove,
 Making your Friendship overcome your Love;
 'Twill be by all a Greater Action held,
 Thus to Decline a Love then Gain a Field;
 As much as Vertue above Fortune is
 So much your Glory will out-rival his;
 For you a Nobler Conquest this secures,
 Let Force his Triumph make, but Friendship yours.

King. Guesclin, Such talk as this you must forbear,
 The greatest Glory is her Chains to wear;
 In what thou mov'st, thou dost mispend thy breath,
 None cures her Beauties Wounds but She or Death.

Guesc. 'Tis strange to be so Vanquish'd the first hour.

King. That does not show my Weakness but her Pow'r.
 Her Beauty onely has the Right and Art,
 At the first Sight to Captivate a Heart;

Her

Her Eyes can be no more oppos'd then Fate,
Others may Raise, but she does Love Create.

Guesc. I once believ'd the Empire of your Breast
Could onely by *Valeria* be posselt.

King. I was my self to that belief confin'd,
But now *Plantagenet* has chang'd my Mind;
She claim'd my Heart in such a Charming way,
That to Refuse was worse then to Obey;

Guesclin, She gives, as to my cost I prove,
New Rules in Beauty, and new Laws in Love.

Guesc. This sudden change I cannot, Sir, but dread,
The News of it will strike *Valeria* dead.

King. Who on my Conquerours Beauty does reflect,
Will find the Cause does justifie th' Effect.

Guesc. But why have you your Heart so soon resign'd
To Outward Beauties, till you knew the Mind.

King. Ah when the Mask was done, I quickly found
Her Mind was like her Eyes with Brightness Crown'd;
Such heightned Wit did in her Words appear,
As she subdu'd my Heart too by my Ear:

'Twas vain alas to think of a Defence,
When she had Charm'd my Soul in every Sence;
Thendo not hope my Passion to remove,
But as thou art my Friend assist my Love.

Guesc. Though I foresee this Passion many wayes
Will to your Fame and Freedom Trouble raise,
And that the Prince's Love obstructs your way,
Yet, Sir, since you Command me I Obey;
I'll make it, Sir, my business now to win
Your Conquerours Confident fair *Cleorin*:
To Lovers, Sir, the Favorite Women are;
The same as Outworks to a Town of War;
Though to the Town compar'd but small they look,
Yet those once gain'd, the Place is sooner took.

King. Go my dear *Guesclin* then, and quickly try,
If Friendships Wings as fast as Loves can Fly.

[*Exeunt several wayes.*]

The SCENE is the Prince's Chamber.

The Prince and Delaware.

Prince. Oh *Delaware*, mine is so strange a Grief,
As I nor Hope nor Wish to have Relief.

Dela. May you not to your Servant, Sir, declare
That Grief in which he begs to have a share?

Pr. Ah why should I that Grief to you impart,
Whose Trouble for it will more Wound my Heart;

With my own Sorrows I can scarce contend,
 Adde not to these the Sorrows of my Friend.

Dela. Since you to me so high a Title give,
 I humbly beg you by it to believe
 Nothing to you so Great a Grief can be
 As this denial, Sir, would prove to me;
 If, Sir, your Friendship Treats me at this rate,
 'Twill make your Kindness wound me like your Hate.
 Should I want Pow'r to make your Grief decline,
 'Tle not increase it by disclosing mine.

Pr. That deep Affliction under which I Groan
 Cannot alas be eas'd by being known;
 Yet since no proof you'll of my Friendship take,
 But what your trouble and my own must make,
 Rather then you should fear the Truth of it;
 I to that proof which you desire submit;
 I doubt not you have heard how heretofore
 The Fair *Plantagenet* I did Adore,
 And that I had some ground to think that she
 Nor Cruel nor Ungratefull was to me;
 Heav'n knows I Lov'd her with so chaste a Flame
 As I to Marry her did onely aim,
 To which at last my Father did consent,
 When she next day but one did marry *Kent*,
 And which is worse, if worse then this can be,
 She for it n'ere excus'd her self to me.

Dela. To offer at it had increas'd th' abuse;
 Who could excuse a fault above excuse?

Pr. I who through all Wars dangers oft have past,
 I who a thousand times have Death out-fac'd,
 In all those Horrors did less Trouble see,
 Then in *Plantagenet's* inconstancy.

Dela. 'Tis she, not you, which should her Change repent;
 Since in her Sin she found her Punishment.

Pr. Alas to me a sad Revenge it prov'd,
 To see her Ruin'd whom so much I Lov'd:
 What worse to me could She or Fortune do,
 Then make her Punishment my Torment too;
 A Torment which all others did out-do,
 Since I who felt it cannot tell it you;
 But yet at last Honour prevail'd so far,
 As I forsook *Plantagenet* for War.

Hoping in War by Death to find Relief,
 Or else in time to waite away my Grief.

Dela. In her Inconstancy and in that War,
 Heav'n shew'd it took of you a double Care;
 With deathless Lawrels you have Crown'd your Head,
 And mist a Wife unworthy of your Bed.

Pr. How dare you talk of her at such a rate,
For though her Usage might deserve my Hate,
Yet from her Eyes such conquering Light does break,
As none of her but with Respect should speak.

Dela. Forgive me if the fence, Sir, of your Wrong
Did force a Guilty Duty from my Tongue.

Pr. To her alone that suit you must prefer,
I dare not pardon an Offence to Her,
The Wrong I told thee of concerns not Thee.

Dela. Yes she in Wronging you has injur'd me.

Prince. From such Discourse I charge you to refrain;
Bethought by me t' Endure and not Complain;
If what I said thou dost so much deplore,
What I must say I find will grieve thee more;
For know she does again my Conquerour prove; [Dela. starts.
I thought her Change had cur'd my Injur'd Love;
But when last night I saw her Beauties Shine,
Resentment did to Love the Throne resign;
And that deep Wound clos'd up by her Dildain
Was open'd by one Conquering Look again;
As when the Murth'rer does the Murder'd see,
The Corps will bleed a-fresh immediately.

Dela. Oh let it never of my Prince be said,
He yields to one by whom he was Betray'd!

Pr. I glory more my Love that Wrong o'ercame,
Then I can Grieve that I so Injur'd am;
What to my Flame a Remedy can grant,
When her Inconstancy that Power does want?
I find, do what she will, in me she'll Reign,
Her Eyes give deeper Wounds than her Dildain.

Dela. What her Dildain did want the Power to do,
Let Honours Dictates now perswade you to:
And, Sir, to arm you for this just Assault,
Know she has said her Mariage was your Fault:
Ah 'twas enough the Injury to do,
Without attributing the Guilt to You.
Malice it self at nothing worse could aim,
She kills your Love and then would kill your Fame.
And, Sir, to shew her Fault all Faults surpass,
She of the First makes use to act the Last.

Pr. Ah do not think this can my Love subdue,
Since what she charg'd me with I wish were True:
If my Miseries would scarce repine,
Had I the Pow'r to make her Failings mine.
My Love for her would make me be content,
To have her Guilt and my own Punishment;
Yet I have nam'd but half the Weight I bear:
My Father is in Love with her I hear;

And I am much mistaken if last Night,
 She the French King Subdu'd not at first Sight ;
 By which I find I must the Field maintain,
 Against my King, my Friend, and her Disdain,
 But though worse Crosses should my Hopes befall,
 My pow'rfull Love would Overcome them all.
 Disswade me not, but try for me to win
 The Friendship of thy Sister *Clewin* ;
 She most of all my Conquerours mind does sway,
 Reply not if thou Lov'st Me, but Obey,

[Exit Prince]

Delaware alone.

Dela. Some Fatal Planet at my Birth did Reign,
 Since all things which should Cure, Augment my pain ;
 My Sister who at last for me did get
 To be the Favorite to *Plantagenet*,
 Which from Despair till now my Soul did free,
 My Prince makes use of now to ruine me ;
 My Love he aims not onely to destroy,
 But to obtain that End does Me employ.
 Not doing it I Disobedience show,
 And if I do it, I my Love o'rethrow :
 That Secret, dying *Kent* reveal'd to me,
 Which rais'd my Hopes, now makes my Misery ;
 My Mistress I betray while 'tis conceal'd,
 And should betray my Love were it reveal'd ;
 What ever happens I must Wretched prove,
 For I must Lose, or not Deserve her Love.
 Thus from Wars Dangers Crown'd with Bayes I rise,
 Onely to fall the greater Sacrifice ;
 Yet of a Remedy I will not doubt,
 Love which has Led me in may Lead me out.

[Exit]

The End of the Second Act.

THE

THE THIRD ACT.

The SCENE is King John's Apartment.

Enter King John, and a Page.

Page. **T**He fair *Valeria* has her Brother sent
T' attend you, Sir, in your imprisonment;
His Sister from the Duke of *Lancaster*
Obtain'd a Pass which brought him safely here;
He is but newly lighted at your Gate
And begs your leave that he on you may wait.

King. *Valeria's* Brother sure it cannot be.

Page. Sir, I but say the words he said to me.

King. Which of her Brothers is't?

Page. ——— That Brother, Sir;
Who, e're his face was hurt, resembled her.

King. Call him ——— *Exit Page.*
How can I on the Brother look,
Whose Sister is by me so soon forsook?
But who the Bright *Plantagenet* shall see,
Must be unjust or else must pardon me.

Enter the Page with Valeria's Brother, whom the King embraces.

King. You are so like your Sister, I should know
You were her Brother though none told me so:
She may increase my Debt as she thinks fit,
But nothing can the Sence I have of it,
The Battel I have lost I hope that She
Ascribes to my Ill Fate, and not to Me;
Fortune alas too Tyrannous would prove,
If what has lost my Crown should lose her Love.

Val. Bro. Since for your Mistress you of her made Choice,
She at the loss, Sir, does almost rejoyce;
For it presents her with a proof that shows,
Her Love is past the reach of Fortunes Blows.
she'll grieve at nothing your ill Fate can do,
Unless at that which severs her from you.

King. Never Affection to this height did rise,
It proves her Love is matchless as her Eyes;
And makes me scarce repine at what I bear,
Since it does shew how I am lov'd by her.

Val. Bro. She of her Love a higher Proof does show,
In what she has commanded me to do;
For, Sir, She knows that *England* still affords
Beauties, which are Resistless as her Swords,
And has enjoyn'd me if you here should be
In Love with any one more Fair than she,
I should assist you, Sir, in your Amours;
And Sink her Happiness, to Heighten yours.

King. She does at once in what she bid you do
Declare her Love, and run no hazard too;
For he, who once is made *Valeria's* prize,
Is arm'd against all Wounds from others Eyes.

Enter Guesclin.

*The King goes hastily to meet him to the other side of the
Theater: Valeria's Brother list'ning to them.*

'Tis with impatience, *Guesclin*, I have straid
To learn from you the Progress you have made.

Guesc. In vain I try by Presents, Sir, to win
The Assistance of the Beauteous *Cleorin*;
She, as I'm told, was preingag'd before.

King. Whoever told you that could tell you more.

Guesc. By Gifts I won a Lady who of late
The Honour on your Mistress had to wait,
Who told me and assur'd me it was true,
The Prince of *Wales* does love your Mistress too.

King. In this my Cruel Fate on me does send
The greatest curse which I could apprehend,
Must I the Prince or else my Fortune blame,
Who thus does rival me in Love and Fame?

Guesc. How can you justly, Sir, this News deplore
Since I but tell you what you thought before.

'Tis the least Wonder does in Love befall,
To think a Mistress is Ador'd by all,
I as a Lover to that Thought was bound,
But now that Thought a Certainty is found,
Which justly in my Soul does grief infuse.

Guesc. She has acquainted me with stranger News,
She told me, Sir, this is the second time,
The Bright *Plantagenet* was lov'd by him.
He by Despair to the French Wars was sent,
She leaving him to wed the Earl of *Kent*,
But she the cause of it could not relate.

King. How strange and intricate a Pow'r is Fate,
The Prince of *Wales* finds in a slighted Flame
The Noblest of all ways to raise his Fame

Glory

Glory does heal what Love made him endure,
 And his Dispair presents him with his Cure.
 He mist her Love a while, that he might be
 More worthy of it by his Conquering Me;
 A happy Planet at his Birth did Reign;
 A seeming Loss brings him a double Gain;
 While Fate with me so cruelly does act,
 As by one Loss a greater I contract,
 Successless Love his way to Fame does prove,
 And loss of Fame does make my way to Love.

Guesc. You wrong your Vertue by this strange Debate;
 The Brave are still the makers of their Fate;
 'Tis onely, Sir, those men whose Souls are low,
 Which first made Fate and then to Fate did bow,
 Nor War nor Love, Sir, are Resistless Powers,
 Both have their Happy as Unhappy Hours;
 But he who does for one Mischance Dispair,
 Can ne're be prosperous in Love or War.
 As I have told you what has rais'd your Grief,
 So now I will present you some Relief;
 For my informer, Sir, to me has swore,
 That though the Prince your Mistress does Adore,
 He hath not yet his Love to her disclos'd,
 She therefore, Sir, has hopefully propos'd.
 That you this moment to the Prince would go
 And let him from your self this Passion know;
 His Friendship for you and so great a Trust
 Will make him cease to Love or be Unjust;
 If, Sir, he does the first, your End you win,
 And by the last make Rivalship no Sin:
 This, Sir, which She Proposes I approve.

King. No Friendship ever yet could conquer Love,
 He to that Passion vainly does pretend
 Who can resign his Mistress to his Friend;
 I scarce can relish what she does advise,
 It seems to me nor Generous, nor Wise,
 For in vain hopes of what it ne're will do
 I clearer shall the lesser Friendship show;
 My Friendship too were guilty of a Crime
 Should his do more for me then mine for him.

Guesc. But e're her Council, Sir, you Disapprove,
 Consider if you can forsake your Love.

King. Sooner then I my Passion will forgo
 I will forsake my Crown and Friendship too.

Guesc. Then pray, Sir, follow what she does Advise,
 And you will find 'tis Generous and wise,
 If to the Prince you first your Passion own
 You first do that which he first should have done,

(24)

And lay that Blame on him while this you do;
Which justly else he might have charg'd on you :
Since you will Court the Mistress of your Friend
This is the fairest way to reach your End.

King. I will approve that which you last did say,
And to attempt it will no time delay.

[*Exeunt King, Guefcclin and Page.*

Val. Bro. In which of both does he not Guilty prove,
In his Dissembling, or his change of Love ?
There is but one way left that I can see
To Cure or Punish his Inconstancy. ————— *Exit.*

Enter Plantagenet and Cleoria.

Cleo. *Guefcclin* did shew no little Discontent
When I refus'd the Gifts his King had sent,
Who since this way he does Successless prove
He will himself declare to you his Love;
And, Madam, I believe King *Edward* too
Will suddenly disclose his Flame to you.

Plan. Oh *Cleoria* how cruel is my Fate
That those should Love me most whom most I Hate,
And he whom most I love in spite of's Fault,
I fear of me scarce does admit a Thought

Enter to them Alizia and Sevina.

Aliz. Excuse me, Madam, if I take this time
T' accuse your Beauty of a seeming Crime :
That Friendship which on me you did bestow
Does make it just I should yet call it so.

Plan. Madam, I am Surpris'd at what you say,
For that great Friendship which to you I pay,
Does make me confident I ne're could do
What may be call'd a seeming Crime by you.
Let me but know my Charge, and you will see
You are more Faulty in Suspecting me.

Aliz. From the first hour in which you did descend
To bless me with the Title of your Friend,
I so much valu'd it as Heaven does know
I strove to Merit what you did bestow,
Which makes what ere I did in serving you
To be at once my Joy and Duty too.
And though your Goodness often would confess
I serv'd you above all you could express,
Yet I was higher Griev'd I did no more,
Then I was Pleas'd with all I did before.

Plan.

Plan. Madam, to prove my Debt you need not strive, yet I'll own my self the ungratefull'st Soul alive;
If since our Friendship I did e're admit
A thought which might but seem unfit for it,

Aliz. Ah, Madam, can you say what now you do,
And have your Face exempt from bluthes too
Or do you think it is a Friendly thing
To rob me of my Lover and my King?
One, who till now preserv'd so pure a Flame
As made him greater for his Love then Fame;
If this be held a Friendly Act by you,
Pursue such friendly Acts, and Kill me too;
To me a much less Cruelty 'twould prove
To rob me of my Life, than of my Love;
For our past Friendships sake you shou'd not give
Wounds worse than Death, and after let me live:
Your Cruelty grants half of my Request,
Then let your Pity, Madam, grant the rest:
Accept this Weapon, and no longer shun
To let your Hand cure what your Eyes have done.

Presenting her a Dagger.

Plan. I am amaz'd at what you say and do,
I'll sooner wound my self with it than you.

Aliz. Ah, 'tis your kindness to the King I see
Hinders your granting what is beg'd by me;
His Image, Madam, you but love too well,
You fear to strike the Shrine where it does dwell;
But for that Reason what I ask dispence,
Since onely Death can banish it from thence;
Else to you Conquest 'twill some trouble give
To know he in your Rivals heart does live.

Plan. Can you believe I'll share that Monarcks Bed
By whose Command my Father lost his Head?
My Father who was Unkle too to him,
And who in Virtue to such height did climb,
As a whole day he on the Scaffold stood;
E're they could find out one would shed his Blood;
King *Edwards* double Guilt my soul does fright,
First he usurp'd on his own Fathers right,
Then stain'd a Scaffold with his Unkles gore
For striving his wrong'd Brother to restore.

Aliz. You should not charge your Fathers death on him,
Since 'twas his Pow'r, not he, which did that Crime;
His Chancellours, while he was under age,
Cloath'd with his name th' injustice of their rage;
For which when he had reach'd his Fourteenth year,
He put to death the Guilty Mortimer,

H

And

And to appease you for that Murth'ers Sin
He now does Court you to become his Queen.

Plan. I thought from Nature you had understood
There's no Atonement for a Fathers Blood :
Then do not thinke I'll ever Condescend
At once to injure Nature and my Friend.

Aliz. Have you forgot how you were almost won,
Madam, to wed your Father's Murth'ers Son :
If onely Love prevail'd so far with you,
What cannot Love, and thirst of Empire do.

Plan. Into a high Injustice I had run
Had I ascrib'd the Kings guilt to his Son.

Aliz. You with a worse Injustice can dispence,
You charge the King with *Mortimers* Offence ;
A Father's Guilt a Son may undergo,
But Kings partake not Sins which Subjects do.

Plan. If on the Prince his Birth a Guilt did lay,
He with his Tears did wash that Guilt away.

Aliz. The Princes Grief was Weak, the Kings was Strong ;
The Prince Deplor'd, the King Reveng'd your Wrong ;
The King did more, if rightly understood,
The Son gave you but Tears, the Father Blood.

Plan. 'Twill easier to a Cruel Prince appear,
To spill a Subjects Blood, then shed a Tear :
But those true Show'rs wept by the Prince of *Wales*
To judge him Innocent with me prevails.

Aliz. This does but shew the King what he should Do,
He need but Weep to be judg'd Guiltless too ;
Or if yet Guilty held, with little Pain
A Lovers Tears will wash off any Stain.

Plan. Though your not Crediting what I have spoke
My just Repentment does too much provoke,
Yet that you may my Friendship clearly see,
Ev'n while you shew that you have none for me,
Since what I said has not prevail'd with you,
I will Convince you by this Solemn Vow :
I swear the King nor any e're to me
Mention'd that Love which makes your Jealousie,
And should he e're for me a Passion have,
Rather than wed the King I'll wed my Grave :
These Vows your Friendship should to me restore.

Sev. You cannot Ask, nor can the Promise more.

Cleo. Such Vowes as these should your Belief perswade,
And Friendship thus Renew'd is Stronger made.

Aliz. Ah, Madam, now my Trouble is more high ;
Then it was lately by my Jealousie,
You could impose no Penance so Sublime,
As thus to Shew me and Forgive my Crime.

What

What ends one Pain a greater does begin,
 Since all my Grief for your imagin'd Sin
 Did not so much my wounded Mind Subdue,
 As does the Grief of having Injur'd you:
 Yet who can wonder that I Jealous grew
 Of so much Beauty and such Vertue too;
 The Perfectness of both you now have shown,
 The Last has pardon'd what the First has done.

Plan. If what I did might to Reward pretend
 You give the greatest, being still my Friend.

[Embraces her.

Aliz. And may I be depriv'd of Life and Fame,
 When e're again I lose that Glorious Name.

Exeunt.

Enter King Edward, and Lord Latymer as in Discourse.

Laty. To me th' assurance she did twice repeat.

King. What! that my Son Adores *Plantagenet*?

Laty. And with a Passion, Sir, that does appear
 More fierce then that which he first paid to her.

King. Ah can he be so mean to Love again
 One who his former Passion did Disdain?
 One who was Guilty of so strange a Crime,
 As to give *Kent* that Heart she Promis'd him?
 And that her Scorn she might the more Display,
 Wedded a Rival on his wedding day;
 At least that day which was for him design'd.

Laty. Love never was to Reasons Rules confin'd,
 For 'tis a Passion, Sir, which onely knows
 Such Laws as on it self it will Impose.

King. But Honour should oblige him to Abhor
 One by whose Guilt he was Betray'd before.

Laty. A Lover thinks that no Dishonour lies
 In twice submitting to his Mistress Eyes,
 We soon may Love and Fortune reconcile,
 When either of them after Frowning Smile.

King. Oh *Latymer*, the News thou dost impart
 Does with a Double wound afflict my Heart;
 First that my Son by such a Love should dare
 To blast those Glories he has won in War;
 Then that his Flames should be to her Address'd
 Without whose Love I never can be Blest.

Laty. Starts.

Why dost thou start? is it so strange a thing
 That so much Beauty should Subdue thy King?
 Rather admire I did not sooner bow
 To such Bright Eyes, then that I do it now;
 The Greatest Men that e're the World did Grace
 Have still allow'd to Love the Highest Places;

Cesar, who gained many a Glorious Field,
Yet did to *Cleopatra's* Beauties yield.

Laty. Had he not won many a Glorious Field,
That Love had been but as his Weakness held;
His Conquests make us think his Soul Sublime,
And many Victories Excuse one Crime.

King. Whatever in my Love is judg'd amiss
I'll expiate by Actions Great as his.

Laty. But how, Sir, can you well Condemn your Son
For Doing that which by your self is Done,
Since both of you Purpose the same Design.

King. His Case my Lord does differ much from mine.
For though we both *Plantagenet* Adore,
Yet he has been Betray'd by her before :
The difference is exceeding great you see
She has Affronted him, but Conquer'd me;
Love is at worst a Noble Frailty thought,
But Love when Scorn'd is justly held a Fault.

Laty. May I be Pardon'd if I speak my heart ?

King. What 'ere you think you freely may impart.

Laty. May not the Prince then, Sir, as justly say
You are more faulty to *Alizia* ?

You cease to love her in whose Heart you Reign'd,
And he but loves her who his Love disdain'd ;
He with the best of Loves extreams is curst,
But you seem guilty of the very worst ;
His Fault is, Sir, the lesser of the two,
You too Inconstant are, and she too True.

King. O do not wound me by reminding things
Which rather Trouble than Repentance brings.

Laty. The Fault which you Confess will you Pursue ?

King. We should not Sin, and yet we daily do ;
I owe *Alizia* more then you can say,

But what I owe her I want pow'r to pay :

Plantagenet should onely Wonders do,

She makes my Fault, and does excuse it too.

Enter to them the Prince and Delaware.

Prince. Sir, I am come to make you a Request
Which if deny'd I never can be Blest ;
'Tis a Request I beg you to Admit,
And beg your Pardon too, for making it.

King. I'll grant what 'ere you ask though ne're so great,
If it does not concern *Plantagenet*.

Prin. Sir, It relates to her in some degree,
But it exceedingly relates to Me.

King. Then you are come, I doubt, to ask again
My leave that she may twice your Love disdain,

Since

Since there is nothing else I can believe
Unfit for you to Ask, or me to Give,
And yet that Sin Honour should so detest,
As you should never make it your request.

Prin. If 'tis a Sin to love her, Sir, I fear
That every Man must Sin that Looks on her.

King. Loving of her which is her Beauties Due
From any other, is a Sin in you.

Prin. How can it, Sir, by you be justly thought
That what is Mandkinds Duty is my Fault.

King. You know what Scorn she did to you dispence,
And in such ways as Height'ned the Offence;
Without the Blemish of that double Stain,
She had within your Heart deserv'd to Reign;

Prin. But had not I through those Fierce Tryals run,
I had not Merited what I had Won.

King. Too far she in those Guilty Tryals went,
When she abandon'd you to Marry Kent;

Prin. His Fate is Nobler who Deserves, but Fails,
Then his who Merits not, and yet Prevails.

King. But those Fierce Tryals which she us'd you to
Makes her Incapable to Merit you;
For should she love you now 'twould be too late;
The Wrongs of Honour what can expiate?

Prin. Her Love, when e're Conferr'd, will Overpay
The Affronts of Scorn and Tortures of Delay;
Against her Beauties 'twere the greatest Fault
To think her Love can be too dearly bought.

King. Rather that cruell'st Injury she gave
Should all your Scorn and all your Hatred have,
Then do not Hope I ever will allow
That by my leave she twice should Injure you,
Ask all those Provinces your Sword has Won,
Ask me to share with you the English Crown,
And that true Kindness with does me dispose
Still to deny you Her, would grant you Those.

Prin. The Empire of the world I should Disdain,
Unless *Plantagenet* with me did Reign;
No Charms would in that Throne to me appear,
Without I had your leave to place Her there;
But if you grant me what I now implore,
I cannot Ask nor can you Give me more.

King. When first her Beauties in your Heart did Reign,
I had design'd to Marry you in Spain;
And the consent I of *Don Pedro* won,
By which you had Succeeded to his Crown;
But by affection for you I was led
To give you leave *Plantagenet* to Wed.

What Act of greater Kindness could be shown,
Then yield your Love should lose so fair a Throne?
You have lost *Spain* by your first Fatal Flame,
And by your second you will lose your Fame.
Those Wreaths which Conquer'd *France* for you have made
By such a Guilty Fire will quickly fade.

Prin. I doubt not, Sir, but by my Sword to gain
As large a Monarchy as that of *Spain*.
Fortune the Valiant may to Thrones prefer,
But 'tis by sufferings I must Conquer her.

King. Ah Prince, since nor your Reason nor your Fame
Can cure you of so Criminal a Flame,
I'll try if my Commands can make you do
What Fame and Reason cannot lead you to;
I here enjoy you, Son, by every thing
Which binds you to your Father and your King,
This sinful Love without delay decline,
Which should your Horror cause as well as mine,
For if this Passion longer you pursue,
You'll lose your Fame, your King and Father too.

Exeunt King and Lord Latymer.

Prin. Two Ills he offers, one he bids me choose,
I must my Mistress or my Father loose;
Why should he strive by Nature to remove
The highest bond of Nature that of Love?
Though Nat'ral 'tis to Obey a Fathers call,
Yet to love her is much more Natural;
Since he would have me yield to Natures sway,
Where she most Rules there I should most Obey?

Dela. Since She's your King, your Father, and your Friend
Oppose your Love, give to your Love an End;
Any of them the Conquest ought to Win,
Then to Oppose all Four will prove a Sin.

Prin. Ah *Delaware*, the Sin were much more Great
Should I now cease to love *Plantagenet*,
Then I to kill my self I must needs consent
My Love and Life being of like extent.

Dela. Your Passion is Unjust while 'tis so Great,
You pay Loves Score with what is Natures debt;
If in your Love so prodigal you are,
With what, Sir, will you pay your Fathers Care?

Prin. Ah 'tis his Love for her, not care for me,
Which makes him treat me with such Cruelty;
Against all Rules of Justice he does go,
Making himself both Judge, and Party too;
If to Love her who wrong'd me be a Crime,
The self-same cause makes Love a Fault in him.

Dela.

Dela. More by a King and Father may be done
Then may be by a Subject, and a Son;
Let calmer Thoughts you to your Duty bring,
Pronounce the names of Father and of King
With that Respect which is to either due,
And yield to those Effects 'twill work in you,
Those Pow'rful Names will then Victorious be.

Prin. I find in either dwells Divinity,
For nothing less of Force enough could prove
To hinder me to speak to her I Love.
This is the very utmost I can do,
And this Heav'n knows will prove my Torment too.

Dela. Silence, Sir, 'is but half of what you owe,
You should suppress your Inclination too.

Prin. My Inclinations must be let alone,
For though 'tis Mine yet it is not my own.

Dela. Onely to Lovers this Distinction's known;
How can it, Sir, be yours, and not your own?

Prin. Subjects who from their King the Pow'r have got
Are still his Subjects though he Rules them not.
Oh Friend, in my Condition there appears
Two Motions like to those which Rule the Spheres;
My Love the Rapid Motion I may call,
My Duty to my King the Natural,
Which while it does it's Regular Course obey,
Loves Rapid Motion hurries it away.

[*Exit.*]

The End of the Third Act.

THE FOURTH ACT.

*The Scene opening, King Edward and Lord Larymer appear
in a Garden discoursing.*

Lat. Sir, 'tis past doubt, the Intelligence is true.

King. What the French King the Princes Rival too!

Lat. And to so great a Height, as I believe
A period to their Friendship it will give;
For never any yet could soar above
The fierce Resentments of a Rivalls Love.

King. Friendship between them two can hardly be
Of so much Strength as Nature is in me;
Since Love in me does Nature's Force subdue,
Doubt not in them 'twill Conquer Friendship too;

'Tis

'Tis the Prerogative of her Bright Eyes
For Love of them to breake all other Ties.

Lat. Is it then just you on the Prince should lay
Commands above his Pow'r, Sir, to obey?

King. Oh *Latymer*, I grant I am to Blame,
But 'tis not Love alone does me Inflame;
Glory in that I act does bear a part,
Glory does fire my Mind, as Love my Heart;
Nothing for me seems Worthy to Pursue,
But what my Son Attempting Fail'd to do:
Since he to such an Envied Fame does rise,
Mine will Burn dimme if it Outshine not his.

Lat. Oh Sir, can you who have such Glory won
Grow Jealous of the Glory of your Son.

King. He never Glory Lov'd who could Admit
Of any thing which might Outrival it,
From this Resolve nothing can me remove;
Nature must yield to Glory and to Love.

Enter King John and the Prince, who lock the Chamber-door.

Lat. Sir, I perceive the Prince and the French King,
Something Important does them hither bring,
For they are come alone and lock the gate;
If, Sir, conceal'd a while you here will wait,
Perhaps you'll learn what in their Loves they'll Do.

King. That's a discourse deserves my list'ning to.

*King Edward and Lord Latymer conceal
themselves behind the Scene.*

King Jo. 'Tis such a Secret as shall clearly show
The perfect Friendship which to you I owe,
Since what to tell my self is scarcely fit
I to your Secrefie shall now commit.

Prin. Though nothing can to me more Pleasure give,
Then Proofs, Sir, of your Friendship to receive,
Yet among Friends there may such Secrets be,
As to disclose them were an Injury;
But you too well the Laws of Friendship know,
And are too Generous to use me so.

King Jo. That Friend must to himself appear Unjust
Who takes as Injuries the Marks of Trust;
Yet tell me, Sir, what can that Secret be
Which to Reveal would be an Injury.

Prin. Should'd you have brib'd your Guards to set you free,
'Twould be an Injury to tell it me;
For I should be, what ever I should do,
False to my King and Father, or to you.

King Jo.

King Jo. Could I corrupt or else his Guards deceive,
I'd not return to *France* without his leave,
That Generous Usage he to me does show
Secures me here more then his Guards can do,
And though this Bond be Strong enough appear,
Yet a far stronger does Confine me here.
By your great Friendship, Sir, I here am ty'd.
But tell me freely, is there ought beside
Which by a Friend a Secret may be thought,
Which told a Friend, his Friend may think a Fault?

Prin. Yes, Sir, yet I will mention but one more;
Suppose two Friends one Beauty did Adore;
If he, whose Heart her eyes the last o're came,
Should to his Rival Friend disclose his Flame,
He well might think the Injury was Great.

King. I hope you do not love *Plantagenet*?

Prin. Yes, Sir, I do, and with a Love so High
As it can never Cease until I Die.

King. Ah, Since you Love her and to that Degree,
Why was your Passion not Reveal'd to me?
Telling you first she does my Conquerour prove,
You make your Friendship Guiltier then my Love.

Prin. Why should I tell you what you needs must know,
For whosoever sees must love her too.

King. Since such high Pow'r does to her Eyes belong,
Think not in loving her I do you Wrong.

Prin. To love such Charming Eyes no wrong can be,
But 'tis a Wrong to tell your Love to me.

King. Since all who Look on her she must Subdue,
Is it a wrong to tell you what you knew?
Because you thought your Love was known to me,
You judg'd your Silence was no Injury;
But I, as soon as I her Lover grew,
Judg'd it a Duty, Sir, to Tell it you,
Consider which of us has done the worst.

Prin. I who first saw her must have lov'd her First,
Therefore my Passion must be known to you.

King. I hear'd you Lov'd Her, and she Lov'd You too,
But afterwards she did Inconstant prove,
And I believ'd that Wrong had Cur'd your Love.

Prin. Her Beauties were unworthy my Esteem,
If any thing more Powerful were then Them.

King. Knowing their Pow'rs, admire not if you see
That Love more strong then Friendship is in me.

Prin. Yet since I to her Beauties first did bow,
Your Love's a Wrong to me, not mine to you.

King Jo. Affronts the Ties of Friendship may undo,
Yet you still love her though she injur'd you;

You clearly have Declar'd in what you Did,
 That her Fair Eyes does Friendships strength exceed;
 And she who spight of Wrongs triumphs o're you
 Triumphs o're me in spight of Friendship too.
 Since she o're you the greatest Pow'r has shewn,
 Blaming my Passion you more blame your own;
 Our Love in both or neither is amiss,
 Yours above wrongs, mine above Friendship is.
 But the Success of mine I may despair,
 Since now I know that you my Rival are;
 I with Disgrace am cloath'd, but you with Fame,
 Which makes me merit Pity more then Blame.

Prin. How can I, Sir, that Pity give to you,
 Which to my own Case is more justly due?
 Besides her change for which my Soul does mourn,
 Besides my Friend who does my Rival turn,
 As high an Ill as both of these I feel.

King. May you that Secret, Sir, to me Reveal?
 To me who though as Rival you may blame,
 Yet I your Friend more than your Rival am;
 For at this Name I Grieve, at that Rejoyce,
 This is th' Effect of Force, but that of Choice.

[Embracing him.]

Prin. Oh I did err, and in a high degree,
 Repining that you Rival were to me,
 Since 'tis more fit that pain I should abide
 Then that her Eyes this Triumph were deny'd;
 As both in Love and Friendship I exceed,
 So both Disdain in common paths to tread;
 Unjust to Her and Love, I should appear,
 Would I without a Rival conquer her;

King. This Declaration I unmov'd receive,
 Since you to be your Rival give me leave,
 But to *Plantagenet* should prove unkind,
 Yet in my Friendship I some ease shall find;
 For should the worst of Fortunes be my share,
 Your Trophies I should raise in Love as War:
 Thus I by Friendships Pow'r shall be supply'd
 With what to me my Fate and Love deny'd;
 My Friendship for you nothing can impair
 Since it stands firm, though you my Rival are;
 For I who best her Beauties pow'r do know,
 Find your excuse from thence for being so;
 And to confirm this Truth, I now will show
 That Secret to you, which you ask'd to know.

Prin. Those conquering Beauties which did us subdue
 Have made my Father turn my Rival too.

King. I thought he Lov'd the Fair *Alixia*.

Prin. And, Sir, I thought you Lov'd *Vakria*.

King.

King. Our Conquerours Eyes must every Heart reduce,
In my own Fate I find the Kings Excuse.

Prince. 'Tis She alone with the high Pow'r is blest
Of Captivating Freedoms prepossess'd.

King. She does in the same Fate, such is her Pow'r,
Involve the Conquer'd and the Conquerour.

Prin. But 'tis not, Sir, at this that I repine,
I know where e're her Beauties please to shine,
They ought to Conquer as their Native Right;
Me by his Rivalship he does not Fright;
For 'tis Her choice alone which can improve
The highest Lover to deserve her Love:

And, Sir, my Flame which brightest shall appear,
Would make it Sin should I a Rival fear,
But that which does my Soul with Grief subdue,
Is his forbidding me to Love her too:

Oh why should the Paternal Right oppose
The nobler Right which Love on her bestows.

King. Oh Prince your Case is difficult I see;
He should have treated you, as you treat me;
But in the Fatal strait which you are in,
You must against your Love and Nature sin;
What Resolution think you to pursue?

Prin. Ah 'tis much easier to Resolve than Do;
For once I thought I could so far Obey,
As silently to Mourn my Life away;
But Love the Monarch Passion of the Soul
That Resolution quickly did controul;
Making me find that her Triumphant Eyes
Are much more pow'rful then all Natures ties:
Yet that no odds of you I may receive

But what my greater Love to me does give,
I let you know on her this night 'Ile wait,
And from her Sentence 'Ile receive my Fate;
Sir, if you please, you may there go with me,
And both together learn our Destiny;
I hope, if mine does prove a happy Doom,
My Father by Submission to o'recome;
But if a Fatal Doom she does dispence,
That will Revenge my Disobedience.

King. Since you allow me, I on you will wait
Of that bright Beauty to receive my Fate,
Though I already cannot but foresee
The certain Ruine that must fall on me:
For she must be Unjust as she is Fair,
If of her Love she makes me not Despair;
Or if she should me with her Favour bless,
Your Grief for it will Kill my Happiness;

Fate neither way to me, nor hope allow.

Prin. The value of her Love you injure now,
Since whoso'er her Favour does possess

In part, the relish of unhappiness —

King If of her Love such Thoughts I do admit,

My height'ned Friendship is the cause of it;

And, Sir, you are oblig'd by Honours Laws

T' excuse Effects where Friendship is the Cause.

Prin. Admire not that my Rival I reprove,

For too much Friendship, and too little Love;

But pardon me, since I therein express

I prize her Right above my Happiness.

King. Ah generous Prince, such Vertues shine in you,

That you in Love as War must all subdue.

Prin. Since, Sir, together we resolve to go,

And from *Plantagenet* our Fate to know,

'Tis fit that we no longer should defer

To beg her leave this night to wait on her.

King. But e're we know the Sentence she will give,

Let us from one another, Sir, receive

A mutual Vow that still we Friends will be.

Prin. That to our Friendship were an injury;

It is its own Security you know,

And does more strongly bind than any Vow;

Against our Friendship Love in vain contends,

For though we Rivals are, wee'll both be Friends;

Yet give your Friend that pity he does seek,

Who to obey Loves Law must Natures break.

[*Exeunt.*]

King Edward and Lord Latymer.

King. Never an Act so Insolent was done,

Affronted by my Pris'ner and my Son!

Both know *Plantagenet* is lov'd by me,

And yet my Rivals both presume to be;

In my Revenging it I'll lose no Time,

Their Sufferings shall be equal to their Crime;

I'll make them feel that 'tis a dangerous thing

To dare to court the Mistress of a King.

Lat. I beg you, not for their sakes but your own,

Let first this storm of Anger be o'reblown,

Ere you determine what is fit to do,

Then such Resolves you safely may pursue.

If Patience guide you not, they will esteem,

Your Passion onely, Sir, does punish them.

King. Delay, in the Affront they cast on me,

Would be not Patience, but Stupidity.

Lat.

Lat. Consider, I beseech you, Sir, how they
The Pow'r of Love not Reasons Pow'r obey,
Such strange Effects that Passion does produce,
As for all Faults Love is its own Excuse;
Love does our Noblest Faculties controul,
'Tis in effect the Feaver of the Soul.

King. My Lord, such talk as this I'll not admit,
Share not their Guilt by thus excusing it,
But follow them and let them understand
They now are both confin'd by my command:
This night in which their Love they should have shown,
I am determin'd to declare my own;
Since by their Love my Pow'r they injure so,
I by my Pow'r their Love will punish too.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Plantagenet, Delaware, Cleorin.

The Scene Plantagenets Chamber.

Dela. Those Fires of Love have still most torturing been,
Which though they highly Burn'd, have Burn'd unseen,
And under those which I discover'd now,
For many years my Conquer'd Heart did bow;
Admire not yet I could so long disguise
From your own Sight the Acting of your Eyes;
For though the Sun on the Earths face but shines,
Yet by his Influence he does ripen Mines;
Your Eyes, which shine at least as Bright as He,
Perform like him things which you could not see,
But yet this Breast in which your Beauty Shin'd
May boast of Love, purer than Gold Refin'd;
Your Eyes alone perform within my Heart
More then the Sun on Mines though help'd by Art,
As it was just my Love I should display,
So 'tis as just your Will I should Obey;
Which I shall do when you but speak the word,
Though 'twere to pierce my Heart with my own Sword,
And nothing in that Action I shall fear
But to offend your Image which is there.

Plan. My Lord, I think you from your Sister know
The Friendship which I always had for you,
Yet since your words th' occasion does admit,
I will my self give you a Proof of it:
Though your declaring of your Love for me
Is in it self no little Injury,
Yet for my Friendships sake I'll pardon you,
If you th' Offence will not again pursue.

L

Dela.

Dela. Madam, your Justice should this Usage blame,
 You cloud your Cruelty with Friendships name,
 As Judges to the Tortur'd Respite give,
 To lengthen Pain, but not to make them live;
 Such Usage yet were for that Servant fit
 Who durst Adore you and not tell you it,
 Though 'tis some Guilt to say I Die for you,
 Yet is that Guilt, Madam, a Duty too:
 Ah Madam, sure you ought not to deny
 To take the Debt, or bid the Debter die;
 You Sentence is too Heavy or too Light,
 You either should me Kill, or Save me quite.

Plan. Since by your self, my Lord, I now am told,
 Your Love for me is more refin'd than Gold,
 I'll put it to a Tryal but so vast,
 As never yet that Courted Metal past;
 Know then, my Love for which so much you strive
 Is not, alas, in my own Pow'r to give:
 The Prince of Wales.

Dela. In Pity say no more,
 Fate never had a Curse like this in store,
 Rais'd to the Charming't Hope of all the World,
 Into Despair I now from thence am hurl'd,
 You keep that Word to which your self you ty'd,
 And Try me more then ever Gold was Try'd;
 That Glittering Earth, when it has pass'd the Fire,
 Is the Refiners Wonder and Desire;
 But I, having Loves Fiery Tryal past,
 Like the Neglected Dross away am cast.

Cleo. Oh Brother, had not Love your Mind deprav'd,
 You'd think you were not Cast away but Sav'd;
 The Crime you act she calmly does reform.

Dela. Ah! such a Calm is worse than any Storm.

Cleo. How can the Princess more obliging prove,
 Than to give Friendship, when she cannot Love.

Dela. Oh Sister, he who to her Love aspires,
 To nothing less can limit his Desires;
 Loves Pow'r must always Friendships pow'r outdo,
 For Love at once is Love and Friendship too.

Cleo. You should with Joy what she bestows receive,
 She Gives in Friendship all she has to Give,
 And to convince you, hers is Great and True,
 She the first hour her Secrets Trusts with you.

Dela. Since to Receive my Love she does deny,
 She by her Anger ought to make me Die;
 That's the best Proof of Friendship she can give,
 And therefore that alone I can receive.

He for her Love does grant himself unfit
Who can be won t' outlive the loss of it.

Plan. What I have yet perform'd can but pretend
To let you see how much I am your Friend,
But that, my Lord, which now I do Design
Shall let you see how much I think you mine;
For by your Council and Assistance too,
The life of all my Hopes I will pursue.
Admire not Shame thus in my Face prevails,
When I confess I love the Prince of *Wales*;
For though th' Affront which I from you receiv'd
Does make me blush that after it I liv'd,
Yet I, whether by Weakness or by Fate,
Still Love that Prince whom I ought most to Hate;
And how that Love with Honour to pursue,
Is that in which I ask advice of you; — — — *Dela. starts,*
For he esteems you in such high Degree,
As you the fittest are to give it me.

Dela. Oh Fate! Oh Love! why do you both agree,
To give such Beauty so much Cruelty?
Is't not enough my Flame is scorn'd by you,
But you would make me help my Rival too?
And my Resentments higher to Inflame,
These Wrongs you do me under Friendships names;
Madam, if this, if this your Friendship be,
Ah give me Proofs then of your Cruelty;
Either bestow on me your Love or Hate
This Tyranny surpasses that of Fate;
Fate onely made me Wretched, but 'tis you
Alas would have me make my self so too.
To Love you is a Confidence so high,
As I for it do not refuse to Die:
But do not let your Doom be so severe
As thus to make me my own Murtherer;
From those Fair Eyes which did my Love create
I beg I may alone receive my Fate.

Plan. Oh why should you be griev'd to this Degree?
Love, which does govern you, does govern me;
'Tis Love gives Laws to us, not we to it,
And to his boundless Pow'r we must submit;
Since by its Influence of my Love you miss,
I give you that which of next Value is,
And hope by Friendships Kindness to remove
Your Grief for wanting Pow'r to give you Love.

Dela. Ah Madam, How can you that Friendship prize
Which could destroy the Conquest of your Eyes?
And would against its nature make it prove
A Rivals help, and Murtherer of Love.

'Tis past the Pow'r of Friendship to bestow
 Such Joyes as those 'twould ravish from me now,
 Yet think not strange that I deny to you
 What I deny'd my Prince and General too ;
 For your Triumphant Eyes, since his return,
 Have made his Fire once quench'd more freely Burn ;
 This Fatal Secret he to me confess'd,
 And unobey'd made me the like request ;
 But yet your Cruelty does his Surpass,
 He did not know that I his Rival was ;
 But you who knew it strive to make me do
 What known to him Love had not forc'd him to ;
 Fortune both ways my Torments does advance,
 By Friendships Knowledge and its Ignorance.

Plan. Ah ! that Blest Secret which I learn from you
 Makes me with Greater Hopes my suit renew ;
 For 'twere below your Vertue to undo
 At once, my Lord, a Friend and Mistress too.
 Sure to that man Loves Pow'r was never known
 Who valu'd others Joyes above his own.
 Consider, since I lov'd him while I thought
 That his Inconstancy did cause his Fault,
 If any other Love my Breast can fill,
 When from your self I find he loves me still :
 Since 'tis my Fate onely the Prince to Love,
 Since therefore all your Hopes must fruitless prove,
 Assist your Prince and Mistress in distress,
 And help that Love which nothing can suppress ;
 Quenching by such a Gen'rous Act your Flame,
 From your Misfortune you'll increase your Fame.
 Retire, my Lord, and think on what I said,
 I know, when Love does once the Heart invade,
 So Pow'rfull is that Passions Influence,
 As 'tis not easily remov'd from thence,
 But when alone you weigh what's ask'd by me,
 Reason and Honour must Victorious be.

Dela. Oh Madam, though the Trouble be not light
 Of being thus commanded from your Sight,
 Yet that torments me in a less Degree
 Then those Desires which here you lay on me :
 Yet ere I go this Sacred Voyce receive ;
 I to Obey you, Madam, will so Strive,
 As, If I can, my Flame I will suppress,
 And on my Ruine raise my Happiness ;
 But if I quench not Fires which you create,
 Accept the Duty, and deplore the Fate.

[Exit Delaware.

Plan. Go, my dear *Cleorin*, and lose no time,
 Improve th' Impression I have made on him,

For

For that Blest Secret he reveal'd to me
Shews that on him depends my Destiny.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter Guesclin hastily who meets Delaware.

Guesc. My Lord, I have been seeking you with News
Which will at once Horror and Grief infuse,
My King and your Great Prince are both confin'd.

Dela. From what Black Coast blows this Tempestuous Wind?

Guesc. By the Lord *Latimer* I understand,
They are imprison'd by your Kings command.

Dela. The cause of it did he not let you know?

Guesc. 'Tis what he could not, or else would not do;
Let us by sev'ral ways imploy our care,
First to discover why they Prisoners are,
That known, we may more hopefully apply
To this Misfortune a quick Remedy.

Dela. Let's hasten to this Work, for 'twere a Crime
In serving them to lose one moments time.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

The SCENE is Plantagenets Bed-Chamber.

Plantagenet and Valeria's Brother sitting, and in Discourse.

Val. Bro. Th' Assurance, Madam, which to me you give
With Joyes above expression I receive;
'Tis you alone those Blessings can extend
Which both my Merit and my Hopes transcend.

Plan. You in such moving words your Love have shown,
As I in Justice could not less have done;
Some Time and Industry it will require
Fairly to reach that End which we desire,
But leave it to my care if you think fit.

Val. Bro. She who must make my Fate should govern it;
While 'tis in such fair hands it is secure.

[*Enter a Lady
hastily.*]

Lady. Madam, the King is almost at the door.

They both rise up hastily.

Plan. The King, Oh strange Misfortune, and so near!

Val. Bro. What would he think if he should see me here?
'Twill ruin all which we design'd to do.

Lady. The King does come the way which he should go.

[*Exit Lady hastily.*]

M

Plan.

Plan. By what dire Planet is he hither led ?
I hear him, hide your self within my Bed.

*{ A noise
within.*

*Valeria's Brother hides himself in Plantagenet's Bed;
She goes to meet the King.*

Enter the King.

King. Since I enjoy'd at last this long'd for time,
I hope you will not think it is a Crime ?
Madam, If I employ it now to say,
An Adoration to your Eyes I pay ;
An Adoration Words would ill express,
For could I tell its Greatness, 'twould be less ;
So high a Passion ne're was paid before.
And yet I blush, Madam, that 'tis no more.

Plan. Do you consider, Sir, what now you say,
Such Vows you should but to *Alizia* pay ;
Sir, you mistake, to her alone they're meant.

King. Ah say not I mistake when I repent ;
You may believe what I now say is true,
Since of most Love I speak, and speak to you ;
To you who have given mine such perfect strength,
As 'tis incapable of more but length ;
That Falshood might Truths piercing sight escape,
It slowly moves, and in a borrow'd shape ;
But Truth which onely fears to be unknown,
Moves speedily, and no disguise puts on.

Plan. 'Tis strange this Love should grow so great so soon.

King. The Dawning of it was a perfect Noon ;
For what such Eyes, Madam, as yours create
Must reach Perfection in their first Estate :
Yet since I did *Alizia* first Adore,
I grant I merit this neglect and more ;
But you the name of Tyrannous will win
Revenging a Misfortune as a Sin ;
This usage too will an Injustice be,
You Wrong your Eyes while thus you Punish me.

Plan. Were there nought else 'Ide not be false to her.

King. Beauty should still a Conquest most prefer,

Plan. They Tyrants are who to usurp delight.

King. Who has most Beauty has in Love most right.

Plan. You wrong your Mistress while my Love you seek,
And I my Friend in hearing what you speak.

King. To Love another after you are seen,
A greater wrong, Madam, in me had been ;
I fully know the great debt which is due,
To your fair Eyes and to your Vertues too ;

And

And it had been below them to have gain'd
 A Heart in which no Beauty e're has reign'd;
 But mine before had yielded to the Pow'rs
 Of conquering Charms which none excel but yours:
 What greater merit can my Passion shew,
 Then thus to leave *Alizia* to love you,
 This of its vastness is a proof sublime.

Plan. Ah what you call your Merit is your Crime,
 Since perfect Love in Justice must excel,
 Falshood and her together cannot dwell.

King. That perfect Love is just I grant is true,
 And I prove mine is Just in Loving you.
 Your Eyes which act the Change you so abhor,
 Are my security I'll change no more;
 Since to the highest Beauty I pretend,
 Blame not if by Degrees I reach that end;
 And as my Love that blessing does pursue,
 So now I find it onely shines in you.

Enter Alizia and Sevina.

Aliz. This Duty daily must be paid by me,
 And though 'tis late —————

She starts back amaz'd seeing the King.

Oh Heaven! what is't I see?
 Ah! would these Eyes, rather than see this Sight,
 Had been clos'd up by an eternal night.

King. What is it, Madam, which you thus bemoan?

Aliz. Can you ask that since you two are alone,
 And at an hour, so Guilty as it shows
 The Falseness of her Friendship and your Vows!
 To me this Sight so vast a Grief does give,
 As makes me wish rather to Die than Live.

King. And, Madam, 'tis some cause of Grief in me
 To find in you so strange a Jealousie.

Aliz. If you who do the Wrong, Sir, can admit
 Of Grief, What then must I that Suffer it?
 But, Sir, your cause of Grief shall be remov'd,
 My Death shall shew you soon how well I lov'd:

[*To Plan.*] Go treacherous Woman, False as thou art Fair,
 Those Hopes you rais'd on your wrong'd Friends Despair
 Shall soon be blasted, for my injur'd Ghost
 Shall still pursue you for those Joyes I lost;
 Where e're you go, revenge it shall invoke,
 And shew you still that Heart your Falshood broke:
 You still shall see it or shall hear it groan,
 And it shall haunt you in his Bed and Throne.

[She offers to go out.]

Plan.

Plan. Oh go not yet away.

Sev. At least be pleas'd to hear what she can say.

Aliz. Whatever she can tell I do despise,
I'll not believe her Words above mine Eyes;
And I have seen so much, as I now fly
To seek out Death my onely Remedy.

Exeunt Alizia and Sevina.

Plan. So well her height'ned Spirit, Sir, I know,
As what she Threatens she too soon will do;
If by your instant Kindness or my Care
We do not stop th' Effects of her Dispair,
Forgive me if I leave you to attend
The Debts I owe to a Dispairing Friend.

The King stays her.

King. Oh leave not your Adorer to pursue
One who does hate you, and usurp'd your due;
If to receive my Passion you decline,
Even her Dispair will be less great then mine.

Plan. Detain me not, She'll die through our delay.

King. And I shall die should you thus go away.

Plan. She needs my help.

King. But does not it implore.

Plan. Her Case deserves it.

King. Mine deserves it more.

Plan. Her Grief does wound me.

King. So my Love should do.

Plan. Your Love's her debt.

King. 'Tis onely due to you.

A great skreik within.

Plan. That Fatal Skreik must cut off our debate,
For my best speed I fear will come too late.

She breaks from the King, and goes out hastily.

King. She's gone and left me in a deeper Grief
Then her's to whom she flies to give Relief;
She does her Hatred to my Love prefer,
To me she's Cruel, but she's Kind to her:
'Tis Fortune onely or resistless Fate
Which governs all the World in Love and Hate.

The King stands musing a while: Valeria's Brother thinking him gone, comes from behind the Bed; The King lifts up his eyes, sees him, and starts back; Valeria's Brother runs into the Bed again.

King. A Man, and here, and at this time of night,
How quickly did He vanish from my sight?

Does

Does she a Visitant like this admit,
Though my bad Angel 'twere I'll speak to it.

*The King draws his Sword, and goes
towards the Bed.*

Who art thou? and what is it brought thee here?

*The King plucks Valeria's Brother out of the
Bed, who trembles, but answers not.*

His Tongue is ty'd by Guiltiness or Fear;
Prepare for Death, or else resolve my Doubt;
He's silent still, what Ho, who waits without?

Enter two Courtiers running.

Since my Commands thy silence cannot break,
I'll find out Tortures which shall make thee speak.
Seize on this Mute, and with him follow me.

They seize on Valeria's Brother.

Why should the Thrones of Kings so envy'd be,
When such strange Griefs assault me in one hour,
As make my Sorrows greater than my Pow'r.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Fourth Act.

THE FIFTH ACT.

Enter King Edward and Lord Latymer.

King. I Have in short told you my cause of Grief,
Which is as Just as 'tis above Relief.

Ah! to forsake one in whose heart I Reign'd;
To Court another who my Flames disdain'd;
And such a Lovely Youth thus hid by her,
Are loads too heavy for my Soul to bear.

Lat. Though, Sir, the Fair *Plantagenet* may be
Too justly blam'd for one Inconstancy,
Yet in all else her Vertue such hath been,
As to suspect it, Sir, would turn a Sin.

King. Oh she, who could for *Kent* my Son forgo,
What is it after, which she might not do?
She must have given that Love for which she prest,
Were not her Heart by other Fires possess'd;
I'll not defame her since she bears my name,
But she for ever has suppress'd my Flame.

Enter Sevina hastily.

Sev. If with your Love, Sir, for *Alizia*
You have not thrown your Pity too away,

Be pleas'd to see where She Despairing lies,
And with your Hand vouchsafe to close her Eyes.

King. Madam, what is't which her Dispair does move.

Sev. Oh ask not that when she has lost your Loves
She did awhile that Misery suspect,
But when the certainty she did detect,
She had, but that our strength was her Relief,
By one dire blow ended her Life and Grief;
When from her Hand the Weapon we did wrest,
Such storms of Sighs did crow'd out of her Brest,
And from her Eyes such streams of Tears did flow,
As we repented that we stop'd the blow,
For sure the loss of Life is a less Ill
Than that Despair which does possess her still.
But though we did one sort of Death prevent,
Yet she on dying, Sir, is so intent,
As from *Plantagenet* I now am come,
Who dares not, Sir, one moment leave the room,
To tell you that th' Assurance of your Love
Can only these resolves of Death remove;
Despair alas so pow'rful is in her,
'Twill be too late should you the Cure defer.

King. Ah lead me then where my *Alizia* lies,
For in her Sorrow I so Sympathize,
As I alas without disguise may swear,
Her grief wounds Me much more than it does Her.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Delaware and Cleorin.

Cleo. 'Tis a strange Secret which you have reveal'd,
But why alas was it so long conceal'd?
Repair that Fatal Sin you did commit,
And fly to tell your Prince and Mistress it.

Dela. As all those Sins which for a Crown are done
Heaven does absolve, when Heaven does put it on;
So all those Crimes which are perform'd in Love
Do lose that name when we successless prove.

Cleo. But since of yours you cannot hope Relief,
Do not delay to cure your Prince's Grief.

Dela. Ah my dear Sister, if my hopes were fled,
You soon should see your wretched Brother dead;
But who in Love does as a Lover strive,
Lives while he Hopes, and Hopes while he does Live.

Cleo. Ah! to such empty Hopes impose an end,
By making Blest your Mistress, Prince and Friend;
So losing of your Hopes, you soon will see
A greater blessing than your Hopes can be:

Has

Has Love the Pow'r to sink the Soul so low,
As to deny what Vertue bids you do?
What Nobler Fate can Love give to your pain,
Then to deserve that Love you cannot gain.

Dela. Should I this Secret to them both confess,
'Twill rather raise then make their Troubles less,
While under their Delusion they remain,
Their just resentment robs them of their Pain;
But were that happy Fallacy remov'd,
She with such Passion by the King is lov'd,
As they can ne're possess what I shall lose,
And 'twill in them a lesser Grief infuse,
Never a hope of Union to admit,
Then be so near, and after miss of it:
Besides the Kingdom may be plung'd in War
When such a Son and Father Rivals are.

Cleo. Ah! you should blush to talk at such a rate,
Make not your Crime an interest of State;
Better that War you dream'd of should ensue,
Then you should shun what Honour bids you do:
Oh 'tis in you too Guilty a Distrust,
When you fear ought more then to be Unjust;
Consider should the Prince or she e're know
That Secret you to me discover now.

Dela. I fear not that 'tis, onely known to you,

Cleo. Yes but it is.

Dela. ——— to whom?

Cleo. ——— You know it too:

Ah! little Honour in your Soul does shine,
Should not your Knowledge fright you more then mine;
To what low State Love does a Lover bring,
Is your own witness then so slight a thing?
Let Vertue and not Fear make you repent,
Guilt is a greater Ill than Punishment;
Have you not found what I have said is true?

[Studies a while.]

Dela. My Passion strives my Vertue to subdue,
Pity your Brother whom Love Masters so,
As he does fear what Honour bids him do;
Pity your self, for it is you alone
This hopeless guilty Passion must Dethrone.

Cleo. To conquer Love there needs but little skill,
Since none can want the Pow'r who has the Will.

Dela. There's none does want the Pow'r his Hopes to kill,
But to Destroy them who can have the Will?

Cleo. Your Care were finish'd were it but begun;

Dela. Ah this is easier said then it is done:
Yet I from you this double good have got,
To know my Debt, and grieve I pay it not.

Cleo.

Cleo. Who grieves he does not what he can and ought,
Is guilty of his Torment as his Fault.

Dela. Ah! you did never yet the Torment prove,
Which springs from Honour that disputes with Love.

Cleo. The Torment lies in the Dispute alone,
Let Honour Conquer, and the Torment's gone.

Dela. But Love assumes o're me so strange a right,
As 'tis at once my Torment and Delight.

Cleo. You'll find, if Vertues Dictates you pursue,
Greater Delights exempt from Torments too;
For though successless Love be no small pain,
Yet Guilt in Love wounds deeper than Disdain.

Dela. Oh *Cleorin*! that which you have now said,
Has in my Soul such an Impression made,
As I perceive Love made me too long stay,
And Honour now would lead me in the way;
To that bright Guide I am inclin'd to Trust,
I'erather be Unhappy then Unjust.

Cleo. Such Charms in following Vertue you will find.

Dela. Ah! should you press me more you'd be unkind,
Do not all Honour of my change ingross?
Leave me part of it to support my Loss.

Cleo. 'Tis not to Vertue that you now resort,
If it wants strength its own self to support;
'Tis onely Sin not suffering that it fears,
It grows the stronger the more weight it bears.

Dela. I know in all it's own support 'twill prove,
Unless in quitting such a Charming Love;
Then think it is my Wisdom, not my Fault,
If I seek every help in this Assault.
Sister, Farewell, I will retire a while,
That I may Love and Vertue reconcile;
Consider well what such a Love must be,
As with your Vertue dares to disagree.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

The Scene opens.

*Alizia appears lying on a Couch, King Edward, Plantagenet,
Latymer, Sevina, and Women Attendants standing
about the Couch.*

Aliz. Ah, 'tis enough to Die, Sir, by your Hate!
Too much, your Triumph thus to Celebrate;
Yet I repine not, since you come to see
That your Contentment is so dear to me:
As when I found my Life oppos'd your Love,
I chose by Death that trouble to remove;

And

And I implore your Pardon since the debt
Is onely paying, and not pay'd you yet.
But, Sir, my Rival can declare for me,
'Tis not my Fault, though it my Trouble be;
For she, her Cruelty is grown so high,
Makes Death my wish, yet hinders me to die.

King. Oh I am come to wait upon you now,
That I may be both Just to her and you,
I must confess, that her Inchanting Eyes
Did for a while my Guilty Heart Surprise;
But what I now shall tell you is as true,
Madam, 'twas I, not she, was false to you;
Her Friendship for you did the Conquest get,
I did Assault, but could not vanquish it.
Do not believe that what is spok'e by me
Is onely to suppress your Jealousie,
That I thereby the safer Pow'r may win
To persevere in and repeat my Sin;
Oh no, that Love and Grief which you have shown
Has all the Magick of her Eyes o'rethrown:
On Fancies Wings I my past flight did take,
But 'tis on Tryals Wings that I fly back.

Aliz. Alas! if Words could cure a broken Heart,
Those you've now spok'e would have that Pow'r or Art;
They come too late, they should have come before,
Life you can take away, but not restore:
But, Sir, the loss of mine my joy shall be,
If in my Death my matchless Love you see;
For, Sir, to you I'm more concern'd to give
Proofs of such Love then I'm concern'd to Live,
Which justly you might doubt, if after I
Did know I lost your Love I should not die.

King. Ah the best Proof you of your Love can give,
Is that you'll Pardon me, and that you'll Live;
Has my first Crime made me so black in Sin,
As my Repentance no Relief can win?
Do not believe I did the Sin commit,
Or else believe my Penitence for it.
Let not one Fault which is already past,
Have greater force then Love which still shall last;
Ah! sure you could not thus your Death pursue,
If you believ'd what I have Vow'd is true;
But all those Doubts intirely to o'rethrow,
My Lord I charge you instantly to go——— [*Speaking to Latymer.*
And let at once King *John* and my Son free
Who were the Pris'ners of my Jealousie.

Lat. 'Tis a Command I joytully obey.

King. I Charge you do it and without delay.

[*Exit Latymer.*
That

That King Madam, may safely court you now, [*To Plantagenet*
 For I before you and *Alizia* vow,
 My flame for you shall ne're revive againe,
 And my *Alizia* onely here shall Reign.

Plan. In what, Sir, you have said and vow'd, I find,
 To me you'r Iust, and to *Alizia* Kind.
 Nor can your Solemn sacred Vow, Sir, be
 More pleasing to my Friend, then 'tis to me.
 I hope that name, Madam, I may resume,
 And safely keep it for the time to come.

Aliz. Heaven knows my Sorrows never were more high,
 Then when I thought that you had layd it by;
 And yet my Ioy that you forgive my Sin,
 Is now as vast as e're my Griels have been;
 Twice now your Friendship you to me restore,
 May you refuse it, if I need it more.

Plan. No fear of loseing yours I can admit,
 Since I will ne're do that may forfeit it.
 Madam, 'tis fit I leave you with the King,
 That he your Cure may to perfection bring.

(*Exit Plantagenet.*)

King. Ah Madam, why in her, should Friendship be
 Of greater pow'r, then Love or Grief for me.
 Since Friendship her Resentments does subdue,
 Let Love for me as Pow'rful be with you;

Madam, to you my Heart this Suit prefers,
 Which needs your Pardon more then you did hers;
 To this sad State your King alas is brought.

Aliz. Sir, I forgave you when you saw your Fault,
 And I repine not at my Lingring Death
 Which lets me Seale it with my Dying Breath:
 No Proof of Love could ever be more high,
 Then to forgive th' offence which makes one Dye.

King. If you forgive me, yet your Death pursue,
 You will at once Forgive and Kill me too:
 Loves Pow'r you wrong while at this rate you grieve,
 For Love should heal worse Wounds, then it can give.

Aliz. I can alas, Sir, but too truly say
 'Tis only Love which makes me disobey,
 For I should not deserve the Love you give,
 If after you recall'd it I could Live.

King. And I of Life should too unworthy be,
 If I could Live after you Dy'd for me.
 Your Love for me by Living must be shown,
 For you to save my Life must keep your own,
 And if my Words you give no credit to,
 What I have Vow'd my Grief will make me Doe.

Aliz.

Aliz. Ah then all thoughts of Dying I'll decline,
 Since you have vow'd your Life depends on mine,
 But if again to her your Love you give,
 My just Despair will be above Reprieve.

King. Oh Madam, you will wound my Soule again,
 If such a fatal Doubt you entertain;
 My Grief for the great Crime I did commit,
 Will still preserve me from repeating it;
 By all those Vows which bind me most I swear
 I'll still love you and never more love her.

The Scene closes

The SCENE is Plantagenets Chamber.

Plantagenet, the Prince, Cleorin and Delaware.

Plan. **O**H what has been reveal'd by *Delaware*
 His Freindship shoves, but heightens my Despair,
 It makes me Guilty, Sir, to such Degree
 As you'd be Guilty shou'd you pardon me,
 The Knowledge of my Fault so wounds my Mind,
 As only I in Death my Ease can find.

Prince. Alas your Grief more cruel is to me;
 Then, Madam, your suppos'd Inconstancy;
 For to such Height my Ardent love is grown,
 As your Greif wounds me more then does my owne;
 You'll punish, by a Sorrow so Sublime,
 My Innocence more then you did my Crime:
 But though the Word of Innocence I nam'd,
 Yet only I can be with Justice blam'd,
 For had I not that Fatal Letter writ ———

Plan. Oh, Sir, I cannot such Discourse admit;
 For while requests I for your Pardon make,
 Alas, my Guilt you on your self would take,
 When all the Guilt to me alone is due,
 Who did believe a Letter more then you.

Prin. Alas, have you Design'd to let me see,
 That every way you mean to ruine me?
 For while you did suspect my Innocence,
 You to my Rival did your love Dispence:
 Ah Madam, now that Heaven has thought it fit,
 To make it evident, you punish it;
 For by these pretious Teares, which now you spill,
 You make me wish, I were thought Guilty still.

Plan. Oh Sir, what does your Innocency prove;
 Makes me too Guilty to deserve your Love.

Prin. Ah be not cruel to this strange degree,
 Let not my Innocence my Ruin be.

No Reparation could be reckon'd more,
 Then what the injur'd person does employes;
 But you will make, if this be your intent,
 Your Reparation my worst Punishment,
 A Punishment so cruel, and so high,
 As it transcends the imagin'd Injury:
 Yet if you think, that you amiss have done,
 Let me then name the Reparation.

'Tis Madam, that you'll never think so more,
 But give me leave your Beauties to Adore.

Plan. Heaven, Sir, does know, and so does *Cleorin*,
 That while I thought you guilty of that Sin;
 Which only my Misfortune made me do,
 I Lov'd you Sir, and Lov'd none else but you.

Prin. And Heaven does know and so does *Delaware*,
 That while I thought you Guilty as you're Fair
 I did not you but my ill Fortune blame,
 And still preserv'd for you a deathless Flame.

To Delaware, My Lord, to her and me, this Justice do,
 As to oppose me, if I speak not true.

Dela. Sir, you for her did still such Love express,
 As Heaven knows too, I griev'd it was not less.

Prin. Ah if you give belief, to what we say,
 Doe not refuse the perfect Love I pay.

Plan. Alas, a greater Sin I should commit,
 Then that I mourn for, by accepting it,
 But all the world will know that I repeat,
 When on my self I lay this Punishment,
 Which, Sir, by Justice dictates I have chose,
 Since 'tis the highest which I can impose.
 Your Glory, Sir, would wither if not dye,
 Should you Love one so guilty, Sir, as I.
 The penance I design'd let me pursue;
 'Tis what, Sir, on my knees I beg of you.

{ She offers to kneel but is
 hindered by the Prince.

Prin. Ah doe not doubly thus my Soul subdue,
 By such denials, and submission too;
 But to my Suit be pleas'd to condescend,
 Or else my Grief my tortur'd Life shall end.

Dela. Such were the Arts us'd by the Earl of Kent,
 As both seem'd Guilty, yet were Innocent.

Cleo. Madam, while you such scrupulous Vertue show,
 The Prince may of your Love suspicious grow;
 That moving sorrow, which he does express,
 Invites your kindness now to make it cease.

Plan. Sooner then you such Grief, Sir, shall admit,
 I will obey, what ever you think fit;

I rather, Sir, will an Injustice doe
To my own self, then seem unkind to you.

Prin. Ah Madam, in those happy words I find,
You are to me at once both Just, and Kind;
No Satisfaction e're was hop'd by me,
But that you might that Innocency see
Which *Delaware's* great Friendship made appear,
Who is thereby for ever settled here,
Where Madam next to you he still shall grow.

Dela. Ah could a Prince ought to his Subject owe;
I might then think, to me you are in debt.

Prin. To me your Friendship has bin always great,
Yet I must Tax it of a seeming wrong,
Since this blest Secret, you conceal'd so long.

Cleo. What Justice does this seeming wrong excuse,
Shall, Sir, present you with more welcome news;
While your great Father was in Love with her,
He as a Subject, Sir, had cause to fear
A Secret so important to declare,
As might perhaps have caus'd a Civill War.
But, Sir, now that the King has this blest day
Refum'd his Love for fair *Alizia*,
And has by Vowes, which oft he did repeat,
Renounc'd his Passion for *Plantagenet*,
Which from her self, this very hour we know,
My Brother lost no time, to tell it you.

Prin. These charming Words which now from you I hear,
His Justice shews, and ends my greatest Fear,
Nothing from Heaven was left me to implore,
But that my Father Rivall'd me no more.

Cleo. What fitter time can Fortune give to you;
Then thus your Ends in Love still to pursue,
Lose not one Moment of it, for perhaps
Those Conquering Eyes may make him soon relaps.

Prin. What you advise your care of me does show,
Forgive me, Madam, If I leave you now,
Since 'tis so vast a Blessing to implore,
As granted I shall never leave you more.

Plan. That Grant the noblest Blessing, Sir, would be;
Could it make you as happy as 'twill me.

[The Prince offers to goe out.]

Dela. Stay Sir, I scorn your Goodness to abuse,
Or own your Pardon, to her Feign'd Excuse;
Fear made me not the Secret, Sir, conceal,
Nor the King's Change the Secret now reveal;
For those were Motives of such mean degree,
As, Sir, I blush that they were nam'd for me;
Those Reasons, Sir, of which shee did make use;

Obtain'd but did not Merit your Excuse;
My guilty Doubts, a while have kept me Dumb;
But Love and Honour have those doubts overcome.

Plan. My *Cleorin*, what will your Brother doe,

Cleo. I am as ignorant of it as you.

Dela. Now all the Truth shall be to you reveal'd;
For 'tis too Glorious, Sir, to be conceal'd.
Know, Sir, those Beauties which did conquer you,
Became, while Kent did live, my Conquerors too.
At *Poitiers* they did me to Glory bring,
And made me grace your Triumph with a King;
And though some Honour I acquir'd that day,
Yet, Sir, that prosperous Action I may say
Did on no score to me so welcome prove,
As making me more fit to Court her Love;
Rais'd by this thought for *England*, Sir, I came,
Where soon her Beauties did revive your Flame;
And Fortune against me was so much bent,
As you your Rival made your Confident;
And by a Cruelty unknown to you,
You in your Love my help Commanded too.

Prin. I am amaz'd, my Lord, at what you say.

Dela. Though that Command I wanted pow'r to Obey,
Yet Heaven my witness is how much I strove,
To make my Duty overcome my Love;
But when I found, by what I did endure,
That she alone, the Wounds she gave could cure,
I meant the Secret never to disclose;
And when your Father did your klame oppose,
I try'd your Love by reason to subdue,
But that attempt, Sir, proveing fruitles too,
Inspir'd by Love or guided by Despair,
I to her self my Passion did declare.

Cleo. Of this Discovery I Fear the event.

Plan. It merits Wonder and not Punishment.

Dela. But when I for her Favour, Sir, did sue,
Alas she said her Love was given to you,
So given as nothing could recall her Grant;
Since your forsakeing her that pow'r did want,
And in her Words and Accents made appear,
Her Flames for you did equal yours for her;
Convinc'd by this, that following my Design,
Would blast your joyes, but not procure me mine;
In which I was confirm'd by *Cleorin*,
The Noble Fatal Conquest I did win;
And forc'd my self that Secret to declare,
Which builds your Blessings on my own Despair.

Cleo. Yet Glory must on that Despair attend;

In which you serv'd your Mistress, Prince, and Friend.

Dela. Though, Sir, 'twas much your Mistress to adore,
To help you, while your Rival, yet is more;
Now, Sir, my Story to an end is brought:
Or Praise my merit, or condemn my Fault.

Prin. Oh you so nobly, have overcome your Shame
As your Despair cannot transcend your Fame.
That Heightned Friendship which our Loves secures,
In our Contentment will present you yours;
Your Friendship yet on me such Debts does lay,
As I must too Despair, those Debts to pay;

Plan. 'Tis Nobler much, if you dare credit me,
To be th' Obliger than th' Obleig'd to be;
But in that Heart your Prince did first obtain
By Freindship plac'd, you shall for ever Reign.

Dela. If ought could cure the Grief of loosing you,
What you both said, that Miracle would doe,

(Exit)

*Enter King Edward, King John, Lord Latimer, Count
Guesclin, and all the Men.*

King. Ed. What, as a Lover, could I less have Done,
Hearing what past betwixt you and my Son;
Strange are th' Effects which Jealousy produce,
But fully, Sir, to purchase your Excuse,
I come to visit you, and let you know,
That I no more a Rival am to you,
My Anger though 'twere great, yet it was Short.

K. John. Sir, I admire no more at your Transport
O're hearing all we in the garden said,
But you have now full Reparation made.

Enter Delaware and Prince

Prin. Sir I more Greive I did a Fault Commit,
Then I am Pleas'd that you have Pardon'd it,
But, Sir, I hope that Freedome you'd restore
Is but an Earnest that you'll grant me more;
My Great Request, Sir, is Renew'd by me,
Granting me that is more then Liberty;
Such Strange Discoveries I have made this day,
As all the favour for which now I pray
Is, that to let me court her you'll consent,
When you your self have judg'd her Innocent.

King. Ed. But will you cease to court her when I prove,
You being judge, the Merits not your Love?

Prin. This by my Duty, Sir, I promise you.

K. Ed. Then what you beg'd of me I grant you too,

Prince. Be pleas'd then, Sir, to order Delaware
Without Reserve his Knowledge to Declare,

And

And what he Sayes I hope you will Believe.

King. Ed. To what he speaks I still will Credit give.

DeLa. I shou'd be too Unworthy of this Trust,
Should I abuse a King so Great and Just;
When to the Warrs of *Aquitaine* I went,
I made a Friendship with the Earl of Kent,
Who in a Charge did such deep Wounds receive,
As, finding that he had not long to Live,
A Messenger in hast for me he sent,
As soon as e'r I came into his Tent,
He told me Something on his Heart did lye
Which griev'd him more then he was Griev'd to Dye,
Then in my Hand he did this Letter lay,
And in a Sigh his Souldid fly away.

Prin. When you have heard it Read, it will Afford
Proof of her Vertue.

King. Ed. Read it then my Lord.

The Earl of *KENT* to the Lord *DELAUVARE*.

M*Y* Death forces me to discover by what Arts I obtained, from the Prince of Wales, the faire Plantagenet. Before He ador'd her I did; and as soon as he fell in Love, (not knowing mine) he made me his Confident; but the King, being against the match, the Prince the better to cloud his reall passion for Plantagenet, seem'd to have one for the fair Aurelia; but still trusted me with the Superscription, Cypher, and Seale, which he used when he writ to my Plantagenet, and I had the fatal employment of carrying all their Letters.

At length, the Glory the Prince wonn at Cressly, joyn'd with his grief for the King's denial, conquer'd his Father; and the Day was appointed for his marrying Plantagenet, which, if not prevented, I found would be the Day of my Death.

This I imparted to my Mother, who had no small ascendant over Plantagenet, and by my Mothers advice, I got the Prince to write a Letter to Aurelia, (whom I seem'd to be passionatly in Love with) wherein he beg'd her pardon, for having counterfeited a Love to her, when
his

his was otherwise disposed of; but to repair it, he earnestly recommended me to her affection, as most worthy of it.

This Letter I seal'd, and superscribed with the Cypher the Prince alwayes made use of to Plantagenet, whom my Mother had so warmly alarm'd, with the Prince's passion for Aurelia, that this letter being delivered to Plantagenet, in a fit time, all written with the Prince's own hand, sealed and superscribed, as all his Letters to her were wont to be, made her so abhor the Prince's inconstancie, that in the dictates of those resentments, she gave her self to me; whereunto my Mothers Friendship with her, did highly contribute.

The Prince in despair, undertakes the war with France, and, I, soon after, disguised to all but you, follow'd him, in hope by some great action to wash off the Guilt my Love forced me to contract; but here I met my Death. Tell them all this; and that I hope their hatred to me, will be buried in my Grave.

Dela.

Dela. This Letter till this day I have conceal'd,
For Causes, Sir, unfit to be Reveal'd.

Prin. I hope you find in what he did relate
She was not Guilty but Unfortunate.

King. Ed. I must confess these Arts which Kent did use
Doe her forsaking you too much Excuse.

Prin. Since this has wash'd off her imagin'd Stain,
Give me your leave to love her, Sir, again.

King. Ed. I would not have defam'd her, but I see
To cure his Love there's but that Remedy;
No, Prince, the Sin she did last night Commit
Makes her for ever for your Love unfit.

Prin. Oh Heaven! must I endure a new Assault?
Tell me I beg you, Sir, this Fancied Fault,
For she is of such an unblemish'd Fame,
As I can give it well no better Name:
But, Sir, to try me this perhaps is done.

King. Ed. I do not use to trifle with my Son,
And I believe you'll credit what I said,
When I myself found hid within her Bed
A Lovely Youth, who since is dumb with Fear:
My Lord, bring instantly that Pris'ner here.

(to Latimer.
(Exit Latimer.

Prince. Though I myself what you have said should see,
Yet I would think my Eyes were False not She.

King. Ed. Since to your Witness I did credit give,
Methinks what I have said You should Believe.

Prin. Forgive me if her Vertue and my Love
Forc'd me to speak what may your Anger move,
Fate never man to such a streight did bring,
I must offend my Mistress or my King,
Esteem her Guilty, or not Credit you,
That, Sir, I cannot, this I Dare not Doe.

Enter Latimer and Valeria's Brother

King. Jo. Valeria's Brother! Love is just I see,
Since he Revenges my inconstancy,
And makes him punish his fair Sister's wrong.

King. Ed. If still thy Fear has not ty'd up thy Tongue,
Discover to the King and to my Son,
How thou by Charms *Plantagenet* hast won,
I found thee in her Bed, there's no Excuse,

Valer. Broth. Sir, that's a place which few men would refuse.

*Enter Plantagenet, Alizia, Cleorin, Sevina,
and all the Women.*

Shall (not one moment) stay thy Destiny.

Plan. The Words and Anger of the King are High:

Alizia

Alizia, Sir, and I but now did hear,
That with this Gentleman you Angry were,
We come to beg you to forgive his Crime.

King Ed. Of all the World you should not plead for Him,
For you by it so Great a Guilt do show,
As I had rather but suspect then know.

Plan. I know not what you mean by what you said.

King. Ed. You know not too you hid him in your Bed.

Plan. Who could to you that Secret, Sir, declare.

King. Fo. Oh Heaven! does she Confess then he was there?

Val. Bro: That, Sir, I hope, is no Offence to you.

King. Jo. False Youth, to me what worse Wrong couldst thou

Val. Bro. I thought my Sister had your Heart possess.

King. Jo. But didst thou not from her to me profess,
She bid thee help me if I ere should be
In Love with any one more Fair then She?

Val. Bro. And doe you, Sir, confess that you are so?

King. Jo. Those Charming Eyes must every Heart ore throw.

Val. Bro. This Guilt in you will cause her Death I fear.

King. Jo. Thy Guilt to me is more then mine to her,
What do st thou aile, thou tremblest and lookst pale?

Val. Admire not, Grief does or my soul prevail,
When to *Valeria's* self such Words you said,

taking off her Disguise.

As, Sir, does make her wish that she were Dead,

But though she's killd by your Inconstancy,

Yet in your Annes she begs your leave to Dye.

she faints.

Plantagenet holds her up.

Plan. She faints;

Ah, Sir, that Guilty Change in you!

King. Jo. Oh Madam, blame not what you made me doe.

Plan. Sir, 'tis not Just to charge your Fault on me.

King. Ed. Is it *Valeria* then?

King. Jo. Yes Yes 'tis she;

Her Broth'rs face so much resembles hers;

As I, deluded by the clothes she wears,

Did to her self my Change in Love avow.

Prince. The Clouds of my Despair do vanish now;

And Charming Hopes in me begin to Reign;

Plan. Give her more Air for now she Breaths again.

Valeria is set in a Chair.

King. Ed. Oh I the fair *Plantagenet* did wrong.

Prince. The Proofs that she is Guiltless are so strong;

As I now beg you will no more deferr

To give me leave to make my Court to her.

Alizia. Sir, in the Princes Suit I also Joyne,

King Ed. Her Vertue now does with such Lustre Shine,

As to Repair my having Injur'd it,
I his Addresses to her doe permit.

Prince. In this more then a Father you appear,
Tis less to Give me Life then Grant me Her;
But, Sir, before this Blessing I pursue,
I must do Justice to my Rivall too;
Sir, I did promise you on her to wait,
And from her Sentence to receive my Fate,
This Promise I am ready to Performe.

(*Speaks to K. John.*)

King Jo. No Heart did ere endure so Fierce a Storm,
Who can support those burthens which I bear,
My Vowes confirm me here, my Passion there;
By leaving her my Noblest Hopes I end,
And by not leaving her I Wrong my Friend,
Some Sacred Pow'r watch me what I should doe.

Plan. Your Honour bindes you, Sir, to keep your Vow;
She told me, Sir, that Sacred Oath you Swore
That you no other Beauty would Adore,
And though you often for her Love did press,
Yet still Misfortune brought to you Distress,
She never could, though she did often strive,
Perswade herself his Passion to receive;
But then all Danger, Sir, She did Despise,
And came to Visit you in this Disguise,
But oh what Horror did her Soule invade,
When she o're heard what you to *Guesclin* said,
Of that unhappy Love you had for me;
She for that wound no better Cure could see.
Then to make me her freind and Confident.

King Jo. Ah what for me could Fortune worse invent:
Love she deny'd when t'would have made me Joy,
And onely gives it now 'tis to Destroy.

Plan. This, Sir, by Vow she ty'd me to conceal,
Till you to me your Passion should reveal,
Beleiving that would be the fittest time
To tell you, and Convince you of your Crime,
In which I promis'd my Assistance too:

All I have told you hapned, Sir, when you
Did (unexpected) visit me last night,
Which put us both into so great a fright,
I, least Ill Thoughts in you it might create,
Finding a man (suppos'd) with me so late,
And she to be discover'd did so dread,
As, Sir, I did conceal her in my Bed,
Where I forgot her in my Freinds Despair.

(*to King Ed.*)

King Jo. Madam, we wait till you your Doom Declare.

Plan. Oh let not, Sir, my Sentence make you Doe
What Love and Honour now doe call you to;

She

She Merits you , so Bright her Love does Shine ;
 And , Sir, the Prince of *Wales* possesses mine ;
 Behold the fair *Valeria* does revive ,
 If you'l Aske Pardon she'll a Pardon Give ;
 She your past Fault but for a Dream will take ,
 If , Sir, she finds you True when she does wake .

King Jo. I can no more (your Pow'r so high doestise)
 Resist your Sentence then I could your Eyes ,
 And those Commands which now on me you lay
 I beg you will Assist me to Obey .

Plan. You have your King so wounded with your Grief ,

To Valeria. That he , as much as you , does need Releif .

King Jo. With an Afflicted Soul I waite on you ,
 To my own Fault and beg your Pardon too ;
 Madam , I hope a Love which ne're shall Dye
 Will expiate one short Inconstancy .

Valeria. Ah ! though I ne're more Reparation sought .
 Then , Sir, that you should see and owne your Fault ,
 Yet you my Heart so wounded by your Crime ,
 As to recover it requires some Time .

King Jo. Though I this Penance, Madam, must deplore,
 Yet I must grant my Fault does merit more .

Prince. Now, Sir, to raise our Joys above Increase,
 To this great King give Liberty and Peace .

King Ed. Those Offers which I always did Decline ,
 To Gratify you both , I now will Signe .

King Jo. While in this way my Freedome you Restore ,
 You and the Prince make me your Pris'ner more :
 Your former Conquest, Sir, to this must Yield,
 This wins my Friendship that but won the Feild .

King Ed. This is a Conquest we delight to owne ,
 'Tis more to gain your Friendship, then your Throne .
 Now all th' Alarm's of Love and War shall cease ,
 And yeild their roomes to the soft Joyes of Peace .

The Curtaine falls.

EPILOGUE



PROLOGUE TO THE KING.

THe Poet, Sir, has offer'd to your sight
An English Prince, whose Fame appear'd so Bright,
As never any since his time was known,
To shine with clearer Lustre, but your Own;
For though Immortal Honour he did gain,
By conquering France, and by restoring Spain,
Yet, Sir, you brought Three Kingdoms to Remorse,
And gain'd by Vertue more then he by Force;
Which, Sir, on you a greater Name bestows
By conquering Them by whom he conquered Those:
'Tis more by Vertue England to o'come,
Then by the English to beat Christendome.
As when the Universe was to be made,
The Vast Design was on the Waters laid;
So you in Conquering it like Method keep,
Laying your first Foundation in the Deep:
Though the Black Prince, so happy, Sir, did prove,
As to be Crown'd with Victory and Love,
Yet Sir, he knows from you he may receive
A Nobler Crown then War or Love can give;
This makes him like the Poet trembling stand,
Till, Sir, that Crown be given him by your Hand.

FINIS.

11

Tryphon.
A
TRAGEDY:

As it was Acted
By *his* HIGHNESS
THE
Duke of YORK'S *SERVANTS.*

Written by the
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Earl of Orrery.



LONDON,
Printed by T. N. for H. Herringman, at the Sign of the
Blue Anchor, in the lower walk of the
New Exchange. 1669.

TRAGEDY

Duke of YORK & BERNARD

RIGHT-HONOURABLE

THE

Earl of Orkney

LONDON

Printed by T.M. for H. Hovell, at the Sign of the
Blue Anchor, in the lower walk of the
New Exchange 1710

THE
PROLOGUE

Spoke

By M^r Nokes and M^r Angell.

A. **H**old, hold.

N. **W**hy, Sir?

A. What is't you mean to say?

N. I mean to speak the Prologue to the Play.

A. Therefore to stop you I esteem it fit.

N. The Poet then will not be thought a Wit.

A. A wit Forsooth!

N. Yes, Sir, a wit.

A. What's that?

N. A wit is in one word--I know not what.

A. Of that kind Title give your Poet Joy.

A wit is then in French, A je ne scay quoy.

A modish Name.

N. Yet, Sir, that Name to gain,

How many of our Writers crack their brain?

A. That 's a mistake, for who'd that Name contract,

Must, ere he Court it, first his brain have crackt.

To be a Wit (believe me, Sir, 'tis true)

Is the worst State a Man can Fall into.

The Wits first vow, is, that they none will spare,

But jeer at every Creature that they dare;

And the No-Wits, these Wits so dis-esteem,

That they give Money oft to hiss at them;

'Tis the Wits Nature, or at best their Fate,

Others to scorn, and one another hate.

They would be Sultans if they had their will,

For each of them would all his Brothers kill.

N. Hold, Sir, the Wits you too severely school.

A. I say, to be a Wit's to be a Fool;

For who but such a Creature would not grudge,

To have any one for half a Crown his Judge?

Nay, toil, that be such a wise Act may do,

Then lets the Players get the half Crown too.

N. Why was this Play then by the Author writ?

A. In fear, 'tis said, of being call'd a Wit.

And

A 2

And

*And many a Man does doubt what is his Friend,
Ere three hours hence he will have reach'd his end.*

N. Take heed, if at this rate we gable more
Our Poet will attain his end before.

A. For fear of that 'tis best we should be gone.

N. What without Prologue?

A. I'm resolv'd to have none.

*For some on Wit that needless Tax did lay,
Which Poets now are grown too poor to pay.
But yet as mettled School-boys set to cuss,
Will not confess that they have done enough,
Though deadly weary, till spectators do
At once both part and call them good Boys too;
But then these Cussers monstrous joyful are:
Just thus it would with all our Poets fare,
Would you decree (what I for them implore)
Poets with Prologues nere should meddle more.
'Tis the best thing you for your selves could do,
For Prologues first tire Poets and then you;
If you'll not do't, while in your power it lies,
They'll do it of themselves, if they be wise:
Our Poets tyr'd, and has with Prologues done,
But those which yet are fresh, let them cuss on.*

The Persons Names.

Tryphon

The King.

Aretus and Demetrius

Friends.

Selencus

Capt. of Tryphon's Guard.

Nicanor

Father to Cleopatra and
Stratonice.

Arcas

Tryphon's Freeman.

Cleopatra and Stratonice

Sisters.

Hermione

Confident to Cleopatra.

Irene

Confident to Stratonice.

Tryphon.

(1)

Tryphon.

THE FIRST ACT.

The SCENE is the Garden of Tryphon's Palace
in Antioch.

Demetrius and Aretus.

Dem. **T**ryphon, I grant, through Seas of blood has gone
To force his passage to the Syrian Throne;
But how men gain their Pow'r the Gods do not
So much regard, as how 'tis us'd when got.
Our Murther'd King *Antiochus* did own,

That *Tryphons* Father did restore his Crown;
Which made him trust the Sons ambitious youth
With so much pow'r as did corrupt his truth:
This our dead Prince discover'd, but too late,
Which did provoke *Tryphon* to act his fate:
For Kings should not to too great Subjects shew
They mean their ruine, till they act it too;
And he almost deserves to lose his Throne
Who makes a Subject's power exceed his own.

Are. What ever you in his defence have brought,
Rather then lessen doth augment his fault;
For what could show this Tyrant more unjust
Then to abuse such gratitude and trust;
Trust, which the wicked often does reclame,
This monstrous wickedness does more inflame.
That he repents nothing can us perswade,
Since what makes others good has made him bad.

Dem. When once Ambition does the mind devour,
Men Sacrifice their Vertue to their Pow'r,

Antiochus had rais'd him up so high,
As he was either to usarp, or die;

And when he had perceiv'd the Kings distrust,
He made him think, that what was safe was just.

Are. Oh let him not be pleaded for by you,
Who did his King depose and murther too,

Left on your self th' Usurpers blood you bring;

Dem. 'Tis less to kill, then to arraign a King;

B

And

And he who does an Empires loss endure
Cannot think death a punishment, but cure.

Are. But Actions should be taken as they are meant.

Dem. To vindicate him is not my intent;
Since all which can in his excuse be said
Is, that his Pride his Virtue has betray'd.

Are. No glimpse of vertue e're in him could shine
Who kill'd his King, and all the Royal line.

Dem. After he had the chief of it suppress,
He thought it was unsafe to save the rest.

Are. Ambition made him act the Parricide,
And Cruelty must then preserve his Pride.
By the same rule he ought to shed the blood
Of all his Country-men that dare be good:
Then from the Throne let us th' Usurper fling.
To save our selves, and to Revenge the King:
For should we to this Tyranny submit,
We shall deserve as well as suffer it:

And to the virtuous 'twill much more appear
Such a misfortune to deserve then bear.

That *Tryphon* calls you favourite I know,
But to his Fear alone that name you ow:
Yet though the kindness which he feigns were true,
Even layes the ground of what I call you to;
From you he merits death, since he hath dar'd
To hope, such Friendship could such Guilt have spar'd.

Dem. Whom *Tryphon* fears he doth to death pursue,
And if he fear'd me he might kill me too,
But, that he fears me not, he could not give
A stronger proof then that he lets me live.

Yet do not think his friendship such a charm,
As from revenge it could confine my arme;
But if my patience you a sin esteem,
It springs from Love to *Syria*, not to him:
For since the Royal line are made away,
Were *Tryphon* kill'd, who should the Scepter sway?
All the Ambitious for the Throne would fight,
For where none has the Title, all have Right.
Thus while we cast a bloody Tyrant down
By Blood, we raise another to the Crown.
'Tis this, 'tis this which chiefly frightens me,
We may change Tyrants, not the Tyranny.
Where Force is Title, Force must make it good,
And who comes in by Armes must reign by Blood.

Are. Banish such groundless fears, for he alone
Who kills the Tyrant should ascend his Throne,
Who from this Tyranny does *Syria* free,
All will confess, deserves our King to be.

If by your Arm this generous Act is done,
Saving the Kingdom will deserve the Crown.

Dem. Oh my *Aretus* should I yield to this,
T'would then be my Ambition punish'd his:
And he's unfit a Tyrant to dethrone
Who with his Countreys ends dare mix his own;
Since *Tryphon* is call'd King, Ple father bear
His Tyranny then be his Murderer,
That name *Aretus* is a sacred thing.

Are. But *Tryphon*'s an Usurper, not a King,
Ah shall he keep his blood from being spilt,
By taking off that name which makes his guilt:
If such a principle we should endure,
Then the most guilty would be most secure.

Dem. What ever sins to gain a Crown are done,
The God's do pardon when they put it on.
We ought, when Heav'n's Vicegerent does a Crime,
To leave to Heav'n the right to punish him,
Those who for wrongs their Monarchs murder act,
Worse sins then they can punish they contract:
And while his favour I so much possess,
My Pow'r will hinder any new excess.

Are. But from new crimes while *Tryphon* you withhold,
You bribe our swords from punishing the old.

Dem. He that's so bad as to gain pow'r by Blood,
Some reparation makes if he turn good;
And 'tis my hope as much as 'tis my care,
To fill his Court with those who virtuous are.
If Virtue in his Court it self advance,
Vice there will soon grow out of countenance.
That he no more into new crimes may fall,
Hee'll make this day *Nicanor* General;
And our *Selencus* free from Vice as Fear
Shall head the guards

Tryphon, Nicanor, Selencus, and Tryphon's Guards.

But *Tryphon* does appear
Who must not see me since he sent me now
On an affair which you at night shall know.

{ *Demet. and Aret. go*
out several ways.

Try. No, no, *Nicanor*, I can truly own
My safety made me chiefly take the Crown;
Antiochus had rais'd me to such height
As I had felt what was an Empire's weight,
And scarce th' Ambitious would be brought to reign
If with the Poms of Pow'r they knew the Pain:

But

But when false doubts of me his mind did fill,
 Then whom he Rais'd he had design'd to Kill:
 And though the Father plac'd him in the Throne,
 Yet this return he would have made the Son;
 Finding that he or I must be oppress'd,
 I of two evils did embrace the least;
 Since to my Services he was severe,
 From him what might not his best Subjects fear;
 Which shows, my Countreys good in what was done
 As much did urge me to it as my own.

Nica. Sir, you have known me long, and that my heart
 In what I speak disdains the vails of art:
 If therefore you would now my silence break,
 Be not offended if I freely speak.

Try. Nought you can say, such an offence will be,
 As doubting freedom can be so to me.

Nica. Then Sir, my mind I'll freely speak to you
 Yet with that reverence which to Kings is due.
 I know your Fathers Valour, and your own
 Did to *Antiochus* restore his Throne;
 Since for your King you did that Service do,
 Ah Sir, forget not 'twas your duty too:
 Subjects, too oft, whose services are great
 Consider that as merit, which is debt;
 And have the ruine of their Kings design'd,
 Judging them cruel when not over-kind:
 Those are sad truths which Histories oft show,
 Judge Sir if this has been your case, or no.

Try. I need no clearer proof to let you see
 That once *Antiochus* was kind to me,
 Then, when he alter'd and my murther meant,
 I by his ruine could my own prevent:
 To me his kindness he had largely shown,
 Trusting me with a Pow'r above his own;
 Had he but told me he'd that Power recall,
 I at his feet would have resign'd it all,
 But why because he rais'd me up so high
 Should he conclude I merited to Die?
 If he did erre, placing me where I stood,
 Why must his fault be wash'd off with my Blood?

Nica. Ah Sir, though this had been the state of things,
 Yet subjects, Sir, should die to save their Kings;
 Much rather they their own death should endure
 Than by their King's their Safety's to procure;
 And Virtue does oblige us, where 'tis strong,
 Rather to suffer than to act a wrong.

Try. But Natures Dictates which no man can wave
 Obliges every one his Life to save.

Nica Nature whose Dictates in defence you bring,
Ties subjects by their Deaths to save their King,
Nature is Reason, Sir, and that does show
More to our Kings then to ourselves we owe,
For in a subjects Death but one does fall,
But a King's Life contains the Life of All.

Selen, Yet though your Safety, Sir, did you Incline
To Kill your King, you might have spar'd his Line,
Oh Sir, you needed not their Bloods have spilt.

Try Their Births to me *Seleucus*, made their Guilt,
Who his own Murther by his Monarch's Shuns,
Makes it more certain if he spares his Sons.

Sel. But though to save the Sons unsafe was held,
Why was *Antiochus* the grandchild kill'd?
An Infant who was then not two years old?

Try. Whatever of his Death my Foes have told,
Yet to you both here solemnly I Vow,
That child, for ought I know, is living now,
And one who oft informes me what is True
Tell's me. *Nicanor*, he's conceal'd by you.

Nica. I doe not doubt but many there may be,
Too apt to give ill Characters of me,
But, Sir, I think if you reflection make,
With what Affront the King from me did take
The Generals place, you'l scarce believe he durst
To one so wrong'd commit so great a Trust,
Yet if you think it true ———

Try. ——— *Nicanor* hold,
'Tis not what I believe but what I'm told;
And to convince you what I say is true,
The Generals Office I restore to you;
If I to *Syria* meant not to be Just,
I would not lodge in you so great a Trust;
A Trust which if I use the *Syrians* ill,
Gives power to punish me, and Pow'r gives Will.

Nic. That Trust which, Sir, you now on me would lay,
Does merit more then I have Pow'r to pay,
But when my King did wrong me, I did swear
No publick Office I again would bear,
Forgive me, Sir, since 'tis a Sacred Vow
Makes me decline what you have offer'd now,
I should for such a Trust appear unfit,
If I forswore my self accepting it.

Try. Take heed, for if this Offer be refus'd,
I may believe you Justly are accus'd.

Nic. You should methinks much rather, Sir, from thence
See my Foes Malice and my Innocence;

Were I posselt of the Thrones lawfull heir,
Why should I wave a Pow'r might place him there.

Try. But if you would accept what I restore,
That Action would convince me of it more,
For since your Vertue binds you to be just,
'I would bind you too not to betray your Trust;
Yet I'll believe 'tis nothing but your Vow
Keeps you from taking what I offer'd now,
You shall therein by me no more be prest,
And that you may still on my Friendship rest,
Demetrius is this day imploy'd by me
In an Affair shall let *Nicanor* see,

That I have made it now my chiefeft End
To make him by a sacred rye my Friend.
Seleucus, whose High Worth deserves Rewards,
Shall from this day be Captain of my Guards.

Sel. This Trust I'll strive to merit by my Care.

Nic. Those clearliest show that they your Servants are
Who at your Faults judge it a sin to winke,
And tell you Truths which others scarce dare think.

Sel. Those who their Princes flatter May be thought
Guiltier then those who have against them fought,
Since more by Flattery have been undone
Then have been ruin'd by Rebellion.

Nic. Monarchs those servants highest should esteem
Who, when they err, dare not but tell it them,
And he who does by Force a Throne obtain,
Ought to repair it by a Generous Reign.

Try. This Freedome and the Council which you give
As Proofs of both your Friendships I receive,
And I resolve my Reign shall be so good
As shall outweigh my want of right by Blood. *(They all goe out)*

Enter Cleopatra, Stratonice, Irene, and Hermione.

The SCENE Nicanor's Pallace.

Stra. That sacred Friendship which so firm has stood,
And joyns us more than Nature does by Blood,
Makes me not fear, dear Sister, you'll believe,
That 'tis my Envy this advice does give;
Demetrius has but too officious been,
Perswading *Tryphon* to make you his Queen;
Improve his Error to exalt your Fame,
And scorn both *Tryphon's* scepter and his Flame,
You'll merit to a lawfull Throne to rise,
If an unlawfull one you can despise,

Since

Since greater to the Vertuous twill appear
A Crown to Merit then a Crown to Wear.

Cleo. Though *Tryphon* did by Blood the Crown obtain,
Yet a Crown worn doth wash off every Stain.

Str. When Heaven admits a Tyrant to a Throne,
'Tis but from Vaster Heights to cast him down,
To doe it whil'st hee's climbing would appear
A less Revenge, then being seated there,
And since such Guilt does most the Gods incense,
The Punishment should equall the Offence.

Cleo. Since he, while Wicked, in the Throne has stood,
The Gods will not depose him now hee's Good,
His past Offences he does much deplore.

Str. That for their Vengeance ripens him the more,
For men might think, were not quick Justice done,
Repentance Vsurpation might atone.

Cleo. Ah Sister, those to whom the Gods allow
Repentance, with it give their Pardon too.

Str. But those who to destroy their Kings consent,
Heaven lets them never perfectly Repent,
But leaves them quite, when they so Wicked bee,
Their Sorrow is but their Hypocrisy.

Cleo. Let not your Vertue Judge against your Sight,
Nor limit Mercy which is Infinite;
But since a Crown is still the gift of Heaven,
What matter is it by what Hand 'tis given.

Str. When by a Tyrants Hand a Crown is given,
How can you think that Crown the Gift of Heaven.

Cleo. Since *Tryphon's* in the Throne, what *Syrian* dare,
Without a Crime, dispute how he came there.

Str. Rather what *Syrian* who dares Vertue own,
Thinks not hee's bound to cast him from the Throne.
My Father great *Nicanor*, I dare say,
Thinks this a Duty which he ought to Pay;
You from this Duty may his hand restrain,
If you with *Tryphon* in one Throne should Reign.

Cleo. Usurpers, who inforc'd their Crimes forsake,
For all past Crimes full satisfaction make;
If I by Love continue *Tryphon* Good,
Nicanor ought not then to shed his Blood;
If he relapse, he by his Death may prove
His Countrey he more then his Son does love,
Syria to us, what ere *Tryphon* shall doe,
Either his Change or her Revenge shall owe.

Str. Ah think not Love the softest thing that is
Can dwell in such a Cruel Heart as his.

Cleo. Rather believe since Love has him Inflam'd,
His Heart from Cruelty is now reclaim'd.

Stra. Since by such Guilt he in the Throne does sit,
Rather believe his Vertue Counterfeit.

Cleo. 'Tis the least Miracle which Love can doe
To change dissembled Vertue into true.

Stra. Ah *Cleopatra*, this discourse has shown
You'll lose your Happiness to gain his Throne,
For I was now, in brave *Aretus* name,
To have disclos'd to you his hidden Flame,
A Flame so High and so Respectfull too,
As it appear'd worthy of him and you;
Oh had you seen the Fear in which he spoke,
When he my help did in his Love invoke,
It would have you as well as me it mov'd,
That Fear had let you see how much he Lov'd.

Cleo. *Aretus* ought to blush that durst appear
At once my Lover and admit a Fear.

Stra. He of that Fear, rather then blush, should boast,
Since Flames which highest rise still tremble most.

Cleo. Sure, my dear *Stratonice*, this is but said
Me from the Love of *Tryphon* to diswade,
For did *Aretus* Burn to such degree,
He would have first disclos'd his Flame to me.

Stra. Draw not from what his High Respect does prove,
An argument that he is not in Love.

Her. I have observ'd, so has *Irene* too,
Of late *Aretus* often gaz'd on you,
And when by chance your Eyes on him were turn'd,
He with a Sigh would seem to say he burn'd.

Irene. I must acknowledge, Madam, I admire,
That you did ne'r take notice of his Fire,
Hermione and I have often said,
Never more Love in any Looks were read.

Cleo. 'Tis happy for him that he ne'r did dare
Himself to me his Passion to declare,
For if he had been Guilty of that Crime
I would have suppress'd the Esteem I have for him.

Stra. His Vertue the Esteem of all does move,
But is there nothing due unto his Love?

Cleo. Yes, yes, my Pitty while it is conceal'd,
But hate when 'tis by him to me reveal'd.

Stra. You more then he should this Resolve deplore.

Cleo. Prefs me, dear *Stratonice*, in this no more;
Tryphons Addressse has so Succesfull been,
As he has now my Word to be his Queen.

Stra. Ah such as have to Thrones of Tyrants rose,
Have bin the more expos'd to Fortunes blowes.

Cleo. She does not merit on a Throne to sit,
Who can fear ought more then to miss of it.

THE SECOND ACT.

*The SCENE the Palace Garden.**Demetrius and Aretus as in discourse:*

Dem. **B**Ut for his interrupting of us, you
Had then known all which I have told you now.
Methinks you seem amaz'd at what I said.

Are. Alas your Words have struck me worse then Dead:
Fortune no Curse so bad as this could send,
Made sharper too, since acted by my Freind.

Dem. How could I think that you concern'd had been,
In *Cleopatra's* being *Tryphon's* Queen.

Are. I am so much concern'd in it, that I,
Rather then see her *Tryphon's* Wife, wou'd Dye.

Dem. Doe you then love her

Are. Love's too low a name
For that which does *Aretus* heart Inflame,
For never any Fire resembled mine

But that Bright Fire which in her Eyes does shine.

Dem. Was't fit this Love from me conceal'd should be

Are. Alas 'twas till last night unknown to me,
Something I felt of late had Charm'd me so,
As did at once Please and Subject me too,

But those Emotions were so far above

All that the world has ever known of Love,

As, that 'twas Love no more by them I knew;

Then I can now describe that Love to you:

'Twas fit that Eyes that shoot unusuall Rayes

Should kindle Fires too in unusuall wayes.

Dem. I am not Guilty though my self I Blame;

But Sure you might suppress so young a Flame,

Your Freind from no small Trouble it would free.

Are. Ah 'twere not Love, did it depend on me,

Those Guilty Words therefore you should recall;

Love does not take but gives the Law to all;

Would you not think me cruell or unwise

Should I beg you not to love *Stratonice*?

Dem. I durst not aske that you'de your Love decline;

If it had took so deep a root as mine.

Are. Nothing can fix a Love to such degree
As *Cleopatra's* Eyes have done in me.

Dem. You have not yet your Conquerors Favour gaind,
But I my *Stratonice's* have obtain'd,
That Secret's only trusted to your breast.

Are. And there in silence it shall ever rest:
But oh in what you say you have not prov'd
That I love less than you, but less am lov'd,
Success may raise my Joys but not my Flame,
The World for Love like mine does want a Name.

Dem. Ah my *Arctus*, had I known before
That you fair *Cleopatra* did Adore,
I had prevented those sad streights we're in,
And hindred *Tryphon* courting her for Queen,
Now there's no cure for a disease so high.

Are. Yes but there is —

Dem. — what is't —

Are. — *Tryphon* shall dye —

On two accoupts his death to him I owe,
For hee's my Tyrant and my Rivall too,
Yet with the last I merite to be curs'd,
Since I to kill him needed but the first.

Dem. In killing him your Countrey you'll expose.

Are. Not killing him I *Cleopatra* loose,
And he unworthy of her will appeare
Who above all things does not value her.

Dem. This Truth with greater lustre may be seen,
If you would not oppose her being Queen.

Are. Ile not oppose (by taking *Tryphons* life)
Her being Queen, but being a Tyrants wife.

Dem. Since she would have him as her Choice or Fate,
Shee'l take such proofs of Love as proofs of Hate.

Are. Her Virtue which has still appear'd so High
Shews 'tis a Marriage of Necessity,
Which hath engag'd me by one generous blow
To free my Mistress and my Countrey too.
Farewell, Ile goe and act what I intend,
And If I fall say you have lost a Friend.

Dem. Hee'll perish in th' attempt — *Arctus* stay,
And is there to you cure no other way?

Are. In such a question you mispend your breath,
In Rival'd Love what Cure is there but Death.

Dem. You'll meet your owne, attempting his I fear,

Are. 'Tis twice a Death to be depriv'd of her, you may say,
Farewell — wait this for which you call'd me back.

Dem. Stay Friend, for I'm contriving for your sake

That

That which may reach your End a safer way;
Suspend th' Attempts the remnant of this day,
Since in your Love you are engag'd so far,
To serve you in it 'Ile imploy my care;

You know the Part which I wish Tryphon have.

Are. This is but spoke th' Usurpers Life to save.

Dem. How's this, your self as me you now offend;
Can you suspect me and yet call me Freind?

Are. What I have said in such a Storm of Fate
Deserves your pittie rather than your Hate,
Doe not the Pardon which I beg deny,
Twas my Distraction wrong'd you and not I.

Dem. Alas I see you are or come with Greif.

Are. Yet to my Sorrows 'twould be some Releif,
Would you then Swear if you in your Designe
Should faile, you would assist me then in mine.

Dem. But will you swear his Death you'll not attempt,
If from his Rivallshipp I you exempt?

Are. In such a vow myself I cannot Trust,
Tis less to be Unhappy then Unjust,
Which I should be if I to you should give
A promise that I'de let th' Usurper live.

Dem. The Vow which I desire that you would make
Is not for Tryphon's but for Syrias sake.

Are. Poor Syria! since Demetrius thinks it good
To bind me not to shed thy Tyrants Blood,
What greater Curse could Heaven on thee have sent,
Then make thy safety be thy Punishment.

Dem. Since 'tis the will of Heaven we must submit
What will you doe,

Are. Pledoe ——— what shall be fir.

Dem. But will you then too no more condescend,
To loose a Rivall and oblige a Freind.

Are. Would you have me doe more then what is fir.

Dem. But will you Vow to make me Judge of it?
If By my Power with Tryphon and my Skill
I make him cease to Rivall you.

Dre. I will ———

Oh Cleopatra! never Lover yet
Did of his Passion give a Proof so great,
With such Devotion to your Eyes I bend,
As I pay them what I deny'd my Freind;
Nay for their sake, and what more could I doe,
I spare the Tyrant of my countrey too;
If I in this Act against Duties Laws,
Let Love forgive the Effect which Love did cause;
Ah Freind! from me you have extorted now
That which I feare may prove a Guilty Vow;

But you are judge of all which gives me Rest.

Dem. Can you then doubt what's trusted to my Breast?

Are. You see I doe it not, since I decline
Even to inquire what you for me designe.

Dem. Feare not, I'll ne'r'e betray a Trust so High.

Are. When you betray me 'tis high time to Dye.

[Embracing him they goe out]

Enter Nicanor, Stratonice, Irene.

The SCENE Nicanor's Pallace.

Stra. I thought my Sister your consent had got.

Nic. So far from getting, that she askd it not;

Hermione to me has been Unjust,

I left my *Cleopatra* to her Trust,

And know not well which most I should Suspect;

Or her Unfaithfulness or her Neglect:

Th' Ambition of your Sister, I foresee,

Will make her Wretched and will Hazard me;

For if she marryes *Tryphon* Shee's undone,

And me hee'll ruine if his Love she shun.

Ire. *Hermione* and I have but one Breast;

And she to me did solemnly protest,

She not, till 'twas too late, the Business knew,

And, Sir, laments for it as much as you.

Nic. In such a Fault she'd show herself Unwise;

If she from you did not herself disguise.

Stra. *Hermione* is Innocent therein,

Sir, 'tis my sisters Fate or else her Sin.

Nic. You both absolve *Hermione* from Guilt,

Shew me on what your Confidence is built.

Stra. The cause of mine to you, Sir, I'll relate;

She Loves my sister and does *Tryphon* Hate;

And would not, Sir, I know, deserve your Frown,

To gaine for her own self the *Syrian* Crown.

Iren. I know she does *Aretus* much esteem,

And thinks your Daughter only merits him;

And to *Hermione* he told this day

The Love he does to *Cleopatra* pay;

Besides she vow'd to me 'tis her Intent,

In that Address, to be her Confident.

Nic. Does then *Aretus*, *Cleopatra* love?

Stra. And in that height, I fear, his Death 'twill prove,

For

For when he knowes thee'l be th' Usurpers Wife,
He will attempt his own or *Tryphon's* Life.

Nic. That Happiness at which I most did aime
Is now fall'n on me, , but is fall'n in vaine,
That Height'ned Worth *Aretus* still has shewn
Makes me esteem him above *Tryphon's* Throne.
My *Stratonice*, *Irene*, you and I,
Must for this Ill find a quick Remedy;
All must assault her in a several way,
On *Cleopatra* my Commands I'll lay,
And with *Hermione* you two must joyne,
To make your Sister break off her Designe.

Stra. You may be of our best Endeavour sure,
But, Sir, I fear this Ill is past our Cure.

Nic. Those who of Feare in their Attempts admit,
Doe take the surest way to faile in it;
Her Resolutions cannot be above
Her Duty, Friendship, and *Aretus* Love;
But we lose Time while we together stay;
And this Affair admits of no Delay.

[*They goe out several wayes*]

(*Enter Cleopatra, Hermione.*)

The SCENE a Garden and a Grove of Trees.

Her. Forgive me, Madam, that I thus have prest
To know the Grief which does invade your Breast,
For though, when you in publick doe appeare,
Your Speech is Chearfull and your Looks are Clear,
Yet they are clouded when you are alone,
And every Word is brought forth with a Groan.

Cleo. That which you have observ'd alas is true,
Those various Actings to my Fate are due;
I ought, since Destin'd to a Tyrants Throne,
Joyfull to seem, yet mourn when I'm alone,
Nor know I which my Soul does most subdue,
Feigning false Joys, or hiding Greif that's true.

Her. Rather then Grief me thinks you should Rejoyce,
Since *Tryphon*, Madam, you have made your choice.

Cleo. Rather then I, *Hermione*, would have
Tryphon for husband. I would wed my Grave.

Her. Why did you his Addresses then receive,
And ne're so much as ask *Nicanor's* leave;

E

Had

Had you but to your Father told your mind,
He, to prevent it, Something had design'd.

Cleo. 'Tis that which made me doe what I have done,
For I more feare his Ruine then my owne.
This is my Duty which appears my Crime,
Better he mourn'd for me then I for him;
But now my Word is given 'tis past recall;
I'l be Unhappy to prevent his Fall;
He gave me Life, and therefore for his sake
The Life he gave me I will Wretched make;
For such 'twill be when I am *Tryphon's* Wife;
This way alone could Save *Nicanor's* life,
For by th' Usurpers Fury he had dy'd,
If he to marry me had been deny'd.

Her. Since 'twas your Duty, Madam, as you owne,
And not Ambition led you to the Crowne,
Why did you not your head and arm employ,
To save your self and *Tryphon* to destroy?

Cleo. Ah I was loath to act the Guilty part
Of Owing and not Paying him my Heart.

Her. Do you so hate him as you'l be Wretched be,
Rather then yield his Sword should set you Free,
And under *Tryphon* let your Countrey bow,
Sooner then let him save both it and you?
Ah, Madam, to my Grief alas I see,
That you would now conceal your self from me.

Cleo. Think not that I conceal my self from you,
Telling you what my Duty made me doe.

Ar. Duty might you to marry *Tryphon* lead.
If that alone could save *Nicanor's* head;
But you a much more Easie Way may chuse,
To reach that End, and yet that Way refuse,
When, Madam, by pursuing of it, you
Might save at once Your Self and Countrey too;
For none but brave *Aretus*, that I see,
The valour has to end this Tyranny,
From which his Love to you will him restrain,
If you with *Tryphon* as his Queen should Raign.
Alas, what is the poor *Aretus* Crime,
That rather then you'l be oblig'd to him,
You'l of your Contry's Tyrant be the Wife,
And which is worse you'll save that Tyrants Life.

Cleo. Doe not I shew I think him free from Crime,
That lose my self rather then hazard him?

Her. In that Attempt he'l but some Hazard runne,
But if you marry *Tryphon* he's undone;
Thus from the Hazard you *Aretus* free,
But to destroy him the more certainly;

Ah, Madam, by such reas'ning you declare,
That in your Confidence I have no share;
'Tis therefore fit our Friendship here should End,
For who Distrusts, deserves to Lose a Friend,
And since with me so Cruelly you deale,
I'll bid you now eternally farewell.

Would to the Gods this had been done before,
That none might think I Like what I Abhorre;
But though from you my self I thus divide,
Yet still I'll pray that Heaven may be your Guide.

Cleo. Raise not the Sorrows under which I bend,
By threatening to deprive me of my Friend,
This usage so severe I needs must blame.

Her. Why doe you thus abuse that Sacred Name?
Alas for me, it is no longer fit,

For your Mistrust, Madam, has cancel'd it;
Therefore from you for ever will I part. *{ She offers to goe out*

Cleo. Oh stay and I'll Disclose to you my Heart;
Yet with so cross a Fortune I contend,
As I'm asham'd to tell it to my Friend.

Her. What ever Sorrows have oppress'd your Heart,
Yet since you strove to hide your self by Art
From me whom you call Friend, you ought much more
That Sin then those Misfortunes to Deplore.

Cleo. My Grief from you I will no longer hide,
That you may Pity her whom now you Chide;
But let us first, *Hermione*, remove
To some such Shady Place as yonder Grove,
That when to you my Secret I commit,
You scarce may see how much I blush at it.

[They goe out]

Enter

Tryphon and Seleucus

The Scene Tryphon's Apartment

Sel. Forgive me, Sir, if I presume to say
You have appear'd in too much Grief this day,
And all last night you took so little Rest
As if some Sorrow had your Heart oppress'd.

Try. Alas, *Seleucus*, I am under, now,
Sorrows would make the Strongest Soul to Bow,
And I have often for *Demetrius* sent,
That in his Friendship I might give them vent;

But

But since he does not come, and since I know
That perfect Friendship which he has for you,
Being with Trouble so much overprest,
I will commit that Secret to your Breast.

Sel. This Favour no addition can admit,
Unless, Sir, I may serve you too in it.

Try. That Friendship for *Demetrius* which I have,
And which shall never cease but in the Grave,
Made me resolve by his Advice to gaine
The *Syrians* Kindness by a gentle Reigne,
And since *Nicanor's* Vertue most does Shine,
That I without Reserve might make him Mine,
I by *Demetrius* Councell too was led
To raise *Nicanor's* Daughter to my Bed.

Sel. Which of *Nicanor's* Daughters is it, Sir,
That he would have you to your Crown prefer.

Try. 'Tis *Cleopatra* whose Bright Eyes I own
Makes her deserve to share the *Syrian* Thrones
You seem to Sigh at what I told you now.

Sel. Under your Grief how could I choose but Bow,
But under what Affliction can you bend,
Having a Crown, that Mistress and, that Friend?

Try. Most men with one of those might Happy be,
But I am Wretched though I have all three,
For Heaven decrees, from whence our Law we take,
How much shall every mortall Happy make;
And if he does but faile in one of those
Desires, which must that Happiness compose,
That one Deny'd, though withall th' other Blest,
Will rob him of the Gust of all the rest:
If I must Love and in Love miss my ends,
Fortune in vaine sends me a Crown and Freinds.

Sel. Do's *Cleopatra* your Addresses slight?

Try. That shee'll receive them even my Heart does fright;
I who Undaunted through such Storms did steer,
As the most Brave would tremble but to hear,
I who have Kings depos'd, and Battels won,
And never any thing like Feare have known,
Am now to see my Dearest Freind affraid,
And of the Yeildings of a Lovely Maid.

Sel. To share your Crown can you esteem her fitt,
And yet, Sir, fear that shee'll accept of it?
Those words appear a Mystery to me.

Try. *Selencus*, I'll unvail the mystery;
'Twas yesterday that I *Demetrius* sent,
My Crowne to *Cleopatra* to present;
But 'twas last night alas that I did see
A Bright Beauty which has Conquerd me,

Whose Eyes are blest with such a Pow'rfull charm
They Burn those Hearts which others can but warm;
Till I that Beauty saw, I did believe,
A man resolv'd the Law to Love could give.

Sel. Why should you, Sir, appear afflicted now,
Since 'tis to so much Beauty that you Bow;
Love is a Fate which every one must Taste,
Some soon, some late, but all must Burn at last.
Your Fate you rather should Applaud then Blame,
(Since you must Burn) that 'tis in such a Flame.

Try. To wear her Chaines, *Seleucus*, is to Me
A Happiness transcending Liberty,
Then doe no longer think it is my Love,
But 'tis my Friendship does my Torment prove,
Since with *Demetrius* I did once contract,
I never yet, in Thought or Word or Act,
Yielded to what might it in Question call,
But now I feare, *Seleucus*, that I shall;
For while that he by me employ'd has been
To Court fair *Cleopatra* for my Queen,
This other Beauty has so Conquer'd me,
As without her thy Prince must Wretched be,
Which justly my *Demetrius* will offend:
Hard choice when I must wrong my Love or Friend.

Sel. Is this, Sir, the Misfortune you Lament?

Try. You ask as if Fate could a Worse have sent.

Sel. *Demetrius* would not Merit your Esteem,
If that which makes your Joy should Trouble him.

Try. Yet that I shall offend him I must Grieve.

Sel. Such an Offence as this hee'l soon Forgive.

Try. My Grief, (though he forgave it) would not end,
'Tis sad to need the Pardon of a Friend.

Sel. 'Tis more when Fortune does a Subject bring
To such a height as to Forgive his King,
That Glory will the heaviest Wrong outweigh.

Try. Through all this Darknes I might see some Day,
If my *Demetrius* e're in Love had bin,
For then hee'd judge this Change my Fate not Sin:
Lovers still pay to Love a deep Respect,
And where Love is, Causes excuse th' Effect.

Sel. At my request, Sir, banish all your Care;
Leave it to me to manage this Affair.

Try. Ah if to this thou giv'st a Happy End,
Thou hast for ever made thy King thy Friend: { *Embracing him.*
'Tis not enough that he forgives my Sin,
He must be still my Friend as he hath been
For know I need, my Sorrows to remove,
As much his Friendship, as my conquerors Love;

Since if to Win the Last I Lose the First,
I shall thereby at once be Blest and Curst.

[They goe out]

The End of the second Act

THE THIRD ACT.

The SCENE, an obscure grove.

Enter Cleopatra and Hermione.

Cleo. **D**Oe nor, my Deare *Hermione*, admire,
That to this Gloomy Grove I did retire,
Since here I thought I could my Heart Reveal,
While the kind Shade my Blushes did Conceal;
But now I find I'm in as High a Fright,
To tell my Fate in Darknels as in Light:
Shame, like the World when it in Chaos lay,
Knows not distinction betwixt Night and Day;
Ah, judge what are my Troubles, since I fear
Their sad Relation from my self to hear.

Her. No such Just cause of Grief your Fate can send
As, Madam, at this rate to use your Friend;
'Tis by that Pow'rfull Name I beg again,
That you'l from me no longer hold your Pain,
Perhaps I may the Cause of it remove.

Cleo. Oh tell me first, have you been e're in Love.

Her. Why, Madam, doe you ask —

Cleo. — Because I know

That none can ease my Pain that is not so.

Her. I was, but Love to Friendship did submit.

Cleo. Ah 'twas not Love, if ought could Conquer it,
You lov'd not well, or knew his Pow'r but Ill,
That say you were in Love and are not still,
The Name of Love for Love it self you took,
Since Reall Love can never be forlook:
Had yours been True, you might as well have swore
You doe not Live as that you Love no more.

Her. What you have spoken does, methinks, declare,
You to the Pow'r of Love no stranger are;
But would you thus reproach me if you knew
That what you now condemn I did for you?

Cleo. Why did you cease to be in Love for me?

Her. By many Proofs I did so clearly see

That

That such a Pleasing Sadness conquer'd you,
As I to Love could judge it only due,
And since Your Heart and Mine were still so like,
I fear'd one Arrow both of us did strike.

Cleo. Ah say not that your Heart resembles Mine,
Since you once Lov'd and could your Love decline,
Nor can I fancy who this Man can be,
Whom you could leave yet think could Conquer me.

Her. *Arcus* is ———

Cleo. *Arcus* did your name?

Her. And at that word your Face is in a Flame,
What Friendship should have done your Blushes doe,
They are to me more Kind and just then you,
Why has *Hermione* been thus abus'd?

Cleo. May not one blush that's wrongfully accus'd?

Her. But my Belief on a sure ground is built,
I see your Love to him, to me your Guilt;
Madam, a Blush, when Love is in the case,
Is in Effect the Conscience of the Face:
Though in this Secret you my Faith did doubt,
Deny it not now I have found it out.

Cleo. Too much your Friendship I have Wrong'd and Try'd;
My Blushes tell you what my Words deny'd;
Alas I fear I for *Arcus* prove
That Fatall State the World does call in Love;
Yet doe not, since I did but Hide my Flame,
Condemn my Friendship but Commend my Shame:
Nor blame me if to you I fear'd to show
What of my self I am asham'd to know;
But my, *Hermione*, since you could see
That Pow'rfull Passion which has Conquer'd me,
Spight of my Care to Cloud it, oh I fear
It may to others as to you appear,
Should that befall me which so much I dread,
Honour and Grief would justly strike me dead.

Her. That Fear you ought not, Madam, to admit.

Cleo. How did you then come to discover it?

Her. That Grief which when retir'd, you still exprest,
Made me Suspect what now you have confest,
For she who Greives while courted by a King,
Shews that such Grief alone from Love can spring;
And when I found you Lov'd, I quickly knew,
Your Love could be but to *Arcus* due,
Which since you have acknowledg'd, give me leave
To aske why *Tryphon's* Love you did receive;
Was not Ambition in your soul too strong?

Cleo. Doe not at once my Love and Virrtue wrong

For if I had *Aretus* Passion known,

I would have valu'd it above a Throne?

Her. But now 'tis known, why is it not embrac'd?

Cleo. Because my word was first to *Tryphon* past.

Her. As you my Love, so I your Love must blame,
Since you before your Love prefer your Fame.

Cleo. I should appear unfit for his Esteem

Did I not value more my Word than Him;

And this great Pleasure, to my Act is due,

That which does lose me him, deserves him too;

Ah why did not *Aretus* let me see,

That Passion which you say he has for me,

Before my Promise was to *Tryphon* past?

Her. But why to give it did you make such haste?

Cleo. I fear'd that he who did my Heart subdue,
Would, my *Hermione*, have seen it too,

And I his Love for ever would decline,

Rather then he should first discover mine;

'Twas fitter since I ow'd it to my Fame,

To suffer Ruine then to merit Shame;

Her. But e're you did admit the Kings Address,

Aretus looks did so much Flame express,

As sure you could not but his Passion see.

Cleo. That's not enough, he should have told it me,

But what so'er his Proofs of Love have been,

By me, Dear Friend, alas they were not seen,

For I so fear'd that I might act amiss

In my own Love that I ne're minded his;

Blushes a Womans Passion may reveal,

But Men their Passion by their Words should tell.

Her. Could he your Love more Generously seek,

Then to Deserve it and yet Nothing Speak?

Cleo. Rather what more could he have done amiss,

Then Lose my Love by so Concealing his?

A Love that is at once both Great and Strong,

While it doth Bind the Heart, Sets Free the Tongue;

And lest that mine should make me Faulty prove,

I to my Honour Sacrific'd my Love;

So I did fear, his Merit was so Great,

That asking Nothing he might All Things get.

Her. How cruell is your Vertue or your Fate.

Which makes your Love produce th' Effects of Hate?

Cleo. *Aretus* yet more Cruelty does show,

That durst Love me, yet durst not tell me so.

Her. You doe him Double Wrong, since his Respect

You first Mistake, then Punish as Neglect;

Such awfu'l Flames you in his Heart have bred,

As he thinks Silence ought his Love to plead;

He but defers to Speak what he does feel,
Till by his Actions you his Love may tell,
And to declare his Passion does delay,
Only to show at you the Noblest Way.

Cleo. Fatall Delay, the Fatal ft that could be,
It lofes me to him and him to me;
Yet fuch a High Refpect to him I pay,
That on My Self I'll Punish his Delay,
And fince my Promise is to *Tryphon* made,
To Breake it Love it felf fhall not perfwade;
That which for me your Friendfhip made me doe,
My Honour makes me now Perform for you;
Your Rivall I will never be again.

Her. I for *Arctus* did a Love but feign,
That in your Blufhes, Madam, I might fee
What by your Modesty was hid from me;
Yet had I lov'd; I'd not that Love purfue;
Since you beft merit him as he does you;
But how can you fo juft to Honour prove,
And yet resolve to be Unjuft to Love?
Ah you much more then he have done amifs,
You prize your Word more then your Flame and his,
And by a Sacred Bond your felf you Tye
To him you hate, and him you love you Fly.

Cleo I owe him lefs then I doe owe my Flame,
And fly not from his Love but from my Shame;
She to her Honour too Unjuft does prove
Who dares not value it above her Love;
Prefs me not then to Do what I fhould Shun,
Rather then be Unjuft I'll be Undone:
Thofe who are loft while Virtue they purfue
In their Defttruction find their Comfort too.

(They goe out.)

Enter Demetrius and Seleucus.

The SCENE Demetrius's Apartment.

Sel. Thofe were the Words which between us did pafs,
Bul I perceive fome Sadnefs in your Face.

Dem. My Heart and Face doe then but ill agree,
Since nothing could more welcome feem to me.

Sel. I cannot guefs from whence your Joy fhould rife,
Since *Tryphon* told me 'twas by your Advice,
That he did offer her to be his Queen,
And, which is more, that you employ'd had been,
To Court her to be Confort to his Throne.

Dem. All this and more then this I freely owne,

For I not only woo'd her to be Queen,
But her Consent to be it I did win;
But why at this, *Seleucus*, do you start?

Sel. Alas what you have said has pierc'd my Heart,
Yet from my Friend I'll not my self disguise;
The Charming Light of *Cleopatra's* Eyes
Over my Soule the Victory did win;
But to herself this has a Secret been;
For, my *Demetrius*, I did judg it fit,
Not Words, but Service should discover it;
That High Respect I did resolve was due
To such a Beauty and such a Passion too;
Methinks at this which I have spoke you start,
I think her Beauties too have pierc'd your Heart.

Dem. How can you think for *Tryphon* I'd appear,
If I my self had been in Love with her?

Sel. But why should you such Satisfaction show,
That he declines what you advis'd him to?
Ah sure your Liberry she did surprise;
Since first to Court her you did him advise;
I see what Beauty has made *Tryphon* doe,
What it has wrought in him it may in you,
And what I said such Change in you did move,
As I have Cause t' impute it to your Love.

Dem. If any Change does in my Looks appear,
'Tis not, I vow, that I'm in Love with her.

Sel. Give me then leave there my Address to make.

Dem. That's what I cannot Give, but you may Take.

Sel. Neither for *Tryphon* nor your self to woo,
And yet deny me leave to court her too?
I cannot guess what 'tis that you intend.

Dem. I were unfit to be *Seleucus* Friend,
Should I act etherwise then now I doe,
For he who to one Friend does prove untrue,
That he may gaine another Friend's Esteem,
Deserves too justly to lose both of them:
Though I am yours above what I can say,
Yet I must be it too in Honours way;
In Friendship every other Tenure's ill,
By that mine has been held and shall be still.

Sel. Fate ore my hopes another Cloud does send,
I'm Rival'd and by one that is your Friend;
But may you not acquaint me with his Name,
Who is my Fellow Martyr in this Flame?

Dem. No I'll be just to both, he shall not know
You Rivall him or that he Rivals you;
Yet both thus farr shall be oblig'd to me,
From *Tryphon's* Rivallship I'll set you free:

But

But did he not acquaint you with her Name,
Who in his Heart has lighted such a Flame?

Sel. So vast a Cause of Joy to me it prov'd
That he no longer *Cleopatra* lov'd;
As I did not remember to inquire
Who this new Passion did in him inspire.

Dem. By what he said could you not guess aright?

Sel. Ah! he who *Cleopatra's* Love could quit,
The Pow'r of Love forever must forswear;
For could he Love, who should he love but her?
Sure this new Love is but a Love of State;
But he for our return too much may wait.

Dem. I long to know to whom he does Submit,
As much as he that I'll consent to it.

[Exit.

Enter Nicanor, Stratonice, Aretus and Irene.

The Scene Nicanor's Palace.

Ire. Sir that *Demetrius* may your Pardon win,
That he made *Tryphon* court her for his Queen,
He bad me tell you every way hee'll try
To make that Love, which he gave Life to, Dy,
And hopes himself this night to let you know
He has perform'd what he has promis'd you.

Nic. I at this Promise so much Joy admit,
As nought can Heighten but his doing it.

Stra. What e'r *Demetrius* hopes yet, Sir, I fear
Tryphon will not decline his Love for her.

Nic. *Demetrius* Pow'r with him you know is Great.

Stra. The Pow'r of Beauty, Sir, is Greater yet,
And though th' Usurper were more fierce and strong,
A Family like ours he durst not wrong.

Nic. Who dares in Royall Blood his hands imbrue,
What is it, after, which he dares not doe?
Nor can he think his leaving her a Crime,
Since 'tis what we so much desire of him.

Stra. Though 'tis what we most wish yet, Sir, you know
Since none of us will tell him that 'tis so,
'Twill as a Wrong on us to him appear,
And therefore to perform it he will fear,
For though *Antiochus's* Blood be spilt,
Yet in a Crown he did contract that Guilt,
And by the Wicked nothing can be known
Of too High Price, when 'tis to buy a Throne:
They will Do All, that they in one may Sir,
But Suffer All rather then hazard it.

Nic.

Nic. Yet since *Demetrius* takes of it the care,
I of a good Event would not despair.

Str. I fear th' Usurper will his Sure deny.

Nic. Let's not afflict our selves by Prophecy.

Are. The Wrath of Heaven must needs that man pursue
Who tyrannizes Men and Beauty too.

Str. But though the Punishments from Heaven we know
Are alwayes Just; yet they are often Slow.

Are. When e'r a Subject does Usurpe a State,
Any Brave Man has Right to act his Fate;
The Gods make every Man a Judge of him
Who against every Man commits a Crime;
And Heav'n permitted him to act this last
T' invite us to Revenge all that is past;
What more to merit Death could *Tryphon* do,
Then to offend the Crown and Beauty too?

Nic. He whom the Gods into the Throne doe call,
Should therefore only by their Justice fall.

Are. Heaven's Justice Monarchs only should dethrone,
But Tyrants they abandon to our own;
The Right they give us we too much abuse,
Hoping they'll Act what we ourselves refuse;
The Pow'rs Divine we injure, while we thus
Remit to them what they have left to us.

Nic. Yet he's to blame who does to Death pursue
That Man to whom the Name of King is due.

Are. But him with greater Justice we should blame
Who as his due usurps that Sacred Name;
Since he our lawfull Monarch's Blood has spilt,
Who e'r revenges not contracts the Guilt.

Nic. If *Tryphon* by a Private Hand does fall,
That Hand wrongs him as much as he wrong'd all;
Th' Affronts which are on a whole Nation laid,
By that whole Nation ought to be repay'd;
It should not by a Single Hand be done.

Ar. What's due from All is due from Every one,
And since the *Syrians* doe decline to Pay
That Righteous Debt, I that am willing may.

Nic. Doe you their Toughts by Silence understand?

Ar. Their Silence in this case is their Comand;
Who is it at his Reign does not repine
That to gain Pow'r kill'd all the Royal Line?
Such Usurpation every one does fright.

Nic. Where none can Claim, Possession is a Right.

Ar. All have more Right, since he those Crimes has done,
To *Tryphon's* Life then he has to the Crown:
Fair *Cleopatra's* Danger calls on us
To free her and revenge *Antiochus*:

'Twere Sin if longer we tie Crimes withstood
Of Injur'd Beauty and of Guiltless Blood.

Nic. Suspend this Generous Anger till we know
What in her Cause *Demetrius* can doe.

Ar. But if *Demetrius*, Sir, should not prevail.

Nic. I then will find a way which shall not fail.

Ar. May you not, Sir, discover it to me;

Nic. Not till th' Event of this Design I see,
Then I engage, if he successles prove,

I'll free my Daughter from th' Usurpers Love;

Be pleas'd, Sir, to depend on what I say.

Ar. What you Command 'tis fit I should Obey.

(They goe out.)

Enter Tryphon, Demetrius, and Seleucus.

The SCENE Tryphon's Apartment.

Try. Though many Proofs you gave that you'r my Friend,
Yet this last Proof does all the rest transcend,
For you in this have evidently shown
That you are more my Friend then you'r your own;
Never was any Torment yet above
That in which Friendship does contest with Love;
But what you now have done has cur'd my Pain.

Sel. When of your Fate you did to me complain,
I told you from *Demetrius* you would find
A Cure for all th' Afflictions of your Mind.

Try. You did, I of his Friendship judg'd amiss;
I fear'd twas not what now I find it is;
But yet I cannot say that I am more
His Friend since this then I was heretofore,
My Kindness for you to such Height was grown
As it could not admit Accession. ————

[Embracing Demetrius.]

Dem. Ah, Sir, those Words which now were spoke by you
O're pay all I have done or e're can do,
Yet I may say, and not Presumptious be,
Some Reparation, Sir, was due to me,
Since you could doubt I valu'd any thing
Above the Blessing, Sir, to serve my King.

Try. That Error to repair, I'll now employ
Only your self to place me in my Joy;
By such Fair Eyes my Heart has been surpriz'd,
As I adore that Passion I despis'd;
I who till now Loves Votaries did blame,
Find him a God I thought was but a Name:
This Heart which has been bred in War and Blood,
And all Death's Horrors dauntlesly withstood,

H

Charm'd

Charm'd by Loves Magick trembles with such Fear,
 As I her Conquest dare not tell to her;
 Which shoves that in her Bright Triumphant Eyes
 A Fate more to be fear'd, then Dying, lyes;
 Your Help, my Dear *Demetrius*, I must Seek,
 To tell her what to her I dare not speak.

Dem. Whatever you Command I must Obey,
 Yet pardon me if I presume to say,
 How can she think you to her Eyes submit
 If you yourself, Sir, will not tell her it?

Try. Ah in this answer I your Fear perceive,
 That I'll repeat that Fault you did forgive;
 No, my first Love was but a Love of State,
 But this Love is as much my Choice as Fate;
 She with so strange a Fire my Breast does fill,
 As I to quench it want the Pow'r and Will.

Dem. Permit me then th' Employment to decline,
 For since her Beauties with such Lustre Shine,
 They may wound me, for 'tis a likelier thing
 She should subdue a Subject then a King.

Try. I know your Friendship which you have for me
 Against her Eyes your Antidote will be.

Dem. Yet Vassals, Sir, and Monarchs are alike,
 When e'r the Dart of Love or Death does strike.

Try. Let not such Fear your Sacred Friendship blot;
 Why should you doubt it when I doubt it not?

But to confirm you, know you oft have seen
 Her whom I'd have you court to be my Queen;

And since to her Bright Eyes you did not bow
 Ere I ador'd them, you'll not do it now;

For, my *Demetrius*, 'tis her Beauties Right,
 That who can Love must Love her at first Sight;

Nor shall I think, if you th' Employment wive,
 You have forgiv'n me as you said you have.

Dem. Ah then, Sir, 'tis unfit I struggle more,
 Tell me that Beauties name which you adore;

And all her Charms, to serve you, I'll despise;
 This Sir I vow.

Try. Her name is — *Siratanice* (*Demetrius starts and trembles*)
 Why at that Name Tremble you thus and start?

Dem. Oh why am I Condemn'd to Act this Part?
 Alas how can I to that Beauty goe,

Whose Sister you by me have injur'd so?
 Who are to one another too so Kind,

As Friendship them does more then Nature bind:
 They are alike concern'd in all they do,

And who wrongs one does wrong the other too.

Try:

Try. These Words have almost made my Joys compleat;
For since their Friendship is so Firm and Great,
I shall, presenting *Stratonice* my Crown;
Repair what to her Sister I have done,
Who since the Wrong she did by you Endure,
'Tis just she should from You Recieve her Cure.
By this a Trebble Gainer you will be,
For you'l oblige Yourself, and Her and Me.

Dem. Oh Sir, forgive me if I let you know,
That 'tis your Love not Reason argues so,
For to their Friendship it will give an End,
Should she wed him who has so wrong'd her Friend;
Honour would make her too the Throne despise
To which she by her Sisters Fall must Rise;
That Family to visit I'm unfit,
Having so much affronted one of it.

Try. I wrong but one while I my Love recall,
But marrying th' other I oblige them All;
That Family will with a Fault dispence,
Whose Reparation does exceed th' Offence;
'Twas Interest my first Addres did move,
But this Address is the Result of Love;
Whatever Fault True Love does make us do,
Must carry with th' Offense the Pardon too:
On this Oblieging Embassy then goe,
And let me to my Friend my Mistress owe;
Lay at her Feet at once my Crown and Heart,
My Joy depends on th' Acting of your Part.

[*Demetrius offers to speak.*

Then Strive no more, since what I ask you now
Is what you owe My Friendship and Your Vow;
While *Stratonice* you to my Throne invite,
To *Cleopatra* my Excuse I write.

(*Tryphon goes out.*

Demetrius stands gazing after him.

Seleucus Enters.

sel. You in your Looks have so much trouble shown,
As I dare hardly venter you alone;
So great and Moving your Disorders be,
As I partake in Grievs which I but see.

Dem. Alas. I have reciev'd so strange a Blow,
As I endure more Grief then I can show.

sel. To my unequall'd Friendship be so just,
As to commit your Secret to my Trust;
To cure those Sorrows under which you Bend,
Imploy the Life and Service of your Friend;

Some

Some Fatall Grief does now your Soul surprize,
Or you are too in Love with *Stratonice*,
For I perceiv'd, when he pronounc'd her Name,
You trembled and your Face was in a Flame.

Dem. Admire not at those Sorrows which I show,
Since you their Cause at once both ask and know;
On me what sharper Curse could Fortune bring,
Then make my Rivall be my Friend and King.

Sel. Under the like Misfortune I did Bow,
And Suffer'd Lately what you Suffer Now;
Since his Inconstancy my Pain has Cur'd,
Be in my Fortune of your own assur'd.

Dem. Who thinks, does know her Beauties Pow'r but ill,
That who once Lov'd her will not Love her still.

Sel. Doe not by that Belief your Grief Inflame,
Of *Cleopatra's* Eyes I thought the same;
His Friendship, sure as strong for you will be,
As his Inconstancy has been for me.

Dem. Have you forgotten what he lately said,
'Twas a State Love he *Cleopatra* paid,
But o're this Love what can the Conquest get,
Which makes State Interest resign to it?
Than do not think he did your Fear remove
By his Inconstancy but by his Love;
Our Stars on us with different Influence Shine,
What wrought your Cure makes me despair of mine.

Sel. Part of your Secrets trusted to my Breast,
To serve you, I now beg to know the Rest;
You told me *Stratonice* had Conquer'd you,
Now let me know if she does Love you too.

Dem. Ah if I were not in that happy State,
Why should I thus exclaim against my Fate?

Sel. I cannot See, since you are sure of her,
Why you the King should as a Rivall fear;
Since she does You and Virtue so esteem,
She'll value you more then she'll value him.

Dem. Her Love to me and Virtue Shine so clear,
As 'twere a Sin her Rivallship to fear;
No 'tis not that from whence my Sorrows rise,
But I, not dreaming he lov'd *Stratonice*,
Am by a Fatall yet a Solemn Vow
Ingag'd to Court for him my Mistress now;
Should I not doe it I my self Forswear,
And doing it I Wrong my Love and her;
Never Misfortune did so cruel prove,
I must betray my Friend or else my Love;
Seleucus, 'tis a Horrid Choice, when I
Rather then either choose, would choose to Dy.

Sel.

Sel. Your Case is hard, it cannot be deny'd,
Yet *Stratonice's* Love is on your side,
I against Fortune justlier might repine,
For that Fate you deplore I wish were Mine,
That *Cleopatra's* Love might be for me,
I would consent he should my Rivall be,
But since the King your Passion never knew,
And since his Friendship is so firm to you,
Hide not from him the Pain that you are in,
Friendship o're Love the Victory may win.

Dem. Ah if I told him I his Rivall am,
And that his Mistress does approve my Flame,
Alas a much more likely Way 'twil prove,
To Raise his Height then to Suppress his Love,
My Flame must therefore be conceal'd by you,
Rivals in Love and Friends none ever knew.

Sel. My Faith in Such a Secret doe not fear,
Tell me the Course that you resolve to Steer,
That I in it may usefull be to you. [*Demetrius judges a while.*]

Dem. I am resolv'd to Doe what I did Vow,
For were I Guilty of so Mean a Thing
As to be False both to my Friend and King,
And should thereby my End in Love obtain,
The Joy would scarce be equal to the Pain,
Perhaps she will not be to me Severe,
When Sacred Friendship only made me cry
Methinks it were Injustice to suspect,
When that's the Cause, that she'll condemn the Effect.

Sel. While such an Unexampled Act you do
She cannot Blame so much as Fliey you.

Dem. To lose her yet Deserve her is more fit,
Then to Posses her and not Merit it.

The End of the Third Act

THE FOURTH ACT

Stratonice Demetrius and Irene

The S C E N E Nicanors Pallace.

*Ire. to S*uch are the Sorrows he does now endure

Str. As, if You be not, Death will be his Cure.

Str. Those Griets, *Demetrius*, which in you I see
Contagious prove and have infected me,

I have lov'd my Love and You

You are Unkind since you the Cause conceal
Of Sorrows whose Effect your Looks reveal.

Dem. Madam I hop'd you rather would deplore
Those Grievs I fear, then load me thus with more,
Judge with what Malice Fate does me pursue,
Since I'm afraid to tell my Grief to you,
To you who only have the Pow'r to Cure
Those Matchles Miseries which I endure.

Stra. Alas what you have told me now, I find,
More then your Silence is to me Unkind,
For you lament, and in a high degree,
Those Grievs whose Cure you say depends on me:
What have I done that you should use me so?

Dem. Ah Madam, sure you my Transgression know,
Or your Resentments could not be so High,
As by such Cruel Words to make me Dye,
Which now I humbly begg your leave to doe,
Since twice you say I was unkind to you;
But for those Words I never could have thought,
That my Misfortune did Transcend my Fault,
I must Despair your Pardon now to win,
My Grief for needing it being judg'd my Sin.

Stra. You never my Resentments did provoke
But by your Silence and what now you spoke.

Dem. Would to the Gods I never had, then I
Should but Unhappy and not Guilty Dye,
But I alas must by a Fatall Oath
Ending my Life contract the Guilt of both,
This is my Fate whatever I shall doe.

Stra. I feare your Sorrows have Distracted you.

Dem. Alas Distraction, Madam, would appear
A Happiness compar'd to what I bear,
For though the Joys I in your Love Recieve
Transcend all those which Heaven to me can give,
Yet I those Charming Glories must foregoe,
And to my self the Sin thereof must owe.

Stra. *Demetrins*, I believ'd you had a Soul
Which could th' approaches of Despair controut.

Dem. Condemn not, Madam, the Despair I show,
Since *Tryphon* is Declar'd my Rival now.

Stra. Since this is the Misfortune you deplore,
I have more cause to Blame you then before,
For could you Grieve at this, did you not fear
I would his Crown above your Love prefer?
By your first Fault you did but wrong my Love,
But this a worse does to my Vertue prove;
Alas what two worse Actions could you doe,
Then thus to doubt my Love and Vertue too.

Dem. Ah Madam, if you would have heard me out,
 You would have found that I do neither doubt,
 For Nothing can to either equall be,
 But that Misfortune which has fall'n on me;
 When I thus grieve he does my Rivall prove,
 I feare his Cruelty, nor doubt your Love;
 But though his Fire for you I must Lament,
 Yet Fate on you a sharper Curse has sent;
 For he not knowing I his Rivall am,
 Imployes me to acquaint you with his Flame;
 To court you for him I am hither sent
 And he his Rival makes his Confident.

Str. He has more cause to mourn for this then you.

Dem. Yet to a Trust Fidelity is due,
 That Man who can be faithles to his Friend,
 Though 'tis in Love, deserves to lose his End:
 Could I but one Unworthy Action do,
 I should by it forfeit my Right in you,
 And though you might to Pardon me think fit
 Yet to my self I ne're could Pardon it.

Str. Heaven this strict Virtue does in you Inspire,
 Which therefore I Condemn not but Admire;
 Then with what you did Promise him Comply,
 But what you ask for Him Ile still Deny;
 Thus you to Friendship's Duty Just may prove,
 And I as Faithfull to the Rights of Love.

Dem. Oh gods! What is *Demetrius's* Offence,
 That you to him so strange a Fate dispence;
 Your Fiercest Anger could not plague him worse,
 Then thus to turn his Blessings to his Curse;
 Your Love and Vertue which should give Releif,
 But more contributes to Augment my Grief,
 Yes, Madam, your Inconstancy and Hate
 Had been to me a less Tormenting Fate,
 Less Horror I had felt from Deaths Assault
 Caus'd by my Mistress Justice then my Fault;
 I me as Unfortunate as you are Fall.

Str. Alas what causes in you this Despair?
 Since I have let you know how you might be
 Just to your Vowes, to *Tryphon*, and to Me.

Dem. 'Tis more then all the World has Pow'r to doe,
 I must be False to Him or False to You,
 For not believing he Ador'd your Eyes,
 I swore a solemn Oath I would despise
 His Conquerors Charmes to serve him, thus you see
 I must Forake you or must Perjur'd be,
 I know which of the two I ought to doe,
 'Tis less to loose then be unfit for you;

Heaven which your Merits and my Faults has known,
 Calls me to Death, you to the *Syrian* Throne;
 Death is to my Ambitious Passion due
 Which from the Throne can only hinder you,
 My Fate I therefore shall Undaunted bear,
 Since 'tis my Ruine helps to raise you there.

Stra. Could I of what you now propose admit,
 I of that Throne should judge my self Unfit;
Tryphon, to gain it, has acquir'd such Hate,
 As 'tis scarce strong enough to bear his Weight,
 And to his Guilt if I should add my own,
 'Twould be a Certain Way to sinke the Throne.

Dem. If with his Pow'r your Virtue you doe mix,
 Madam, the Throne you would not Sink but Fix;
 Then what he offers you vouchsafe to take,
 Both for your own and for your Countries sake.

Stra. My Country will deserve those Chaines shee's in,
 Could she consent to Break them by my Sin.

Dem. Your Country cannot charge them with a crime,
 Since, Madam, I Resign you up to Him.

Stra. Resign me up to him! Ah you shall find,
 That I to *Tryphon* will not be Resign'd;
 Now you Pretend to more then you can Do,
 For you'd Forsake me and Bestow me too;
 You may, if you think fit, your Love Resign;
 But I, *Demetrius*, ne're can alter mine.

Dem. Ah the more Kindness you to me Express,
 You still to it Intitle me the less.

Stra. I see 'twas clearly what you told me now,
 And mourn your Sin more then the Losing you;
 Yet I by Scorning *Tryphon* will make known,
 I Value you more then the *Syrian* Throne;
 If to your Guilt I so Oblieging prove,
 Ah judge what I'de have been unto your Love;
 Farewell, you are the first the World e're knew
 Who Lov'd his Mistress and Forsook her too.

Stratonice and Irene go out.

Demetrius gazing after them.

Dem. Thus when the Sun from us withdraws his Light,
 He leaves the World to Horror and to Night;
 Why to the Throne did Heaven let *Tryphon* climb
 And then Revenge on me my Truth to him?
 Prodigious is my Fate, my Death I find
 In Friendships being True and Beauty Kind;
 Oh Gods! to what must I hereafter Trust?
 Since you Destroy me but for being Just,

If you for Virtue onely will Admit,
Why am I Ruin'd for pursuing it?

[He goes out.]

Cleopatra and Hermione;

Cleopatra holding Tryphon's letter in her hand.

The SCENE the Garden of Nicanor's Palace.

Cleo. To Court and gain my leave his Queen to be,
And after dare thus to Abandon me!
Th' Affront which he therein on me would lay,
Can only by his Blood be wash'd away.

Her. Why should his leaving you your Anger move,
Since now you may Accept *Aretus* Love?
That Fatal Promise which eclips'd your Joy
Tryphon's Inconstancy does now Destroy.

Cleo. I should *Aretus* Flame too much Abuse,
If I gave him what *Tryphon* does Refuse.

Her. Sure, Madam, if you argue at this rate,
To lose *Aretus* is your Choice not Fate.

(Enter *Aretus*.)

Ar. Madam, I bring before your Justice now
One who has been so Criminal to you,
As he no longer could deferr to come,
And beg he may from you Receive his Doom:
He would have free'd you from pronouncing it,
But that he did believe it was unfit,
Since against you he did commit the Crime,
That any but your self should Sentence him;
His Sorrow for his Sin must needs be High,
Since he himself makes it his Suit to Dye.

Cleo. Who e're, *Aretus*, has Offended me,
And then does Grieve for it to such degree,
As proves it was not his Design but Fate,
Deserves my Pardon rather than my Hate.
And since by me he is exempt from Blame,
You safely may acquaint me with his Name,
And in what 'tis he did so guilty prove.

Ar. I am th' Offender and th' Offence is Love,
By my Respects to you I Guilty am;
'Tis they alas make me miscall my Flame,
For those blest Fires which on your Altar shine
Are not more Sacred or more Pure than mine,
Judge, Madam, of your Beauties Influence,
Which makes me call such Love as this Offence;
A Love which does produce so bright a Flame,
As nothing can Displease you but the Name.

Cleo. Aretus, I'me Amaz'd at what you say.

Ar. But yet my Vows to you I durst not pay,
Till you to *Tryphon* gave that Fatal leave,
Which shew'd you might a Lovers Vows Receive,
And since you did not his Address decline,
It made me Hope that you might Pardon mine,
For he ne're did what a Brave Man should do,
Unless it were in Daring to Love you;
I would not therefore make my Passion known,
While he by his might place you on a Throne,
And yet that Throne appear'd to you Unfit,
Since such a Tyant once had fate in it,
But now that he your Service has Forsook,
I come to beg those Chains which he hath Broke;
I would have begg'd I might Revenge you too,
But he has done it by Forsaking you;
Heaven could on him no Greater Curse have sent
For such a Sin than such a Punishment.

Cleo. Th' Affront's too Great which he has laid on me,
To think his Choice his Punishment should be,
But since you say your Love for me is Strong,
Prove what you say by Punishing this Wrong;
The Tyrants Guard will but in vain Withstand,
A rip'ned Vengeance from a Lovers Hand,

Ar. Of such a sharp Revenge you well might Boast;
Would you give me that Blessing he has Lost,
'Twill be much Worse for him than to be Dead,
To see me have what he has Forfeited.

Cleo. Aretus hold, while I my self perswade
Not to Resent what you so boldly said,
And to obtain me, Love would have you do
But what your Country's Wrongs do call you to,
You can against my just Commands contend,
Though Glory be your Way, and Love your End,
'Tis onely I who a fit Judge can prove,
In what relates to my Revenge or Love;
'Tis just you knew, since you my Love have sought,
The bravest Price at which it can be bought.

Cleop. and Herm. go out.

Ar. O Love, O Friendship, and O Fatal Vow!
To which shall I pay my Obedience now?
My Friend has done that which he promis'd me,
And I from *Tryphon's* Rivalship am free,
By which my Vow and Friendship ties my Hand,
From Acting what my Mistress does command,
In Love for ever I must miss my End,
Or must be false both to my Oath or Friend;

Fortune

Fortune to me too Tyrannous does prove,
Opposing thus my Vertue to my Love,
And yet I Merit what I suffer now,
Since I could make so criminal a Vow.

Demetrius comes in.

Heaven, my *Demetrius*, does you hither send,
That you the Torments I am in may end.
What I more wish than Life or Fear than Death
Does now entirely Hang upon your Breath,
For neither those nor ought that I can name
Should come in Balance with my Love or Fame.

Dem. If I can ease your Pains, you'll do me Wrong
If you Suspect they shall Afflict you long;
Tell me what Service I must pay you now.

Ar. You know you made me make a hasty Vow,
That I th' Usurpers Life would not Pursue.

Dem. Has he not Done that which I Promis'd you,
And from your Mistress does his Love recall?

Ar. 'Tis therefore by my Hands that he must Fall.

Dem. Rage o're your Reason has the Empire got,
You'll kill him when your Rival and when not.

Ar. From this Resolve nothing can me Remove,
His Life does Rival me as did his Love,
For *Cleopatra* will not mine Admit,
Till *Tryphon's* Death evince the Truth of it;
'Tis therefore by your Friendship that I now
Beg you to free me from that Guilty Vow.

Dem. That Hate which she for *Tryphon* doth Express
Ought sure to make your Hatred for him Cease,
Since *Cleopatra Tryphon* does abhor
Onely because he Rivals you no more.

Ar. I find some Reason in what now you say,
But I find Greater her Command t' Obey;
Since I'de have kill'd him while I did but Fear,
That from my Hopes he might have Ravish'd Her;
How can I now th' Usurpers Death delay,
Since to Obtain her 'tis the certain Way?
Heaven which my Sacred Flame for her does know,
And that same chiefly made me take that Vow,
Pitting that on a Love so free from Guilt
The Safety of a Tyrant should be Built,
Does, to Repair that Sin it did contract,
Engage me now by Love his Fate to Act,
'Twas fit, as Love made me the Sin commit,
So it should free me from the Guilt of it;
Since too by Friendship I to it was won,
Let Friendship free me from't as Love has done.

Dem.

Dem. Sure such Discourse as this you'de not approve,
Did you conferr your Reason with your Love.

Ar. Ah this Reproach you cast upon me now
Would have been Just when I did make the Vow,
A hated Name you for your self will win,
Making the killing of a Tyrant sin;
Can you then more for an Usurper do,
Than for your Friend and for your Country too?

Dem. To what you Ask I cannot Condescend,
In Kindness to my Country and my Friend.

Ar. Alas you'l shew that you abhor them Both,
If you will not absolve me from an Oath,
By which your Friend the happiest Man may be,
And *Syria* will from Tyranny be free.

Dem. To Grant what you Desire would be so farr,
From Ending Tyranny, 'twill Raise a War.

Ar. Though I consider War as no small Cusse,
Yet to be Rul'd by an Usurper's worse,

Dem. All would, were *Tryphon* kill'd, fight for the Throne,
'Tis worse to have Many Tyrants than but One.

Ar. If by our Hands they saw this Tyrant fall,
'Twould frighten Usurpation from them all.

Dem. The Pow'r so fully *Tryphon's* Friends engross,
As they on us would soon Revenge his Loss,
And *Syria* would such ill by War endure,
As the Disease seems easier than the Cure.

Ar. Such as to fight for his Revenge would dare,
Are people fit to be destroy'd by War.

Dem. But by the Pow'r they have so long enjoy'd,
They're likelier to destroy then be destroy'd.

Ar. Ah you your self what now you said must blame,
Or must think Justice but an empty Name;
Who has the Right has on his side the Odds,
Else chance does Rule the World and not the Gods.

Dem. The Right *Antiochus* had on his side,
And yet alas by *Tryphon's* Sword he dy'd.

Ar. You know that hapless Monarch did not dye
By *Tryphon's* Force but by his Trechery;
Those onely then to bear his Yoke are fit
Who can Fear ought more than to suffer it;
Do not a Guilt so great as this pursue.

Dem. I have more Cause to be his Foe than you,
For he is fall'n in Love with *Stratonice*,
And me he did into a Vow surprize,
Before to me his Conquerefs he did name,
That I would Help and Serve him in his Flame,
By which the Death of *Tryphon* you may see,
Cannot more Grateful prove to you than me,

But my concerns from *Syria* are above
 Even those I have for *Stratonice's* Love;
 Then doe not Blame me, if I hinder you
 From Doing what I think is Sin to Doe.

Ar. The Justice of the Gods in this you see;
 He punishes in you your Guilt to me;
 You Cross my Love and bind me to my Oath;
Tryphon alike Revenges me in both;
 'Tis Heaven permits him thus to do you Wrong;
 Because his Death you have delay'd so long.

Dem. That Wrong you mention I with Patience take;
 Since I'me convinc'd it is for *Syria's* sake;
 By me be taught to give your Passion Lawes;
 And Bravely Suffer for your Contry's cause;
 Farewell, to Sacred Virtue let us trust;
 The Gods would not be Gods were they not Just.

(*Demetrius offers to give out*)

Aretus draws his sword.

Ar. *Demetrius* stay.

Dem. ———— Hal! what mean you now?

Ar. Since you Deny to free me from my Vow;
 By which my Hopes of *Cleopatra* End,
 And *Syria* must under a Tyrant Bend;
 Either of which, too Clearly you must see,
 Is worse a thousand times then Death to me,
 Thus I cast off that Friendship which does prove
 So Farall to my Country and my Love;
 My Death must End the Grief of losing both;
 Or yours Absolve me from my Guilty Oath.

Dem. Put up your Sword, for when this storm is laid,
 You'll Curse your self for what you now have said;
 Though to your Rage your Friendship you Relinquish,
 Yet you shall see nothing can Hurt mine.

Ar. How dare you mention Friendship's Sacred Name
 And yet Oppose my Country, Love, and Fame?
 By that Enchanting Word you shall not show
 That payment Stop which to these three I owe
 Draw or I'll kill thee.

Dem. ———— Heare me but one Word.

Ar. I will not hear thee till thou draw'st thy Sword.

Dem. Then thou draw'st, when I have sworn I will
 I'll sooner Kill my self with this then you.

Ar. Thy Guilt to me thy Courage has betray'd,
 It makes *Demetrius* now of Death afraid.

Dem.

Dem. When thou reflect'st the King my Rivall is,
How by my Oath I have lost *Stratonice*,
And how thy self on whom I did rely
Art from my Friend become my Enemy,
It may perhaps to thee a Truth appeare,
That Death is what I Wish not what I Feare;
What I have told thee now I thus make good;

[Opening his doublet and spreading his armes.
Here quench thy Rage in my Unguarded B'ood,
And in such Death no Grief I shall endure,
But that thy Rage not Friendship acts the Cure.

(*Aretus turns away.*)

Why dost thou turn away? we are Agreed,
My Death is what thou Seek'st and what I Need.

Ar. Oh my *Demetrius*, that which now you doe
Is worse then not to Free me from my Vow;
For Friendship's sake methinks you should not give
Words worse then Death, yet after let me Live.

Dem. If this appears a Cruelty to thee,
Then be not Guilty of the like to me.

Ar. I but provok'd you to that High Degree
To get that Death from you you seek from me.

Dem. Such Wounds from You and Fate I now Recieve;
As I much rather Death would Take then Give.

Ar. I hop'd for me your Friendship was so High,
As, when you found *Tryphon* or I must Dye,
You then to Kill him your Consent would give;
Or let me the Denyal not Survive,
But now alas both are refus'd by you.

Dem. Ah doe not blame what Honour makes me doe,
You know how much *Tryphon* my Friend has bin.

Ar. Call you him Friend who's Guilty of the fin
Of Tying you by Oath from *Stratonice*?

Dem. He does not know that he my Rivall is,
But, she whom I acquainted with it now,
And how I was surpris'd into my Vow,
Does Scorn his Passion and Condemn my Crime
In being False to her and true to him,
For thus she tearmes what my Oath binds me to,
By which I am under such Torments now,
As if the Gods should but one day deny

The Cure I need, the Grief will make me die;
So long your Aimes at *Tryphon* Death suspend;
'Tis but one day and beg'd too by your Friend.

Ar. So long I'll respite Justice for your sake,
But know, so long I shall be on the Racke;

Dem. Heaven Knows, which on us both such Ills has thrown;
That I lament Your Sufferings as my Own. They goe out embracing.

Enter

Enter Tryphon and Nicanor.

The SCENE Tryphons Pallace.

Try. Yes, in my first Address my chiefest End
Was by Alliance to make you my Friend,
And this Address to the like End does move,
But with th' Addition of a Deathless Love;
The Bond between us nothing can Undoe,
When ty'd by Love and by Alliance too.

Nic. That Honor you to *Stratonice* design
Deserves her best Acknowledgments and mine.

Try. You then Consent I place her in my Throne.

Nic. Sir, it were fit you first Obtain'd her Own,
For as by Natures Dictates she is led
Not without my Consent herself to Wed,
So 'twould in me Unnaturall appear,
Should I without her leave dispose of Her.

Try. 'Twould much Advance the Union I pursue;
If I could tell her 'tis Approv'd by you.

Nic. Too much to me it like Injustice shoves
T' Approve that Union till I know she Does.

Try. You'll make me doubt, your Scruples are so nice,
That you on it do set too Low a Price.

Nic. No Sir, I doe Esteem her as I ought;
Call not my Duty to my Child a Fault.

Try. I Know what e'r you Please shee'll always Do,
And therefore I'll alike Ascribe to you
Those Charming Joys I in her Love shall find,
As all my Torments should she prove Unkind
To you, *Nicanor*, I this Ev'ning give,
T'ingage her, my Addresses to receive,
But if to be Rejected be my Fate,
Know I'll resent it at the Highest Rate.

Nic. I'll Rather to a Punishment submit,
Then to the Guilt of what may Merit it.

(Tryphon and Nicanor give me several waves.)

Enter Cleopatra and Selencus.

The SCENE Nicanors Pallace.

Sel. Though *Tryphon* does to me much Favour show,
Yet, Madam, the Respect to you I owe
Makes me abhor th' Affront he did to you,
And makes me offer to Revenge it too.

All

All men Condemn that which he now hath Done
More then they doe his Usurpation;
Since it in Reason cannot be deny'd,
But that Inconstancy is worse then Pride;
Pride oft in Heighthned Souls does it self show,
Inconstancy Rules only in the Low,
And since your Sex does your own Hand Confine,
From Acting your Revenge, accept of mine.

Cleo. That Generous Sence you of my Wrongs doe show?
And the Brave Offer which you make me now,
Joyn'd with that Friendship which I alwayes see
You have both for *Nicanor* and for me,
Makes me believe I should Unjustly doe,
If I in ought could hide my Greif from you;
Know then my Wrongs to me so Weighry seem,
As I am Rack'd till I'm Reveng'd on him;
And know that no Revenge can Grateful be,
But one as Vast as is the Injury.

Sel. Will you not judge that our Deposing him
Is a Revenge proportion'd to his Crime?

Cleo. Ah talk not of deposing him, you know
That's less then what you to your Country owe,
For *Syria's* Wrongs and mine will you pursue
A less Revenge then is to either due?
And for those Sins which he has Done before,
Will you Restraine him but from Doing more?

Sel. *Tryphon* will find, since he in Crimes was bred,
That such Restraine is worse then to be Dead;
To one Depos'd what Sentence can you give
So Cruel as Condemning him to Live,
Some Generous men who did that Fate endure,
To shun the shame in Death have Sought the Cure.

Cleo. A Generous man, *Valerius*, I will owne,
Finds Death an Ease when he has lost his Throne,
But he whose Soul is Low, and Crimes are High,
Thinks it the Greatest Punishment to Dye,
And that Revenge has still the Sharpest bin,
Which is held such by him who did the Sin.

Ah for my Wrongs there's no Revenge seems Good
That is not written in the Offenders Blood;
In all else you Propose you Lose your Breath,
And to Oblige me you must take his Death.

Sel. If nothing else your Anger can atone,
Ma dam, depend upon't, it shall be Done;
But 'tis a Deed so Daring and Sublime,
That to Perform it will require some time,
Though I his Guards command, I dare not yet
Trust them with things so Dangerous and Great.

Cleo.

Cleo. To Dangerous Acts the Brave should alwayes run,
 Those must not be Consulted of but Done;
 A Tyrants Pow'r still on his Life depends;
 Who cuts it off cuts off with it his Friends;
 But that you may this Deed the boldlier doe,
 My Secrets I will now Disclose to you.
Aretus who your Friendship does Possess,
 And who is Gallant ev'n to an Excess,
 Courts my Affection to a High Degree,
 And I must Blushing say is Own'd by me;
 In my Revenge him I engag'd of late,
 He shall joyn with you to Act *Tryphons* Fate,
 Which by th' Usurper cannot be declin'd,
 When two such Men his Ruine have design'd;
 But some Disorders in your Looks I see.

Set. Why have you Trusted any one but Me?
 I am perplex'd that you Revenge Design,
 And yet make use of any Arm but Mine.

Cleo. Into new Grievs me my Revenge had Thrown,
 If I had ow'd so Great a Debt to one,
 I therefore chuse to share it betwixt two,
 Love does in him what Friendship does in you.

Set. Yes, to *Aretus*, Madam, I'll be Just,
 He does Deserve this Honour and this Trust;
 Wee'll both Consult which is the farest Way,
 In this Great Work your Orders to Obey.

Cleo. This Favour no Addition can admit,
 But by Celerity in Doing it,
 Since while my Best Revenge you both defer,
 I feel those Pains which *Tryphon* ought to bear.

Seleucus alone. **Cleopatra goes out.**

O Prodigy of Fate! Hither came
 T' Acquaint Fair *Cleopatra* with my Flame,
 And scarce could doubt but I should Happy prove,
 Since I through her Revenge did Court her Love;
 But e'r my Heart I at her Feet could lay,
 She tels me she has giv'n her Own away,
 Nay more in her Revenge shee'd have me Joy'd
 With him who most of all does Merit Mine;
 Never was any Lovers Fate so hard,
 The Danger I must Share, not the Rewards;
 Was it her Ignorance or else her Art,
 Thus to accept my Hand but not my Heart?
Aretus hitherto has been my Friend,
 But Love now to that Name does give an End,
 And to Obtain her he shall quickly see
 He must not only *Tryphon* Kill but Me.

THE FIFTH ACT.

*The SCENE is Nicanors Pallace.**The Scene opens.*

Tryphon Demetrius Stratonice and Irene. *Demetrius from behind Tryphon fixes his Eyes on Stratonice, folds his Armes the one Within the other, Sighs and goes out still gazing on her.*

Try. **N**icanor and Demetrius having been
 Imploy'd by me to Court you for my Queen;
 And having found by both that my Address
 Has not obtain'd the much desir'd Success;
 I now am Come, Madam, to wait on you,
 To pay that Love which to your Beautie's due.
 A Love which 'twere Injustice to despise,
 Since 'tis the pow'ful Influence of your Eyes.

Stra. That Love which now is offer'd me by you
 Is, Sir, to Cleopatra only due;
 Th' Injustice then much Greater would appear,
 Should I usurp that which belongs to her;
 Then doe not, Sir, Sollicit me to do
 A Wrong to Nature and to Justice too;
 T'were Sin if such Desires were not deny'd.

Try. Nature and Justice both are on my side;
 Where Nature does most Liberally bestow
 The Charms of Beauty, there our Loves we Owe,
 And the Rules of Justice but pursue,
 Paying a Debt where Nature shewes 'tis due.

Stra. Since your first Love you did to her afford,
 Justice obliges you to keep your Word;
 And to my Sister, Sir, I am Confin'd,
 By Natures Law to be both Just and kind.
 Thus, Sir, the Right is on my side you see,
 Fancy does Govern you but Reason me;

Try. Such Cruel Words ought not from you to fall,
 What you term Fancy I must Duty Call;
 If you I first had seen, then her Ador'd,
 By you most Justly I had been abhor'd,
 But you being seen, I should my self abhor,
 If after I Your Sister could Adore;
 Your Justice into question will be brought,
 If my Misfortune should be call'd my Fault;

Madam

Madam, it must be, sure, some other thing
Which makes you at this rate to use your King;
And from his Proffer'd Throne thus to Retire,
A Glory to which all but you Aspire.

Stra. She does not Merit to a Throne to Clime,
Who does acquire that Glory by a Crime;
To be a Queen I would not wound my Name.

Try. Your only Crime is that you slight my Flame,
A Flame which, if by you Contemn'd it be,
Shall Ruine others as 'twill Ruine me.

Madam, take heed of being thus unkind,
Least you your Iudge should in your Lover find.

Stra. Nothing can me to Unjust Actions move,
Nor will I, Sir, be threatned into Love.

Ah it true Love, e'r in your Heart had Reign'd,
You would have known it could not be Constrain'd;

Under Heav'n's Care Love above Life does stand,
Tyrants may Love but cannot Love Command;
Act what you said to me, 'twill easier prove

T'indure your Sentence then indure your Love.

Try. Mistake not what your Scorn forc'd me to say,
For to your Beauties such Respect I pay;

I'd Kill my self sooner then threaten you,

But with Revenge *Nicanor* I'll Pursue;

He to my Love, when told him, was unkind,

And then I fear'd th' Effects which now I find.

Stra. This Menace is beyond your first severe,

You Threaten now what only I can feare,

But Feare to Love was never yet the Way.

Try. I must not Credit that which now you say,

For of Loves Theory so much you show;

As I believe the Practick too you know; *{ Stratonice seems*

This is a Truth your blushes now have shown, *{ disordered.*

Nor could you scorne my Passion and my Throne,

Had not some other prepossest your Heart;

To find him out I'll use my Pow'r and Art,

And, Madam, then it will perhaps appear,

You can for him as for *Nicanor* fear;

I am now certain you a Lover have,

Him and my hopes I'll bury in one Grave;

For since you make me Wretched, you shall know

I have the Pow'r to make you Wretched too;

And though my Rival might escape my Hand,

Yet still your Father's Life's at my Command;

Which he shall Lose, if by to morrow night

You value not that Love which now you slight.

Stra. Yes, Tyrant, thy Resentments more to move

I will Confess to thee I am in Love.

But

But yet to thee the Man shall ne'r be known
For whom I scorn thy Passion and thy Throne;
A&t then thy Menaces that thou mayst see,
I too am more in Love with Death than thee;
To those who feel such Cruelties as these
Dying is not a Punishment but ease.

Try. Know that to Morrow Night's the utmost date
Given to *Nicanor's* Life or to thy Hate.

Str. To Morrow Night In both it shall appear,
Who feares not Death does not a Tyrant fear.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Seleucus Alone.

The SCENE is the Garden of Tryphons Pallace.

Oh whether by my Passion am I Led?
My Love should die after my Hopes are dead;
She has her self declar'd to me that she
Has given to him that which is sought by me,
Nor is *Arctus* guilty of the Crime,
He does to me what I'd have done to him;
Because in Love I cannot reach my End,
Why should Revenge deprive me of my Friend?
Great Gods! how can I glow so Cold and tame,
As on a Rivall to bestow that Name?
And while *Arctus* does my Joyes Ingross,
Talk me self into Patience for my loss,
Since Friendship thus does plead for my Disgrace,
Revenge do thou ascend and take the place;
Thou more like Virtue dost to me appear
Then Friendship can, in this Affront I bear;
Since to the Brave nothing should be above
Revenge in Wrongs or Constancy in Love;
Therefore thy Death, proud Rivall, I pursue,
If I must Loose her, thou must Loose her too.

[*Tryphon comes in to him,*

Try. Seleucus, now I feel a Matchless Paine
My Perfect Love Meets with the like Disdaine;
'Twas what her Beautie and her Scorn does doe,
At once I Hate her and Adore her too;
Ah when Provok'd by what to me she said
I Menac'd her to take *Nicanor's* Head;
So Bravely she the threatening did Despise,
Her Spirit I Admire above her Eyes:
Thus what I thought the speediest Way might be
To Conquer her, has the more Conquer'd me;

For

For to my Bondage I am now Confin'd,
Both by the Lustre of her Eyes and Mind,
But that which does my Highest Torment prove
Is, She Confeſt to me ſhe was in Love,
And proudly ſaid twas paſt my Pow'r and Art
To find him out to whom ſhe gave her heart.

Sel. This and the ſcorn which you from her Indure
Should make you to your Reason owe your Cure.

Try. To one in Love do not of Reason ſpeake,
For Love is never ſtrong till Reason's weak;
My Paſſion is ſo Pow'rfull and ſo High,
As if I miſs Enjoying her I Die;
But if by thy Aſſiſtance ſhe be won,
Thou ſhalt with her divide my Heart and Crown.

Sel. Wealth is a thing I never did regard,
To have your Favour is the beſt Reward,
Which I'll deſerve, ſince, Sir, to reach your Ends
I will expoſe my Miſtreſs and my Friends;
Yes, Sir, to me alone, you now will know,
That both your Life and Miſtreſs you ſhall owe;
Then ſummon all your Fortitude to bear
That which at once will wound your Heart and Ear;
Our Fortunes, Sir, with the like Malice move,
You Love one Siſter, I the other Love;
You have a Rivall who her Heart has wonne,
To me my Rivall the like Wrong has done;
But that at which we both ſhould moſt repine,
Your Friend's your Rivall and my Friend is mine.

Try. What Friend of mine can dare affront me thus.

Sel. That name you give but to *Demetrius*.

Try. Oh Gods! what Horrors doe my Soul invade;
Scorn'd by my Miſtreſs; by my Friend betray'd:
This fatal Secret who diſcloſ'd to thee?

Sel. 'Twas he himſelf that open'd it to me.

Try. From me conceal it, and yet tell it you:
Should I believe *Demetrius* is untrue?
Oh do not take this way to Uſurp his Place.

Sel. He durſt not tell you he your Rival was;
But had you mark'd thoſe Horrors he was in,
When him you preſt to court her for your Queen,
You would not have been doubtfull of his Crime,
Your Eyes had told you what I learn'd from him.

Try. 'Tis true his Trouble's as it were above
What any Paſſion could produce but Love;
My Error and thy Faithfulneſs I ſee;
Ah ſince *Demetrius* proves ſo falſe to me,
Sure 'tis he too that doth my Life purſue.

Sel. No, Sir, that Guilt is to *Arctus* due;

With me he *Cleopatra* does Adore,
 Who does so much your Leaving her Abhor,
 That she has made my Rivall promise her,
 Charm'd by Loves Pow'r to be your Murtherer;
 She try'd my help in the Designe to win,
 But, Sir, I did detest so base a Sin.

Try. Thou art my Genius, and I owe to thee
 All that I am, and all I hope to be,
 Though *Cleopatra's* Guilt be rais'd so high
 That, as *Aretus*, she deserves to Dye,
 Yet if she'll marry thee I'll pardon her,
 But I one hour will not his Death defer.

Sel. This favour tyes me, while I live, to you,
 But, Sir, in your own case what will you doe?

Try. In that, *Seleucus*, I am doubtfull yet,
 For on each side the difficultie's great;
 I look with Horror on *Demetrius* guilt,
 Yet tremble to pluck down what I have built;
 Friendship and Love so in my Bosome strive,
 As I yet know not which shall there survive;
 I now am under an unheard of Fate,
 My Friend and Mistress I both Love and Hate;
 Ah would *Aretus* all my Blood had spilt,
 That against either I might shun the Guilt;
 In this sad streight I'de be advis'd by thee.

Sel. The Resolution easy seems to me,
 For to your Love if you can give an End,
 You ought to pardon and make blest your Friend;
 But if your Being to your Love you tye,
 Then there's no doubt *Demetrius*, Sir, must Dye.

Try. But if my Love while guiltless was deny'd,
 I doubt when in her Lovers Blood tis dy'd,
 That Cruelty may more her Harred move.

Sel. Yet 'tis a Cruelty produc'd by Love;
 When by your Pow'r you make her be your Wife,
 And when your Mercy spares her Fathers Life,
 Both those joyn'd with the Charming Name of Queen
 Over her Hate the Victory may win;
 But if, when she's your Wife her Hate endures,
 The Trouble, Sir, will be more hers then yours.

Try. But since, when but to fright her I did say
 That I *Nicanor's* Life would take away,
 She told me to her Death she too would fly;
 I feare if I should make her Lover Dye,
 She in dispaire to her own Death would run.

Sel. Killing one's self is sooner said then done;
 But if to him that Proof of Love shee'd give,
 Think not shee'l marry you while he does live.

Try. Ha! what thou say'st admits of noe reply;
 And does on Love bestow the Victory:
 Those Words have torn *Demetrius* from my Mind,
 And for his Death the Orders they have sign'd;
 He and *Aretus* instantly shall Dye;
 Prepare the Guards with speed and secrecy;
 Thy Care of me has made me judge it fitt
 To thee this Execution to commit. (*They goe out severall wayes.*)

The SCENE of Nicanor's Pallace opens.

Nicanor, Aretus, Demetrius.

Cleopatra and Stratonice both weeping

Strat. Yes, Sir, I scorn'd his Love and Anger too,
 Till he with speedy Death did threaten you,
 My Constancy he then did more than fright,
 Yet I conceal'd my Terrors from his sight;
 But, Sir, my Eyes, as soon as he was gone,
 Wept as my Heart, while he was here, had done;
 For if to morrow night I'm not his Wife,
 He has declar'd hee'll take away your Life.

Nic. I'll rather to his Rage submit my Head,
 Than yield that you should such a Tyrant wed,
 I'll sooner Die then I'll that Union see,
 Such Hate I have for him such Love for thee.

Aret. to Cleo. From your Fair eyes those Tears you ought to wipe,
 This Crime for Heavens Revenge makes *Tryphon* ripe,
 So ripe that through his Guards along I'll goe
 To pay that Death which to his Guilt we owe;
 The Danger does less then the Dury seem,
 I'll dry your Tears or strive to merit them.

Dem. to Strat. I thought by Love he would your heart have 'won,
 And therefore I did yield to be undone;
 But since to this vile way he hath recourse,
 'Tis just to end such Tyranny by Force;
 I'll now with much less Grief his Death pursue,
 Then I resign'd to him my claim to you.

Ar. Since we to kill the Tyrant are agreed,
 I see the Gods his Ruine have decreed.

Nic. Though that is just which is designed by you,
 Yet Just things we should doe as Wise men doe;
Seleucus who th' Usurpers Guards commands,
 When this new Tyranny he understands,
 To join with us I hope may soon be won.

Cleo. I dare assure you 'tis already done.

Nic.

Nic. Already done ! by whom ?

Cleo. — tis done by me ;

His Hate to *Tryphon* and his Tyranny
Is such , as I am sure in this Designe
He will with you , when you desire it , joyn.

Are. Whoever does to Virtue but pretend ,
To what we have resolv'd must be a Friend.

Enter Irene hastily

Ire. I on your privacies would not intrude ,
Did not my duty force me to be rude.
Some of the Servants from the Garden call ,
To tell you many soldiers scale the Wall ,
Arm'd for a Fight they every one appeare ,
And all of them do *Tryphon's* Livery weare.

Hermione running in.

Herm. *Seleucus* is into your Pallace come ,
And does with *Tryphon's* Guards fill every Room.

Nica. What may this Meane ?

Her. My Eyes are much mistook ,
If Rage and Horro dwells not in his Look.

Selen. Yeild up your Swords , in vain you'll fight or fly.

Aret. Betray'd ! then let us acting our Revenges die.

*Seleucus forces open the doores, he runs in with several of the guards
Nicanor Aretus and Demetrius draw their Swords, but ere they
can make use of them, are opprest by Number and are disarm'd,
Seleucus beckons to the Guards to retire, while they are going
out Seleucus says.*

Secure the Pallace Guards , if you Admit
Any rescue , your Lives shall pay for it ,
These orders read will let you understand ,
That what I doe is by my Kings command ;
You are my Prisoners all , *Aretus* you
Must bear the Fate which to your Sin is due ,
For you the Murther of the King did plor.

*She gives the or-
ders to Nicanor.*

Aret. I Merit Death because I kill'd him nor.

Selen. *Demetrius* too the like hard Fate must prove ;
He does not only Rival *Tryphon's* Love ,
But knew *Aretus* did his Death intend ,
And yet Conceal'd it to preserve his Friend.

Deme. Perfidious man, the Tyrant could not be
Told that he was my Rival but by thee.

Selen. Madam, the King in hope that you'll receive
His Love , does yet *Nicanor's* Life reprieve.

Nica. Since these two generous Friends are doom'd to Die ,
Sparing of me is but his Cruelty.

Str.

Str. Who would the loss of so much Worth survive,
Or by A Tyrant's Mercy who would Live?
Death is then either Welcomer to me.

Selen. to Cleo. Here Prostrate, Madam, at your Feet you see
One who long since has paid to you his Heart,
And who by Love is forc'd to act this part;
For when I came to tell you of the Fire
Which your Bright Eyes did in my Soul inspire,
And, that it might more acceptable be
Did offer to revenge your injury,
You, e'r I could make you my great Request,
Told me *Aretus* Raign'd within your Breast;
Ah! When I found that he was Monarch there,
I did, Compell'd by Love and by Dispair,
Discover all to *Tryphon* with Design
Helping his Love to make him further mine;
This, Madam, you may Look on as my Sin,
But what you think my Guilt I Glory in;
For what more fully could my Passion prove
Then sacrificing of my Friends to Love.

Are. Since Love makes no man Cruel or Unjust,
That which thou call'st thy Love is but thy Lust.

Cleo. Selenus, I have Listned unto you
At once with Horror and with Pitty too,
Horror that you this Falshood could Commir,
Pitty that Love seduc'd you into it;
Ah! to my Love what wrong could be so high,
As thinking 'twould be woon by Treachery?
No, No, though my affection for you were
Such as for me you would have yours appear,
Yet Honor, which of all things most I rate,
Would by this Falshood turn that Love to Hate;
And could I be obtain'd by what you doe,
That Crime would soon worke the like Change in you;
Oh doe not think that Love can ere be built
On such a false foundation as your Guilt.

Selen. In my sad loss what could I else have done?
To me you'r lost, or this way must be wonne.

Cleo. This way be Won! Oh Gods let me not see
That you can have so Low a thought of me;
For then I'l rather my own Death Pursue,
Then owe the saving of our Lives to you;
I would have had you to my Love pretend
By ways which were proportion'd to the End,
And would have had you, though your Hopes were Crost,
Yet to have Merited what you have Lost;
More Grief in such Revenge I might then find,
Then in this mean one you have now design'd;

For when true Honor in a Soul does Raigne,
To be ingratefull is the fowleſt Staine,
And ſhe muſt in her Breſt feel more Remorſe
That is orecome by Merit then by Force.

Selen. Merit would have but plaid a Hopeleſs part,
When he by Inclination had your Heart;
Madam it would have much encreaſt my woe
To have Deſerv'd you and have Loſt you too.

Cleo. And yet both theſe had been an Eaſier Fate
Then not to Merit me and Merit Hate;
Ah! when you thought that he my Heart had won
By that which you call Incination,
You then ſhould by Deſert and not Deſpaire
Have caſt him thence and fixt *Seleucus* there,
This might perhaps have been perform'd by you,
Had you reveng'd my Wrongs and *Syria's* too;
And this Perhaps though Late may yet be done.

Sel. Ah, Madam, I to your Revenge will run,
If you to me will now a Promise give,
That when 'tis aſſed you'l my Love receive.

Cleo. Ah Run not thus into another Fault,
Love would not be what tis could it be bought.

Are. Why Madam ſhould he now rewarded be
For doing that from which he hinders me?
Pay not ſo high a price for our Reprieve.

Cleo. My Love, *Aretus*, is my own to give.

Aret. Yet to your Love give him not a pretence
By that which cannot waſh off his Offence.

Cleo. Death would to me, *Seleucus*, happier prove
Then if I made a Bargain for my Love.

Selen. Madam, I beg that if your Gift might be,

Cleo. Doing your Duty you ſhould truſt to me.

Stra. Alas why ſhould you her Unkindneſs dread,
When ſo much Merit on your ſide ſhall plead?

Nic. Conſider, ſhould you run your Fatal way,
The preſent Times and Times to come will ſay,
Be cauſe *Seleucus* in his Love had fail'd,
He on his Country Tyrannie Intayl'd,
A Sin ſo black t'were better to ſubmit
To ſlighted Love, then bear the Guilt of it.

Cleo. But though to ſell my Love I do abhor, *She offers to kneel*
Yet on my knees your Virtue I Implore. *And behinders her.*
To free your Country and remove our Fears,
And to thoſe Pray'rs behold I add theſe Tears, *[She weeps.]*
Since t'was your Love forc'd you to doe theſe Wrongs.
This Reparation to your Love belongs

Seleucus Muſes a while gazing on Cleopatra.

Sel.

Selen. Love still with a resistless Power appears,
 When Beauty Pleads the Cause and speaks in Tears;
 The fiercest storms which over Souls has Pow'r
 Cannot but be suppress'd by such a Show'r;
 I Can no Longer my hard Temper keep,
 'Tis less to Loose you then thus make you weep;
 In you and in my Services I'll trust,
 They shall be Great, and you I know are Just;
 Thus Clouds a while may the Sun's Light Confine,
 But when they Vanish it does brighter shine.

Sel. to Are. Now brave *Aretus*, wee'll together prove
 Who has the Highest Title to her Love.

Are. When of most Merit you can truly boast,
 Then I deserve she should to me be Lost.

Dem. to Stra. Madam your Wrongs call me with them to go,
 So does the Duty I to *Syria* Owe.

Sel. Then against *Tryphon* Let us all declare;
 The Guards which I have brought my Creatures are,
 And I eyen Long till I his Blood have spilt,
 The Victim due both to my Love and Guilt;
 We must this Moment kill him by surprise,
 Our Safety now in Expedition Lies.

Nica. Deme. Aret. and Selencus goes out.

Cleo. Sure 'tis the Gods that thus their Hearts Incline.

Stra. And may the Gods smile too on their designe.

Cleo. You both must to the Tyrants Pallace go, } To *Hermione*
 And Let us hourly all that Passes know. } and *Irene*.

Cleopatra, Stratonice, Hermione and Irene goes out.

The SCENE is *Tryphons Pallace*.

Tryphon alone:

Demetrius Knowes ere now that tis a thing,
 Too bold to be a Rival to a King,
 And in his Ruine *Stratonice* shall see
 Nothing is dearer then her Love to me,
 Nor dare *Nicanor* my Address detest,
 Whn by such Proofs he finds I'm not in Jest;
Aretus still so proud A heart did show,
 As I long ow'd him what I pay him now;
 My faithfull Freed Man *Arcas* I have sent,
 Sooner to learn of my Revenge th' Event.

Arcas

Arcas Runs in hastily and affrighted.

Arcas, Sir you are lost.

Try. What makes thee so affraid?

Ar. Oh Sir, you by *Selenus* are Betray'd.

Try. This News my Soul do's with Amazement fill.

Arcas, He's Joyn'd with those whom he was sent to kill:

My haft hath almost robb'd me of my Breath,

And, Sir, with them your Guards conspire your Death;

The People too call for your head aloud,

And to those Traitors in whole troops they croud.

Try. *Arcas*, who told this fatal news to thee?

Ar. Sir what I tell you I my self did see,

And through the streets they March'd at such a rate,

As they must now be near the Pallace Gate,

Which is abandon'd, Sir, by all the Guards,

Brib'd by *Selenus* Arts or his Rewards;

If you would fly, you should not loose your time.

Try. Death's but a Punishment, but Flight a Crime;

I'll rather Loose my Life then they shall see

That ought which they can do can frighten me;

The name of King by no base act I'll Blot,

Nor Dying loose the Fame my Life has got.

Arcas, Were but these Words, Sir, to the *Syrians* known,

They yet would grant that you deserve the Throne;

To me you seem so Generous and High;

That fighting by your side I mean to Die.

Try. Dost thou then think I will with Traytors fight?

Ar. Sir you disdain to save your self by Flight.

Try. But who like me a Kingdom did Command,

Should scorn to Die by any Subjects hand;

No, No, he Merits not to fill a Throne

Who when Fate calls, dares not imploy his own;

'Twould be the Traytors Glory as their Guilt,

If they could say that they my Blood had spilt:

Go watch their coming in the outward Roome,

And, when they Enter, say aloud they Come;

Mean while for such a Death I will prepare,

As shall Deserve thy kindness and thy care.

Arcas stays weeping and fixes his eyes on Tryphon.

Will *Arcas* then my last Request deny?

Ar. Sir I but begg that I with you may Dye.

Try. They will surprisè me by this fond delay.

Ar. Since you will have it so I must obey.

[*Arcas goes out.*]

Try. This turn I owe to *Cleopatra's* Eyes;

Yet since I am depriv'd of *Stratonice*,

My

My Death which they united do conspire,
Is not my Fear but that which I Desire.

*Tryphon goes to an elevated place like a Throne, seats himself in it,
then draws a Poyard, and viewing it saith,*

My Hand is yet of this Bright Scepter sure,
Which for my Sufferings is a Certain Cure:
Thus arm'd I will my Enemies outbrave,
And, spight of Fate, deserve a Glorious Grave.
Ah *Stratonice*, if thou my Heart couldst see,
Thou'dst find I only grieve at leaving thee;
Such Charmes are in thine Eyes. (*Arcas cries within.*
Arcas They come, they come.

Tryphon rises lifting up his Hand with the Poyard in it.

Try. Then I no longer will deferr my Doom.

*Nicanor, Demetrius, Aretus, Seleucus rush in with their Swords
drawn, followed by the Guards: All make a stand seeing Try-
phon in that Posture.*

Though of my Death your Treacheries may boast,
The Triumph yet of your Revenge is lost;
Since Heaven designs this my last hour shall be,
Thus I my self, act what the Gods decree: (*Stabs himself.*
Pleas'd that my Fate within my own Pow'r lyes,
And that in Death I can my foes despise;
Idye content, since my last breath can boast;
That I your Plot of Murth'ring me have crost:

Tryphon dyes.

Nic. The Tyrant with himself has been at strife
To make his Death as Guilty as his Life.

Dem. 'Twas Just this Execution he should doe,
That as he wrong'd us he may right us too.

Arc. Yet I must Grieve at that which all Rejoyce,
Death should have been his Punishment, not Choice.

Sel. His thirst of Humane Blood so great was growne,
As he, rather then spare it spilt his owne.

One of the Guard leads in Arcas bound,

Guard, Arcas confesses 'twas he cry'd they come,

Arc. I do expect, but doe not Fear your Doom.

Dem. Let him in safety to his Country goe.

Arc. For our Revenge this Object is too low.

Sel. See how he shakes, Guard let him be unbound.

Nic. We should prize Faithfulness where e'r 'tis found.

The Guard unbind Arcas.

Arc. To show I merit what I now enjoy,
The Freedom you bestow I thus employ.

Arcas runs to Tryphon, takes the bloody Pontard which lay by him, and with it stabs himself.

That Death you thought I fear'd, I run to meet
And dye content since at my Masters feet

[He falls dead at Tryphons feet.]

Nic. Arcas deserv'd, who could so bravely Doe,
A better Fate and better Master too.

Arc. Tryphon deserved his Gratitude to have,
Him he did free and all the rest enslave.

Sel. Arcas I wrong'd thinking he shook for Feare.

Enter Cleopatra, Stratonice, Hermione and Irene.

Cleo. The news of Tryphon's Death hath brought us here,
We heard that he by his own Hand did Dye.

Sel. See where he now Pale as his Guilt does lye.

(They all goe towards the dead Body)

Cleo. This sight at once my Joy and Grief does raise,

Sel. 'Tis an ignoble Triumph thus to gaze,
Sir, let his Body be from hence convey'd,
He by his Death for all his Crimes has paid.

Sel. Since by the Justice done by Tryphon's Hand
The Throne of Syria does now empty stand,
And since the Tyrant, to confirm his sway,
The Royall Line at once did make away,
Princes, 'twere fit we instantly agreed,
Who is the Worthiest Person to succeed,
And, since his Merit only can pretend,
I judge Nicanor should the Throne ascend.

Dem. Seleucus you my motion but prevent.

Arc. I to what both propose with Joy consent,
To you alone the Syrian Crown is due.

Nic. Excuse me, Sir, it does belong to you.

Nicanor kneels to Aretus

Admire

Admire not that my self I prostrate thus,
Since now I kneel before *Antiochus* :

(*They all start and seem amazed.*)

Preserv'd by Heaven from *Tryphons* bloody Pow'r,
To all the blessings of this glorious Hour;
Your Father, Sir, who found he did designe *[Arc. takes Nica. up.]*
T' Usurp the Crown and kill the Royall Line,
Sent you that night by a safe hand to me,
Hoping that I shut up in privacy,
(For when the King revok'd the Generals place
I in Retirement mourn'd out my Disgrace)
Might best protect you from the Tyrants Rage;
This noble Trust did all my Grievs assuage.

Dem. 'Twas a high Proof that he your Virtue knew,
Since whilst he Wrong'd you he did trust you too.

Nic. Out of my House but still within my Care
You by the Gods till now protectes were,
Under the name of *Léno's* son you went,
The Prince by whom you first to me were sent,
Who when your Father and the King was kill'd,
O'come by Greif his Life to Death did yeild;
In reading this short Letter, Sir, you'll know,
Why what you are till now I durst not show.

He gives *Aretus* a Letter.

Aretus reads.

Antiochus to *Nicanor*.

Since Heaven this Ruine throwes on us,
I trust you with *Antiochus*;
Let him by you with Care be bred,
But till you see the Tyrant dead,
(Oh I conjure you grant me this)
Let not himself know who he is,
Th' Affront my Father cast on you forgive,
And let me still in your Remembrance live.

ANTIOCHUS:

Aretus

Aretus gives the Letter to Demetrius and Seleucus.

Sel. If 'tis the Prince's hand, the hand I know,
It is his writing;

Dem. His Inscription too.

Nic. My Testimony were enough alone,
Since I thereby doe gain the *Syrian* Throne,
To which by all your Votes you would me bring.

Sel. We all acknowledge that you are our King,

Are. Though a lost Crown the Gods to me restore,
Two things there are which yet I value more;
Oh would to Heaven, *Seleucus*, that I knew
How to be just both to my Love and you.

Sel. Under such loads of Guilt my self I find,
That I though forc'd by Love your Death design'd;
As I the Greatest Sufferings ought to bear,
And therefore yield t' endure the loss of Her;
A hopeless Love to the best End I bring,
Pleasing by it my Mistress and my King;
Bless'd if the Sin caus'd by my Love and Fare
By this Atonement I can expiate.

Are. This Generous Act which now you for me doe
Does most oblige me and Amaze me too. (*Embracing him.*)

To Cleo. Now, Madam, I dare humbly beg of you
To take that Heart which to your Eyes is due,
They make me know that 'tis a greater thing,
To be their Captive then to be their King;
A King who does as his chief Glory own
The Power of laying at your feet a Crown;
In taking it you'l Raise his Joys above
All things except your Beauty and his Love;
Nicanor who to me does Empire give,
I hope will yield that you should let me Live,
Which I shall not till I your Pleasure know.

Nic. The Duty, Sir, she to her King does owe.

Cleo. That Love for which so Generously you sue,
I give not to your Title but to you.

Are. Though from your Father I receive a Throne,
Yet now you give me more then he has done;
Amidst these Joys which Heaven on me does send,
I dare not be Unmindful of my Friend;

Demetrius, Sir, Adores Fair *Stratonice*.

Nic. Sir, I with Joy consent that she be his.

Dem. To *Sir*, Madam, so Guilty I have been to you,
That I scarce dare for your Forgiveness Sue,
Mercy it self but rarely does bestow
At the same time Rewards and Pardons too.

Str. to *Dem.* Since what you did, Honor did lead you to,
Love shall forgive what Honor made you doe;
And since your Guilt I thus have took away,
Tis fit that I *Nicanor* should Obey.

Dem. None by Excess of Joy can Death receive,
Since after this which you have done I live.

Are. to *Nic.* Sir, I have now but one Request to make,
'Tis that the General's Place you now will take,
This is the Lowest Reparation due,
For that affront the King did cast on you.

Nic. Since I have liv'd to Place you in the Throne,
The only Duty made me Live is Done.
Besides a Solemn Oath I once did swear,
That I would never Publick Office bear;
Think how *Selencus*, Sir, Oblig'd may be,
You have already done too much for me.

Ar. Then for *Selencus* I that place Design,
To which all *Tryphon's* Forfeitures I joyn;
'Tis just since all our Lives to you we owe,
That you should have the Pow'r to guard them too.

Sel. These Gifts not for their Greatness I esteem,
But that the Evidence of trust they seem.

Are. to *Nic.* Is there then nothing in my Pow'r to doe,
Which, Sir, may show my Gratitude to you.

Nic. You've given me all the Honor I desir'd:

Are. You for your self a Nobler have acquir'd.
The Way in which me to the Throne you bring,
Is Greater then to be your self a King.
Now let us to the Gods Oblations pay,
For all the Blessings of this Glorious day:
To them a Double Debt from me is due,
Much for my Crown I owe them, more for You.

(Taking Cleo by the Hand.

The Curtain falls



Epilogue.

YOur dealing, we confess, is very faire;
You paid your Money e'r you saw our Ware,
And if you should dislike it now 'tis seen,
I pray how would you get it back again?
Since never yet at Law an Action lay
For Money paid to see a Cry'd-down-Play;
Then whatsoe'r it be, dispraise it not,
But doe as some when they a Clap have got;
Commend the Wench that more to her may goe,
Thus if they Jeer you, you may jeer them too;
New Playes, like Wives, are subject to the curse
Of being took for better or for worse.

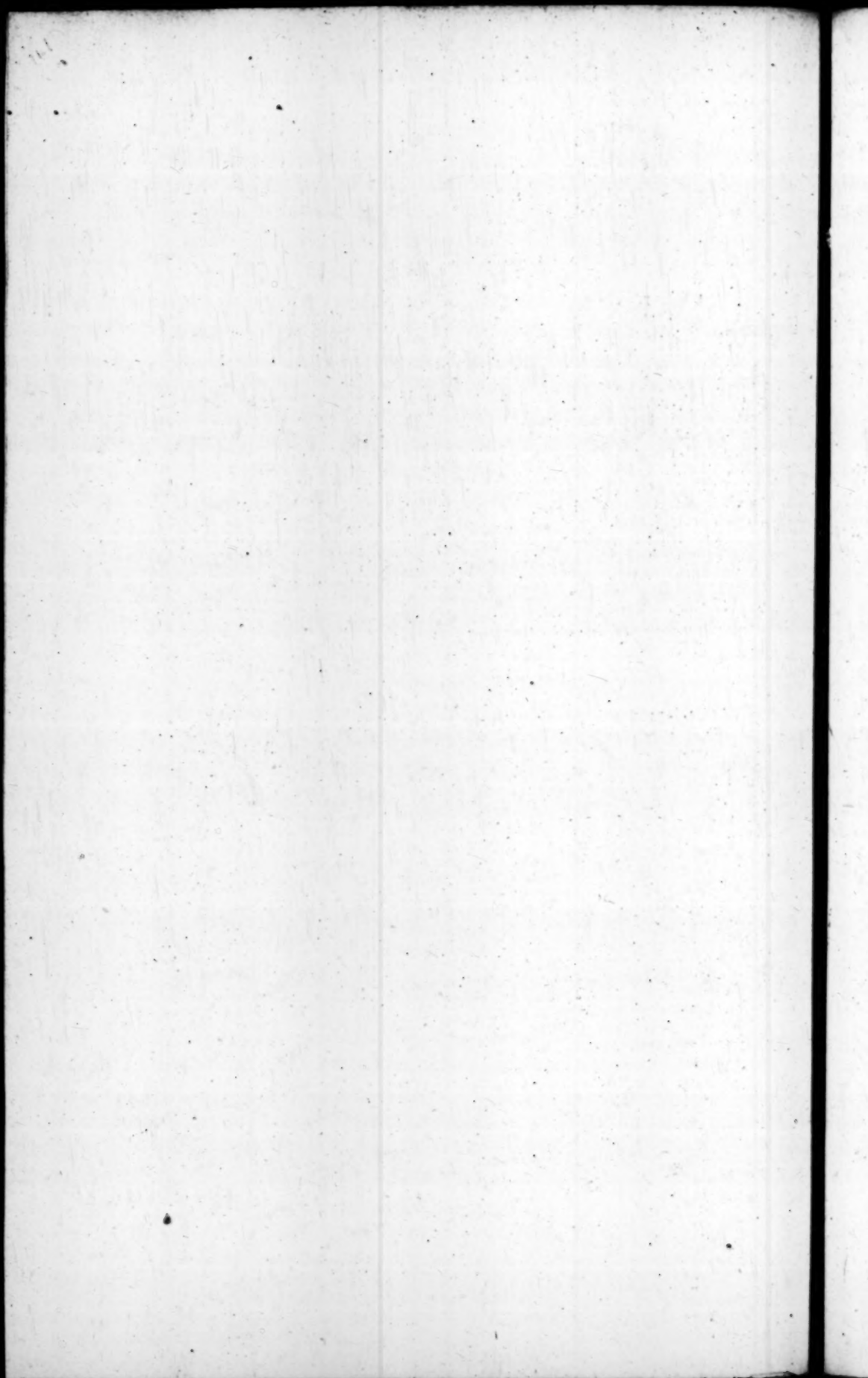
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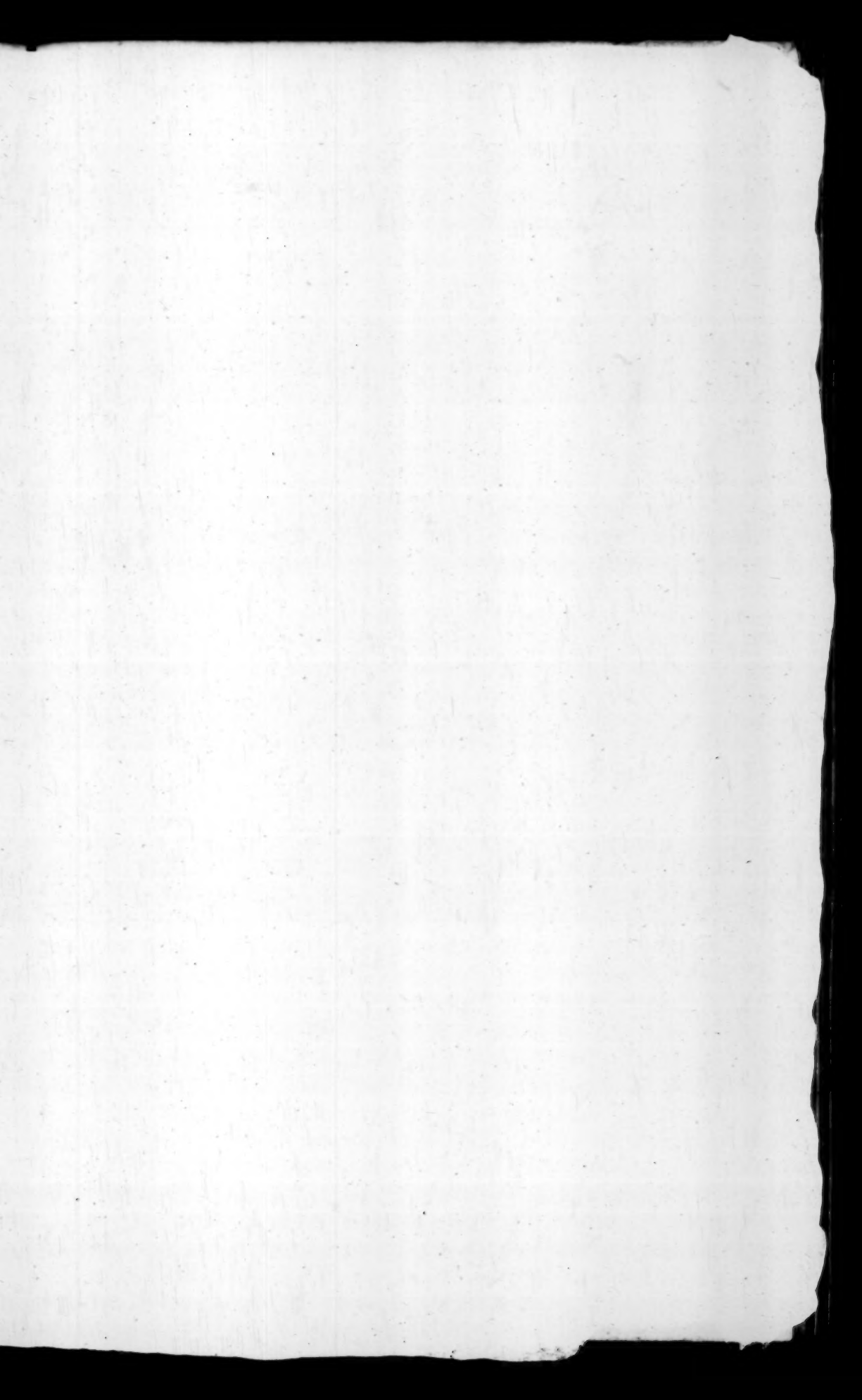
ERRATA in the *Black Prince*.

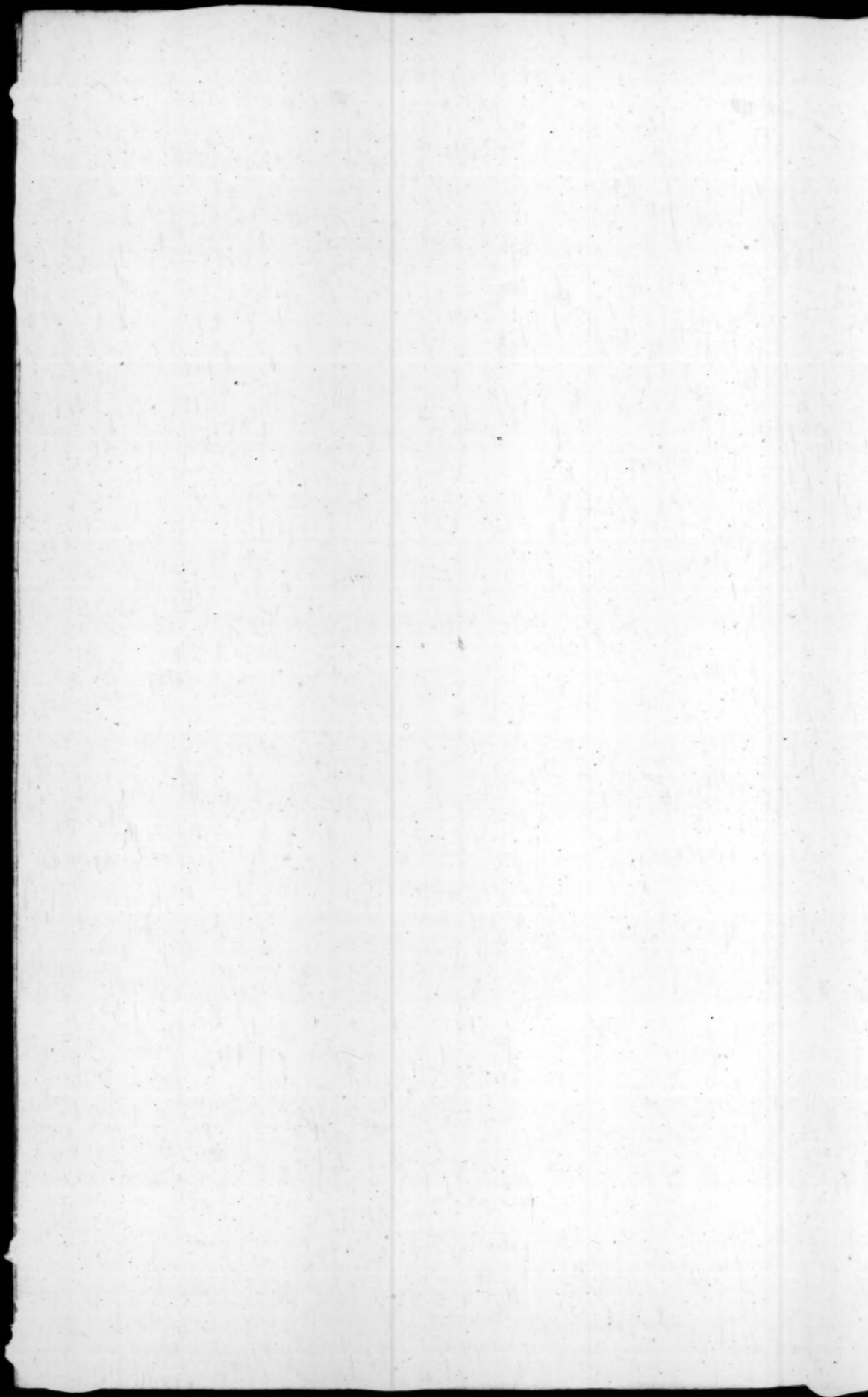
Page 1. Line 7. read prais'd, for priz'd. l. 16. r. Frenchmens, for frenchmans. p. 3. l. 18. r. for, for from. l. 25. r. made, for rail'd. l. 42. r. Royal, for Regal. p. 6. l. 3. r. moving, for mourning. l. 24. r. for, for from. l. 39. r. men, for me. p. 7. l. 7. r. lacted, for secret. l. 14. r. Ought but her death should tell her Lover it. l. 18. r. Lowe, for Love. p. 10. l. 4. r. my, for to. p. 11. l. 6. r. told, for tound. l. 32. r. owe, for owne. l. 26. r. owe, for own. l. 44. r. l'le, for I. p. 13. l. 43. r. taught, for thought. p. 15. l. 11. r. talke, for taske. l. 43. r. then me by friendship. p. 18. l. 44. r. weare, for wait. p. 19. l. 12. r. taught, for thought. p. 24. l. 21. r. I love, spight of his fault. p. 25. l. 44. r. Councillors, for Chancellors. p. 27. l. 32. r. with, for may. p. 28. l. 11. r. intend, for purpose. l. 28. r. he, for she. p. 30. l. 15. r. enjoyne, for enjoy. p. 32. l. 19. Garden-dore for Chamber-dore. p. 34. l. 33. r. though, for to. p. 35. l. 22. r. or, for and. l. 25. r. you may goe there with me. p. 36. l. 1. r. does, for nor. l. 4. r. is past, for in part. p. 38. l. 11. r. your sentence. l. 12. r. or, for me. p. 39. l. 11. r. him, for you. p. 40. l. 6. r. seircely, for freely. l. 20. r. who valu'd not her Joyes. l. 41. r. vow, for voyce. l. 44. r. your, for my. p. 42. l. 6. r. since I enjoy at last. p. 43. l. 10. r. he, for her. p. 44. l. 3. r. say, for tell. p. 46. l. 36. r. succesful, for successeful. p. 47. l. 45. r. cure for care. p. 48. l. 13. r. that which you now have said. l. 15. r. stray, for stay. p. 48. l. 21. r. do not all th' Honour. p. 49. l. 9. r. Eyes, for Eye. l. 36. r. belist, for relist. p. 50. l. 1. r. Madam that King may safely. l. 18. r. what, for that. p. 51. l. 22. r. my love for you is grown. l. 38. r. and Madam. p. 53. l. 15. r. justly, for justice. p. 55. l. 33. r. you for you'l. p. 62. l. 12. r. confine, for confirme. l. 20. r. till, for still. p. 63. l. 14. r. to own my fault.

ERRATA in *Tryphon*.

Page 1. l. 13. r. and he too much deserves. l. 20. r. this Monster's wickedness. l. 28. r. it, for, he. l. 31. r. guilt, for blood. p. 2. l. 19. r. worse, for more. l. 24. r. it, for even. p. 3. l. 2. r. you'll, for will. p. 7. l. 22. r. his sorrow is but his hypocrisy. l. 43. r. what Tryphon ere shall doe. p. 10. l. 44. r. 'tis worse then death. p. 12. l. 13. r. now, for well. p. 14. l. 15. r. 'tis, for 'twas. l. 17. r. not *Arctum* Arme employ. p. 17. l. 32. r. much, for sad. p. 20. l. 39. r. for, for. so. p. 21. l. 35. r. which did betwixt us pass. p. 23. l. 40. r. for, for in. p. 24. l. 10. r. hand, for man. p. 25. l. 1. r. cries, for crimes. l. 21. r. said, for done. l. 38. r. help, for self. p. 26. l. 21. r. the, for your. l. 24. r. or, for e're. p. 29. l. 26. r. makes, for made. l. 17. r. truth, for faith. l. 31. r. and, for yet. l. 38. r. are, for be. p. 30. l. 4. r. beare, for fear. l. 29. r. that, for this. p. 31. l. 8. r. me, for you. p. 32. l. 19. r. you, for them. l. 25. r. decline, for resigne. l. 29. r. too, for 'twas. p. 33. l. 1. r. of, for for. l. 8. r. thereby, for therein. p. 34. l. 11. r. for, for to. l. 25. r. of a more sharp revenge. l. 38. r. lowest, for bravest. p. 35. l. 38. r. love, for same. p. 37. l. 1. r. for, for from. l. 30. r. hate, for curse. p. 38. l. 10. r. my, for luck. l. 18. r. wounds, for words. p. 39. l. 23. r. is, for her. p. 40. l. 42. r. aft, for aske. p. 41. l. 16. r. what, for why. p. 41. l. 29. r. just, for best. p. 43. l. 18. r. tyrants may life. l. 7. r. same, for name. l. 16. r. mine, for ir. p. 44. l. 21. r. prove, for grow. p. 45. l. 27. r. we justly should repine. l. 36. r. can, for should. l. 31. r. could, for would. p. 46. l. 10. r. with, for as. p. 47. l. 17. r. wept, for went. p. 49. l. 37. r. Case, for losse. p. 50. l. 1. r. where, for when. p. 52. l. 25. r. they, for you. p. 53. l. 10. r. loofing, for leaving. p. 55. l. 18. r. Zeno's son, for Leno's son. p. 56. l. 6. r. loole, for gaine. l. 22. r. both, for most. l. 26. r. s, for their. l. 34. r. that, for the.







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